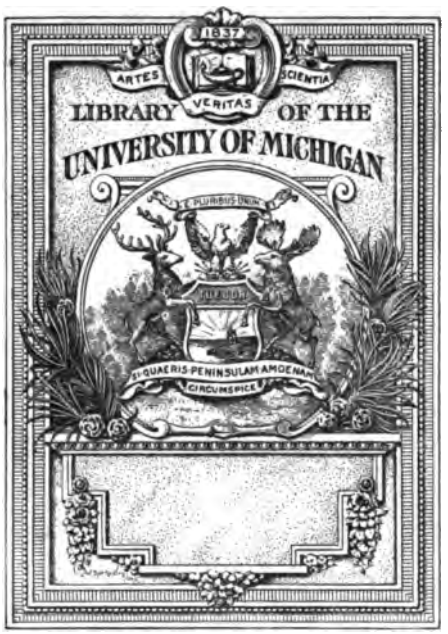
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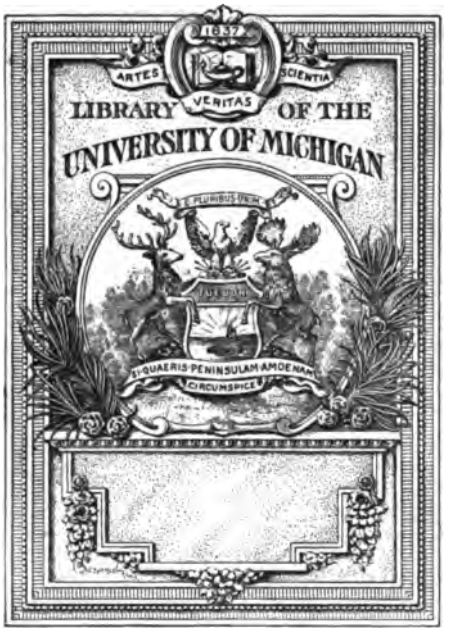
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# THE
# MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VII

JANUARY—JUNE, 1908

WILLIAM ABBATT
141 EAST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK
1908

# INDEX TO VOLUME VII

## JANUARY-JUNE, 1908

## THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG

BY courtesy of the Massachusetts S. A. R., and permission of Harper & Brothers, we reproduce Mr. C. O. DeLand's painting, "Raising the First American Union Flag," as our frontispiece for Volume VII.

"On the first of January, 1776, the new Continental Army was organized, and on that day the Union flag of thirteen stripes was unfurled for the first time in the American camp at Cambridge. On that day the King's speech was received in Boston, and copies of it were sent to Washington, . . . who, in a letter to Joseph Reed, January 4, said: 'The speech I send you. A volume of them were sent out by the Boston gentry, and farcical enough, we gave great joy to them, without knowing or intending it, for on that day, the day which gave being to the new army, but before the proclamation came to hand, we had hoisted the *Union flag,* in compliment to the United Colonies. But behold! it was received in Boston as a token of the deep impression the speech had made upon us, and as a signal of submission. So we hear by a person out of Boston last night. By this time I presume, they begin to think it strange that we have not made a formal surrender of our lines.'

"The flag bore the device of the English *Union* which is composed of the cross of St. George, to denote England, and St. Andrew's cross in the form of an X, to denote Scotland. It must be remembered that at this time the American Congress had not declared their independence, and that even yet the Americans proffered their warmest loyalty to British justice, when it should redress their grievances."

LOSSING, *Field-Book of the Revolution,* I, 577.

# THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VII JANUARY, 1908 NO. 1


## CONTENTS




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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VII JANUARY, 1908 No. 1

# THE LOST *LEVANT*

## A MYSTERY OF THE PACIFIC

ON September 18th, 1860, the United States sloop of war *Levant* sailed from the island port of Hilo, on the eastern coast of Hawaii, bound for the port of Panama, about 4,500 miles away to the south and east. From that day to the present no tidings of the vessel, or of any person then aboard her, have ever been received, nor has any sign of the lost ship appeared in any form whatever, unless it be in certain wreckage, a lower mast, 73 feet long, unbroken from heel to top, with part of a lower yard thereto attached, which were found about nine months thereafter (June, 1861), on the Hawaiian eastern shore, about 75 miles south of Hilo, and were there identified, by competent authority shortly after, as one of the lower masts and yards of the lost *Levant.*

The visit of inspection which resulted in this identification was made early in August by several persons together, notably the United States Consul at Hilo, the pilot who had taken the *Levant* in and out of that port and who knew the dimensions of her spars, and Mr. H. W. Whitney, the editor of the leading Hawaiian newspaper published at Honolulu. He made a very carefully detailed sketch of the mast, which he described as a "Spar stranded at Alualu, Kau, June, 1861, supposed to belong to the U. S. ship *Levant.*"

Meantime, shortly after the failure of the *Levant* to arrive at Panama, and long before the finding of the above mentioned wreckage, two vessels of the United States Navy (*Saranac* and *Wyoming*) had been sent from that port to the Hawaiian Islands, in search of the missing vessel or of any tidings concerning her; but these and all similar efforts to

—Published in part in the National Geographic Magazine, December, 1904, and March, 1907.

solve the fatal mystery proving fruitless, Congress, by resolution duly adopted, fixed the date of June 30, 1861 to be reckoned as the day on which the *Levant* had foundered at sea, with the loss of all on board.

The subsequent finding of wreckage, possibly belonging to the *Levant,* was duly reported to Washington, but, as the Civil War had broken out in the meantime, the official departments were then all too urgently occupied with matters far more important than the mysterious fate of the missing *Levant.* The report, presumably consigned to some negligible pigeonhole, remained forgotten until a few years ago, when some strange chance brought it again to notice after many years of oblivion.

It so happened that during the summer months of 1860 the writer was visiting Honolulu when the *Levant* arrived there from Panama, having just then come to Hawaii on some official errand connected with the administration of the United States Marine Hospital Service there. I saw the *Levant* enter the harbor of Honolulu on Sunday, June 1st, and on August 1st witnessed her departure thence for the two island ports of Lahaina and Hilo, whence she ultimately sailed for Panama on her last and fatal voyage. During her stay at Honolulu I had made the acquaintance of two or three of her officers, whom I often met and sometimes visited socially on board the vessel, where I thus established the personal relations to her and her people that subsequently gave me a life-long interest in her mysterious fate.

This personal interest was moreover incidentally strengthened, a few years later, by the fact that Edward Everett Hale, in his famous story of "The Man Without a Country," first published in the *Atlantic Monthly,* in December, 1863, by curious chance, made his unhappy hero, Philip Nolan, end his romantic career on board of the *Levant,* under such circumstances and conditions that, in the author's imagination, the "Man Without a Country" must have sailed with the *Levant* on this her final voyage, his pathetic death must have occurred in the cabin with which I had become familiar, while Lieutenant Danforth and the other active participants in the closing scenes of his strange life-drama would seem to have been the very men whom I had come to know personally, only two or three years before Mr. Hale's conception of his marvellous tale.

This strange association of the "Man Without a Country" and the missing *Levant* had moreover something to do with the subsequent suggestion of certain possibilities and plausible theories in explanation of her

mysterious disappearance. It so happened, a few years ago, that Mr. Hale, in discussing certain details of his celebrated story took occasion to say, in the preface of one of its later editions, that the *Levant* had long been at the bottom of the sea, " years and years " before " The Man Without a Country " had been written.* This statement led to some correspondence in which I reminded Dr. Hale that I had seen the *Levant* in active service in 1860, only two or three years before the date of his story and thereupon I further wrote: " Is it certain that the *Levant* is at the bottom of the sea? In that vast expanse of ocean between Hawaii and Panama, may there be no still uncharted island, on which the *Levant* may have run in the night? "

Within a few days thereafter, by strange coincidence, I chanced to take up a New York *Herald* of May 4th, 1902, in which I found a complete answer to my inquiry, in a full page heading announcing the " Discovery of a Lost Island in the Pacific," followed by a long narrative of an ancient mariner, John DeGreaves, who in 1859 had been mate of a vessel bound from Hawaii to Panama or Peru, and wherein he recorded the following experience: According to his story, when about one thousand miles east of Hawaii, in longitude one hundred and thirty-six degrees West, and North latitude seventeen degrees, one morning as he was about to take the sun for his forenoon time observation, he looked to the eastward and there discovered an island, about two miles long and fifty to seventy feet high, right ahead, about nine o'clock in the morning.

When I thus read that DeGreaves had sailed from Hawaii for Callao, in the summer of 1859, one year before the sailing of the *Levant* from practically the same point of departure, and so far as sailing courses might be considered, for the same destination, at the same time of year, liable to similar conditions of season, weather, prevailing winds and currents, it seemed a reasonable supposition that the *Levant* might follow in 1860, the leading vessel on her voyage of 1859, on substantially the same courses, as one arrow might follow another, shot from the same bow and aimed at the same target. If the *Levant* had arrived in the night at, substantially, the same point where DeGreaves discovered his island in the morning, it is more than probable that she would have sailed in the darkness onto the island and made inevitable shipwreck there.

* The United States sloop of war *Levant*, an American vessel, built in 1837, has long been and sometimes still is, erroneously supposed to be the old British *Levant*, which was captured by the *Constitution*, in 1815, and retaken a few days later, and thereafter retained by the British. Dr. Hale may have had the old *Levant* in mind when, in his romantic imagination, he placed Philip Nolan on board of her.

Although on careful inquiry and search of records DeGreaves's story was subsequently found to have been largely, if not wholly, invented for the occasion, presumably to stimulate renewed interest in further search for guano islands in that region, nevertheless, the possibility that the *Levant* might have been wrecked on some island, somewhere in her sailing track between Hilo and Panama, seemed most reasonable, especially in view of the evidence afforded by the above mentioned wreckage, if really belonging to the *Levant,* that the ship had not foundered in mid-ocean as once assumed by the act of Congress—(for in such case she would have taken her masts down with her) and had not been dismasted in a storm (in which event her masts would have been broken), but had been torn to pieces on a reef or rocky shoal, thus disengaging the unbroken mast, which, drifting back in the prevailing westerly current, stranded where it was found on the Hawaiian beach.

This probability just then seemed to have been much increased by the reported observation of Captain R. T. Lawless, commanding the steamship *Australia,* who, while traversing this region in March, 1902, had seen what he believed to be shoal water, indicating a locality in which reefs and islands might be found. It was this report of Captain Lawless, communicated to the Hydrographic Office at Washington, and made public through the newspapers, that had first attracted the attention of the above mentioned John DeGreaves, at Honolulu, and evoked from him the story which, printed in the *Herald* a few weeks later, by some strange chance attracted my attention, at once suggesting to me, as it hardly could have suggested to any other living man, the possibility that the missing *Levant* might thus have met her mysterious fate, either on DeGreaves's "Island" or on some other reef or rocks somewhere in her track when sailing on her voyage from Hilo to Panama.

Between Hawaii and Panama there is a vast expanse of ocean which, if it contain no island, is the largest landless ocean area on the surface of the globe, while, if there be a central island, it is perhaps the most remotely isolated land in the world. Somewhere, within this region, about 1,000 to 1,500 miles east-southeast from Hawaii, perhaps between the meridians of 133 and 138 degrees of longitude west from Greenwich, and mainly included within the fifteenth and twentieth parallels of north latitude, practically in a direct line between the port of Hilo and the Bay of Panama, there is a mid-ocean area covering about 200 miles in latitude by 150 or 200 miles in longitude, equal to 30,000 or 40,000 square miles

(the area of the State of Maine), from which region during the past eighty years or more from time to time there have come occasional reports of an island or islands, said to have been observed by passing navigators.

Nearly if not quite, all these reports appear to have come originally, mostly more than fifty years ago, from cruising whalemen, practically the only voyagers who until lately ever found any occasion or good reason to visit this remote part of the Pacific in pursuit of business. The region lies beyond the hitherto usual tracks and sailing routes of commercial voyagers, and very few vessels of other classes, excepting whalemen, have had any occasion to traverse this unfrequented sea. It is true that of all these reported islands, reefs or shoals, no one has ever yet been found by any of the vessels sent to seek them; but it is also true that a very large part of the questionable area from which the uncertain reports of observed islands have come has never yet been seen or visited by any of the exploring vessels sent out for such purpose.

The earliest of these expeditions appears to have been that of H.M.S. *Blossom,* in 1827, under the command of Captain F. W. Beechey, who made an unsuccessful search for reported islands, especially in the region of 16° North latitude and 130°-133° West longitude. His search was too limited to settle the question conclusively, but he says he saw no signs of land.

Ten years later, in 1837, Captain Sir Edward Belcher, who had served in the above mentioned expedition of the *Blossom,* revisited the region in command of H. M. S. *Sulphur,* with the consort *Starling.* In his narrative of this voyage he furnishes a detailed track chart of their search within the area between 15° to 18° North latitude and 129° to 139° West longitude. He determined the direction of prevailing currents to be South 86° West. Although he passed over many assigned positions without seeing any certain signs of land, he was " disposed to believe some one of the reports to be well founded, but the position erroneously determined," and he adds, in conclusion, " I have been thus minute upon this subject, as I cannot divest myself of the impression that land exists in this neighborhood. So many assertions can hardly rest on imagination."

In 1839, two years after his search in the *Sulphur,* one of the vessels of the Wilkes' United States Exploring Expedition, the *Relief,* on her

voyage from Callao to the Hawaiian Islands, was ordered by Admiral Wilkes to visit this region of questionable islands. His instructions addressed to Lieut.-Commander A. K. Long were as follows:

"United States Ship *Vincennes,*
Callao, July 12, 1839.

SIR:—You will proceed from this port to Oahu, Sandwich Islands, taking on your route the American group of islands, in latitude 16° 10′ North, longitude 134° 50′ West. These islands have been unsuccessfully looked for by Captain Beechey in this position. You will therefore make the latitude in 130° West, to the eastward of their supposed situation, and run along it until you reach 140° W., thence direct to Oahu."

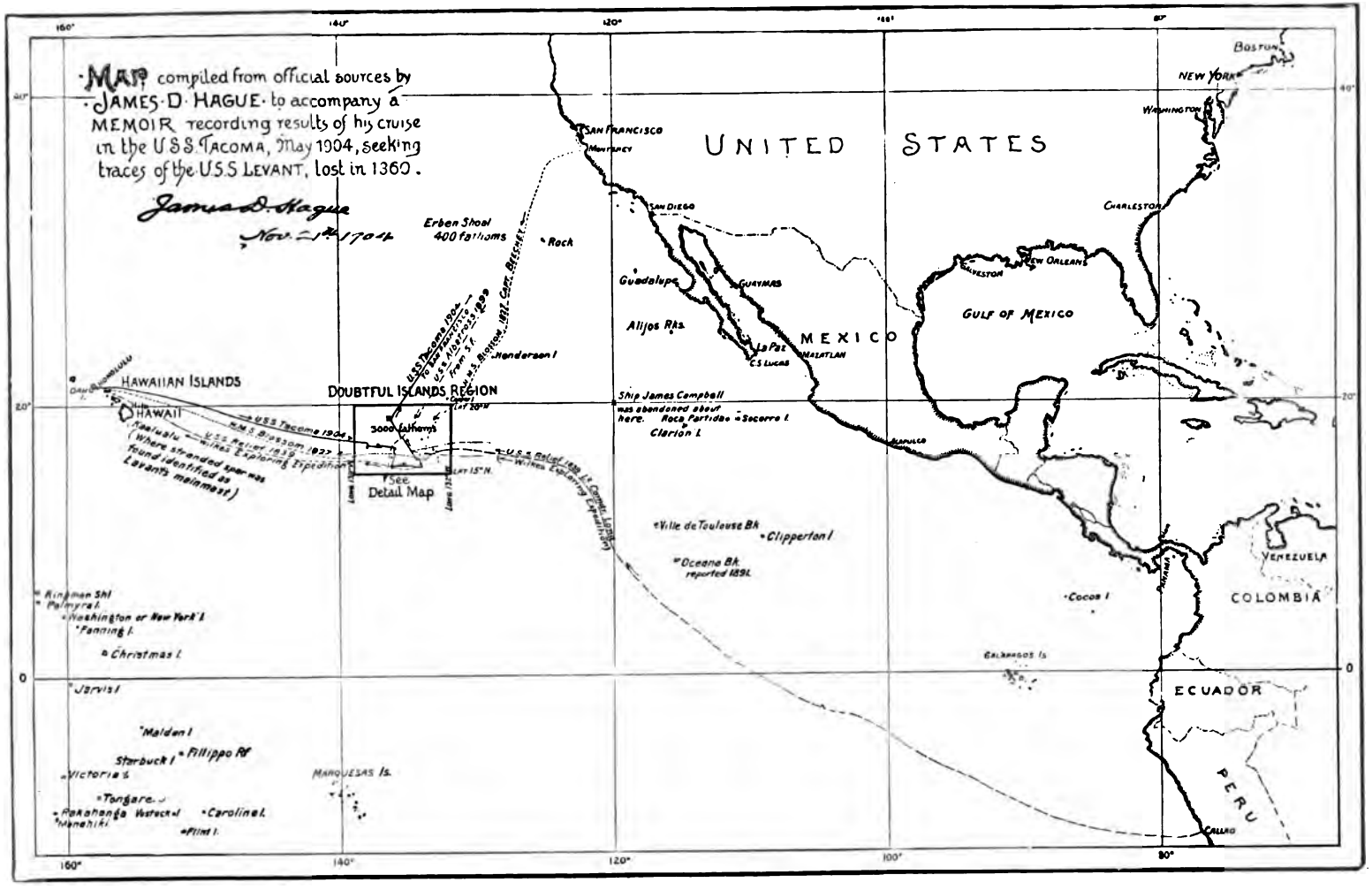
I have not found in Admiral Wilkes's narrative any detailed report of this cruise of the *Relief,* but it is safe to assume that no land was discovered in the region referred to.

During the sixty years following Sir Edward Belcher's search in the "Doubtful Region" (1837), there were, so far as I am aware, no trustworthy observations of land reported in that quarter, unless the somewhat vague statements and uncertain memories of old-time whalemen be excepted. Nevertheless, during many years and until lately, nearly all the standard charts, maps and globes continued to show in that neighborhood one or more islands of doubtful existence and position. It is said, moreover, that one or more vessels have visited the field on various occasions, seeking guano islands without finding any.

In August, 1899, the Fish Commission steamer *Albatross,* Commander Jefferson F. Moser, with a party of scientific explorers under the direction of Mr. Alexander Agassiz, left San Francisco for the Marquesas Islands, with instructions to traverse the questionable region, keeping a careful lookout for land within sight. No discovery of land was made in passing through this region of doubtful islands, and soundings made in the vicinity of the assigned position, in latitude 17° 10′ North and longitude 136° West, showed a depth of 3,000 fathoms.

Since this report was made all indications of islands within this doubtful region seem to have been omitted from later charts issued by the United States Hydrographic Office, which show in that neighborhood only the deep soundings recorded by the *Albatross* in 1899.

A few years later the establishment of a steamship line between San


MAP compiled from official sources by JAMES D. HAGUE to accompany a MEMOIR recording results of his cruise in the U.S.S. TACOMA, May 1904, seeking traces of the U.S.S. LEVANT, lost in 1860.
James D. Hague
Nov. 1st 1904
UNITED STATES
MEXICO
GULF OF MEXICO
COLOMBIA
VENEZUELA
ECUADOR
PERU
BOSTON
NEW YORK
WASHINGTON
CHARLESTON
NEW ORLEANS
GALVESTON
SAN FRANCISCO
MONTEREY
SAN DIEGO
GUAYMAS
LA PAZ
C. S. LUCAS
MAZATLAN
ACAPULCO
CALLAO
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
HAWAII
DOUBTFUL ISLANDS REGION
3000 fathoms
See Detail Map
Erben Shoal 400 fathoms
Rock
Guadalupe
Alijos Rks.
Henderson I
Ship James Campbell was abandoned about here.
Roca Partida
Socorro I.
Clarion I.
Ville de Toulouse Bk
Clipperton I
Oceano Bk reported 1891
Cocos I
Galapagos Is
Kingman Shl
Palmyra I.
Washington or New York I.
Fanning I.
Christmas I.
Jarvis I.
Malden I.
Starbuck I.
Filippo Rf
Victoria I.
Tongareva
Penrhyn
Caroline I.
Flint I.
MARQUESAS Is.
160°
140°
120°
100°
80°
40°
20°
0

Francisco and Tahiti, of which the sailing route lies more or less within the questionable field, afforded further opportunity for occasional search there. The observation of shoal water, made in March, 1902, in latitude 18° 56′ North, longitude 136° 10′ West, was reported by Captain Lawless, as already cited, while commanding the *Australia,* one of the ships of this line.

In June, 1903, I had the honor to bring these facts to the attention of President Roosevelt, who thereupon referred the matter to the Navy Department, with the result that the then Secretary of the Navy, Hon. W. H. Moody, determined to send an expedition, as soon as one or more vessels could be spared for the service, to finally settle the question of the existence or nonexistence of any shoal, reef, or island in the doubtful region.

This determination, as originally formed, contemplated the sending of one or, perhaps, two vessels suitably equipped for deep-sea sounding,* of large bunker capacity, carrying sufficient coal for a cruise long enough to traverse the entire field and overlook in daylight every square mile of the questionable area. No such vessel had yet been found available for the proposed work, when in May, 1904, the *Tacoma,* a newly-built cruiser, was about to make a trial practice voyage from the Bremerton Navy Yard to Honolulu and back to the Pacific Coast. Although the *Tacoma's* coal-carrying capacity was too small to allow more than a few days' *détour,* it was thought expedient for her on the return voyage from Honolulu to visit the locality of Captain Lawless's reported observation and the assigned position of DeGreaves's alleged discovery, for such reconnaissance as might be feasible under existing conditions; and by direction of the Secretary of the Navy I joined the *Tacoma* at Honolulu, for the purpose of participating personally in her exploration of the doubtful island region, and in seeking traces of the *Levant,* whose departure from the same port, on her fatal voyage, I had witnessed forty-four years before.

* Deep-sea soundings, showing the depressions and elevations of the ocean bottom, mav often give significant indications of submarine peaks, plateaus, or ridges, which, if followed up, may lead to the discovery of shoals or islands visible at the surface. The deep-sea soundings in the North Pacific, made some years ago by the U. S. ship *Tuscarora* while sounding for a cable line from San Francisco to Honolulu, under the command of Rear Admiral Erben, discovered a shoal region in which the depth of water suddenly changed from more than 2,200 to less than 400 fathoms, and deepened again as suddenly, indicating the crossing of a submarine peak or ridge. This shoal region lies in 35° north and near 133° west, about 900 to 1,000 miles due north of the doubtful field here under consideration.

The *Tacoma* was not furnished with any deep-sea sounding apparatus, and her search in that regard was therefore only superficial.

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Leaving Honolulu May 19, the *Tacoma* proceeded to the region visited by the *Albatross,* and thence in a cruise of four days to several other reported positions, including that of DeGreaves's alleged island and Lawless's shoal, without, in either case, finding any signs of shoal, reef or island.

This result of the *Tacoma's* search is practically conclusive as far as it concerns the ocean area actually seen from the track line of the ship. The total area thus examined is probably about one quarter to one third of the questionable region, assuming that area at about 30,000 to 40,000 square miles, whereof about 10,000 square miles have now been actually seen in searches made by the *Tacoma* and *Albatross.*

The cruise of the *Tacoma* has therefore negatively and conclusively disposed of half a dozen or more reported islands as chartered in certain defined positions, and it has definitely eliminated from further consideration of doubtful reports an area of about 10,000 square miles, leaving a still questionable region of two or three times that area open to further search.

The results of the *Tacoma's* search throw no light upon the mysterious fate of the *Levant,* unless the certainty that there is no island or reef where the cruiser has looked for one may, in view of all the now known facts, be regarded as an indication that there *must* be such an island or reef of rocks elsewhere, on which the *Levant* was wrecked, since it now seems almost unquestionable that the *Levant* was broken to pieces on a reef or island, somewhere in her sailing track between Hilo and Panama. It is now known from his official records that when she sailed from Hilo, her commander, William E. Hunt, intended to take the northern course, heading eastward toward the coast of California, rather than southward toward the equator, and thus probably traversing the very region in which the questionable island is supposed to be situated.

If the *Levant* was wrecked on a reef within the region here considered (or, indeed, much farther east), and thereafter broken to pieces in heavy surf, the prevailing westerly current might have carried her drifting wreckage in a few months' time to the south end of Hawaii, where the spar, identified as her mast, was found. This westerly current is usually very strong, with slight southerly variations. The *Tacoma* lying-to during the night, with engines stopped, drifted a mile per hour in a west-southwesterly direction. The drifting spar, if moving with a velocity of half a mile to a mile per hour, would travel from 300 to 700

miles per month. The *Levant* sailed from Hilo in September, 1860, and the drifting wreckage was found on the Hawaiian shore in June, 1861, nearly nine months thereafter.

If the *Levant,* sailing in the night with a smooth sea, struck upon the reef of an ordinary coral island, especially at high tide, her ship's company might possibly have landed without the loss of a single life, in which event there would have been many and still might be some survivors, whose chances of living till now on a fairly habitable and healthful island might perhaps have been far more favorable than elsewhere, exposed as they would then have been not only to the constant risks of life under existing conditions of modern civilization, but also to the hazards of war, which was their vocation and in which they would have been actively engaged a few months later, if they had duly reached their destination at Panama.

That there should still be surviving castaways of the shipwrecked *Levant* on some habitable island of this unexplored sea would be, indeed, a marvellous thing, but it is not beyond the range of possibility. The mutineers of the *Bounty* lived on Pitcairn Island eighteen years before they were found there, and the extreme and solitary isolation of this supposed land would fully account for the long undiscovered seclusion of shipwrecked mariners. If there be an island in this uttermost part of the sea, and if, sooner or later, it should be found with survivors of the *Levant,* its story might well be thought the strangest sea romance in the history of the world. The venerable author of "The Man Without a Country" has manifested a very keen interest in all that pertains to the search for the *Levant* and in the efforts to solve the mystery of her fate. On my return to San Francisco after the cruise of the *Tacoma,* I received a note of welcome from Dr. Hale, which he had sent to await my coming. He wrote, "If you have found dear Phil Nolan bring him at once to this house; I will adopt him as my grandfather."

There is another shred of circumstantial evidence indicating the existence of an island in this neighborhood. Some years ago, about 1889 (?), the ship *James Campbell* was abandoned near latitude 20° north and longitude 120° west, 800 miles from the coast to windward and 2,300 miles from Hawaii to leeward. Two boats left the ship, steering for Hilo, Hawaii. The larger and better boat, well adapted to sailing, contained the captain with his wife and girl baby and several sailors; the second boat carried five or six sailors. The captain's boat

made sail, and at first towed the other boat, but after two or three days parted company, leaving her behind. After twenty-three days the second boat's crew reached Hilo, expecting to find the captain's boat already there. The weather had been been favorable and the sea smooth, and nothing had occurred to account for the failure of the captain's boat to arrive. It has never been heard from. It is thought by some that the captain may have sighted and landed upon an island, where, if he found it habitable, he might have preferred to stay rather than take the risk of a further voyage in an open boat with wife and child.

The latest report from the "Doubtful Island Region" was published in the San Francisco *Chronicle* of February 5th, 1907, in the following item:

"Captain Maurice Rose, of the French bark *Michelet,* reports to the branch Hydrographic office that at 9 a. m., January 18, when in latitude north 22 degrees 19 minutes, longitude west 131 degrees 6 minutes, off the Mexican coast, he passed within 200 yards of a reef over which the sea was breaking for an extent of about fifteen yards. The weather was clear, win northeast, light with a slight swell. He took no soundings. The chronometer was correct upon arrival in port. The observations by which the position was fixed were good."

This report was discussed substantially as follows in the *National Geographic Magazine* for March:

The locality thus indicated by the above-stated latitude and longitude would be little less than 3½ degrees of latitude north and about 5 degrees of longtitude east of the reported shoal which Captain Lawless thought he saw on the morning of March 17, 1902, in latitude 18 degrees 56 minutes north and longitude 136 degrees 10 minutes west, but which the U. S. S. *Tacoma,* when searching for it two years later, failed to find in that position or near neighborhood, May 28, 1904, as set forth in the *Magazine* for December, 1904.

The recently reported reef, over which the sea was breaking, as above stated, would not be far distant (2 or 3 degrees northeasterly) from "Cooper's," one of a number of small islands, of doubtful position and questionable existence, indicated on the older charts, published 50 years ago or more, and it furnishes one more new item of evidence, certainly indicating the possible existence of a shoal region in this neighborhood, within which there may yet be found and definitely located one or more

of the score of reefs and islands, which have been reported, mainly by whalemen, from time to time during the past hundred years, but so far never found by any of the exploring vessels sent to look for them.

On such a reef as this the long-lost *Levant* may have met her mysterious fate in 1860, and in this still unexplored sea there well may be not only similar reefs, but, as reported, larger and higher islands—possibly some habitable island—on which surviving castaways of the shipwrecked *Levant* may still be watching for a sail.

This new report is one more call from far mid-ocean for renewed search and thorough survey of this unexplored region, with the purpose either to prove the non-existence of these most dangerous menaces to navigation or, if found existing, to locate them correctly on the charts, in the interest of commerce and for the benefit and safety of mariners.

The brief and only partial search of this region made by the *Tacoma* in 1904 occupied only four days in cruising and covered but a comparatively small part, about 8,000 square miles, of this doubtful island region, leaving 20,000 to 30,000 square miles still unexplored and almost wholly unseen by any of the several vessels sent there for exploration. Every square mile of this region must yet be seen in daylight before it can be certainly known that there are no reefs or islands to be found or feared there by passing navigators. The search of the *Tacoma* was conclusive only for a part of the field, as above stated, and there are better reasons now for completing the exploration than there were originally for beginning it.

Although no sign of shoal water was found by the *Tacoma* at the place indicated by Captain Lawless, he still believes that what he saw and reported was in fact a shoal, but probably located a few miles out of his reckoning. He did not stop his ship to sound, but estimated the depth of water on the shoal to be thirty to forty feet, or, say, five to seven fathoms; and it is curiously interesting to note the singular coincidence between this estimate and the depth of "six or seven fathoms" actually found by sounding on another remotely related shoal observed and reported many years since, a recent reference to which is contained in a letter from Professor George Davidson, at San Francisco, an eminent authority on oceanography, who writes:

"Yesterday (January 9, 1906) I was browsing among old navigators, and in Burney, Vol. I, pages 228 and 229, I came on the follow-

ing in the voyage of Villalobos: 'Dec. 3, (1542) they discovered banks on which they had only six or seven fathoms.' The pilot's statement: 'and we sailed beyond Roca Partida * about two hundred leagues, when we had soundings in seven fathoms, being then in 13 degrees or fourteen degrees north latitude, and no land in sight; but we believed ourselves to be near the Island San Bartolomeo.'" This observation antedates Captain Lawless's by three hundred and sixty years; but it is somewhat more reliable than his, because of the actual soundings that were taken at the time, which have the same important significance as if made yesterday. Such a shoal is evidence of an elevated sea bottom and is an indication of a shoal region, in which there may be coral reefs near enough to the surface to menace navigation, and where there might be islands, possibly habitable, and in that case, now inhabited by the survivors of shipwreck. In fact, during the three hundred and sixty years of elapsed time a coral island may have been formed on this same shoal. Such an island, developing conditions favorable to the support of life, like scores of tropical islands elsewhere, might have become habitable long ago.

The region from which this report apparently comes (two hundred leagues westerly from Roca Partida, shown on the charts) is perhaps ten degrees east and eight or more degrees south of the assigned position of the reef over which the sea was breaking, as recently reported by Captain Rose of the *Michelet;* but it is within the great generally landless ocean area of which we have but comparatively little information and hardly any knowledge concerning the elevations and depressions of the sea bottom.

The traffic of this hitherto-unfrequented region is steadily increasing. Steamships between San Francisco and Tahiti traverse it occasionally in northerly and southerly directions, and the American-Hawaiian Steampship Company has just now inaugurated a fortnightly service between Hawaii and the Mexican coast, which will pass through this region in easterly and westerly courses; and when the Panama Canal is open for business the movement of ships in these waters will be constant.

* It is an interesting and significant fact, made apparent in a new medal recently published by The American Numismatic Society, that the "Roca Partida" here referred to by Villalobos in 1542, is plainly shown on the celebrated "Silver Map" (now in the possession of the British Museum), which was made about 325 years ago to commemorate the circumnavigation of the world by Sir Francis Drake in 1577-80.

If the *Levant* sailed as far east as the Roca Partida, she may have met her fate there or on rocks in that neighborhood.

With these conditions in view, it seems obvious that a complete survey of the region should presently be made in the interests of commerce and navigation.

Referring to this region of doubtful islands, Professor George Davidson wrote as follows:

"One thing seems to me probable, that *there is some danger to navigation in that region,* and now that our commerce is rapidly increasing and these reported dangers lie directly in the route of sailing vessels to Australia from San Diego and San Francisco, it becomes incumbent upon our government to make an exhaustive survey of that region.

Whatever has been done by our vessels in that region has been only incidental to other duties, and only satisfactory on the line or lines on which they sailed. Some naval officer and some vessel fitted for such work should be employed a full season, if necessary, to make an exhaustive investigation of the region of the reported dangers."

JAMES D. HAGUE.

NEW YORK CITY.

## PRIVATEERING IN THE REVOLUTION

THE achievements of the men who, on this day one hundred and twenty-four years ago, began the war which resulted in American independence have been told in story and sung in song for more than a century. No child of American parentage has been permitted, after the first dawn of awakening intelligence, to remain long in ignorance of the glories of Concord and Lexington, and infant lips have sweetly lisped from thousands of platforms in this land the undying fame of the heroes of Bunker Hill.

We know in detail the story of the siege of Boston and its final evacuation by the British. With Washington we have been taken in retreat across Long Island Sound, wintered at Valley Forge, suffered in imagination the frost-bites of the shoeless soldiers, forded the ice-bound Delaware to participate in the victory at Trenton, fought at Princeton and Saratoga, and shared in the exultation of triumph at Yorktown.

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," the words of sturdy Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, are as familiar to us as the decalogue or the catechism, while the heroism of General John Stark and his gallant men from New Hampshire still stirs the blood of every American patriot as he reviews the history of Burgoyne's expedition and the thrashing administered at Bennington. We recall easily and with pride the prowess of Anthony Wayne, of Old Put, Montgomery, Marion, Lee, Schuyler, and Glover, the zealous aids of Washington, and are deeply grateful for the assistance of Lafayette, DeKalb, and Steuben; and Arnold's treachery at West Point has given us a vivid realization of the heinousness of the crime of betraying one's country. Yet, though not a leaf should be plucked from the wreath of glory which surrounds the memory of the men who fought the battles of their country on the land, and the names of the statesmen who, in the Continental Congress and in every colony, directed affairs to a successful ending in the Revolution should be kept in everlasting and grateful remembrance.

It is my purpose to-day to call your attention to the men whose exploits on the water furnished food and ammunition for the Continental

—Read before the New Hampshire S. A. R.

Army, kept the British fleet at bay, swept English commerce from the ocean, and made American independence possible. The sea has claimed many of them for its own. Most of them sleep in unknown graves, and history makes little mention of them. The casual reference, even, is oft-times accompanied by a sneer.

Far from receiving adequate recognition for invaluable services rendered their country in its time of need, their declining years were saddened by the blighting sting of neglect and the bitter pangs of poverty and distress. Their deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice have all but passed into oblivion. In most instances their very names are forgotten. But, thanks to the patient research of those who have been impressed with the iniquity of this injustice, we have learned something, though little, of the men who, in vessels fitted out by authority of the several States and the Continental Congress, whether by private enterprise or on the public account, fought the battles of the Revolution on the sea. And we know that their prowess was as great, and the importance of their service even greater, than that of the larger vessels afterward put in commission.

Six years before the opening gun of the great conflict was fired at Lexington, an act of resistance to British tyranny on the ocean awakened the enthusiasm of the people of Massachusetts, causing them to be more determined than ever in their agitation for the repeal of obnoxious laws, and the more ready to defend with their lives, if necessary, the assertion of their right to liberty.

The deck of the brig *Pitt Packett,* in the spring of 1769, was the scene of a bloody contest in which Yankee sailors contended for the mastery with the marines of the British sloop-of-war *Rose.* An attempt had been made by boarding to impress some of the sailors into the British naval service, but the heroic crew fought with desperation for more than three hours in a hand-to-hand encounter with overwhelming numbers. They surrendered at last, but not until the lieutenant in command of the boarding party had been killed by a blow from a harpoon thrown by plucky Michael Corbett. Several of his comrades were wounded, two of them seriously, but the crew of the *Pitt Packett* had the supreme satisfaction of knowing, though defeated, that the number of wounds they inflicted greatly outnumbered those they received. Corbett was taken to Boston and tried for murder. The verdict of the jury which vindicated his conduct is sufficient evidence of the signs of the times. The beacon light of liberty was discerned afar off. Thereafter men on board peaceful

merchant ships, who should resist impressment into the royal navy, were assured of the sustaining influence of public sentiment at home. The name of only one other of the valorous crew has come down to us, that of the commander, Thomas Powers; and though the battle was fought off the shores of Cape Ann and attracted great attention at the time, it has never been considered of sufficient importance to be mentioned in general history. Yet it was the first act of the kind on the part of the Americans, and was hailed with delight as an augury of greater things to come.

We have long known of the capture of the armed British schooner *Margaretta* by the farmers and woodsmen of Machias, Maine, who, armed with pitchforks and axes, fitted out a small sloop and pursued the enemy from the harbor into the high sea, and of the subsequent bombardment of Falmouth, now Portland, in retaliation by the ships of the British fleet; but the name of the gallant commander, Jeremiah O'Brien, has until recently remained in obscurity, and, except perhaps to the people living in the immediate vicinity, nothing is known of the thirty-five brave men who made up the victorious crew. As this was the first naval engagement of the Revolution, following less than a month after the battle of Lexington, the name of every one of these heroes should be immortalized on the nation's scroll of fame.

Though the bombardment of Falmouth aroused the indignation of patriots everywhere throughout the colonies, it was not the immediate cause, as has been erroneously supposed, of the fitting out of armed vessels by the Continental Congress. As the summer of 1775 advanced, General Washington found himself seriously embarrassed by the lack of provisions and munitions of war for the use of his army. At the same time the British were bountifully supplied with both these necessary articles by ships and transports which went in and out of Boston without hindrance. To John Manly of Marblehead is due the credit of a suggestion, the adoption of which soon put an end to this state of affairs. He wrote to General Washington advising the employment of armed vessels to cruise against the enemy, and requested permission to put a few small guns on board a vessel and start on a cruise.

This letter was transmitted to Congress, but Washington could not wait for the slow action of a deliberative body. Acting in his capacity as commander-in-chief of the army, he at once authorized Colonel John Glover to hire vessels to be fitted out as cruisers.

This was in August. On the 5th of September the schooner *Hannah,* commanded by Captain Nicholson Broughton, and manned by a detachment of the Continental Army, sailed on the first cruise of the war. That very afternoon the little schooner narrowly escaped capture by two British ships of war which pursued her. Two days later, however, she amply justified the wisdom of her employment by the capture of the British ship *Unity,* laden with provisions and ammunition. On the 3d of October Glover had in readiness the *Lynch,* Captain Broughton, the *Franklin,* Captain Selman, the *Lee,* Captain Manly, and the *Warren,* Captain Adams. This was the real beginning of the American navy. The vessels were hired and fitted out on account of the United Colonies of America. They were referred to by Colonel Glover in his account book as "ye navy," and the advance wages of the men on board them were paid by him. For these, as well as all other necessary expenses, he was reimbursed by the paymaster of the army under a warrant issued by General Washington. To you, who are proud of New Hampshire's noble record in the Revolution, it should be a source of gratification to know that the *Warren,* one of these, the very first vessels fitted in defense of the colonies, was commanded by the heroic Captain Adams of the New Hampshire troops.

Right royally the plucky little cruisers sailed the seas. The *Lynch* and *Franklin* went in pursuit of the British transport in the river St. Lawrence, and, though they failed to secure this most coveted prize, they sent in ten others, much to the joy of the commander-in-chief, though he was compelled to reprimand the overzealous captains for exceeding their instructions and sending home as prisoners of war the governor and chief justice of the island of St. John.

Manly's capture of the brig *Nancy* of 250 tons burden, bound to Boston with military stores, has been justly chronicled as one of the most important of the war. Her cargo consisted of several brass field pieces, 2,000 stand of arms, 100,000 flints, 32 tons of lead, a large quantity of ammunition, and a thirteen-inch brass mortar, besides a complete assortment of tools, utensils, and machines necessary for military operations. The prize was of inestimable value to Washington, and the ordnance stores and field pieces were at once forwarded to the army at Cambridge. While this exploit and the subsequent capture, by the same brave commander, of two other vessels within full sight of the British fleet in Boston harbor, together with his desperate engagement with the sloop-of-

war *Falcon,* have been given a prominent place by historians in their narratives of naval warfare, others of equal merit have been passed over in silence, or have been dismissed with the briefest reference.

With one exception I do not think any of the writers of general history have made even passing mention of a deed of daring unexcelled in American annals for brilliancy of execution and soul-stirring details. The incident to which I have reference is the capture of the British transport *Hope* by Captain James Mugford, Jr., in the armed schooner *Franklin.* During the year 1775 Mugford had been impressed into the British service and confined on board a gunboat then lying in Marblehead harbor. He was soon released, however, through the interposition of his wife, who went on board the ship and told the captain that they had been recently married, and that she was dependent upon him for support. While a prisoner the young sailor learned from the conversation of his captors that a powder ship was soon to sail from England with ammunition and stores for the British army.

Immediately upon his release he communicated the important intelligence to the proper authorities, and requested permission to attempt the capture of the transport. After much importunity his request was granted. Without delay the intrepid commander collected a crew, and, after fitting his vessel for sea, pushed into the bay. On Friday, the 17th day of May, 1776, the long-looked-for ship made her appearance. She proved to be a transport of three hundred tons, six guns, and seventeen men. Notwithstanding the fact that a British fleet lay at anchor in Nantasket Roads, only a few miles off and in full sight, Mugford at once bore down upon the ship and carried her by boarding. While the crew of the *Franklin* were engaged in taking possession of their prize, the captain of the *Hope* ordered his men to cut the topsail halyard ties with a view to impede the sailing of the ship and thereby give the boats of the squadron time to come up. Mugford, sensible of his danger, threatened the captain and all on board with instant death should the order be executed. His resolute manner terrified the crew, and they refused to obey the commands of their officers. The prize was taken through Pudding Point Gut, a channel then but little known, beyond the reach of the guns of the squadron, and arrived safe in Boston harbor. This was the most valuable capture that had been made during the war. The cargo consisted of one thousand muskets with bayonets, several carriages for field pieces, fifteen hundred barrels of powder, and a most complete assortment of artillery implements and pioneer tools.

Having seen his prize safe in port, the gallant commander of the *Franklin* took a supply of ammunition, and on the following Sunday again put to sea. In passing through Pudding Point Gut, the same channel through which the prize was brought up, the vessel grounded. This being perceived by the officers on board the ships of the British fleet, fourteen boats, manned by two hundred sailors fully armed, were sent to capture the unprotected schooner. Mugford, however, was prepared to meet them. Waiting until they came within range of his guns, he fired, and with such deadly effect that two of the boats were immediately sunk. The men in the remaining boats now surrounded the schooner and attempted to board. Seizing pikes and cutlasses and whatever implements they could obtain, the heroic crew of the *Franklin* fought with desperation in defense of their vessel. Many of the British were shot as soon as the boats came alongside, while others had their hands and fingers cut off with swords, as they laid them on the gunwales of the schooner.

The brave Mugford, who, throughout the conflict, had been fighting wherever his presence seemed most necessary, encouraging and animating his men by voice and example, was shot in the breast by an officer in one of the boats. With the utmost composure, and with that presence of mind which ever distinguishes heroes, he called to his lieutenant: "I am a dead man; don't give up the vessel; you will be able to beat them off." In a few minutes he expired. The death of their gallant commander nerved the crew of the *Franklin* to still greater effort, and in a short time the men in the boats were repulsed, and gave up the attack. The engagement lasted half an hour. The British lost seventy men, while the only person killed on board the schooner was its heroic captain. With the advancing tide the *Franklin* floated from the soft ground where she had stuck, and, taking advantage of a fresh breeze that had sprung up, the crew took her safely into Marblehead harbor.

The importance of the capture of the powder ship to General Ward and the army at Cambridge cannot be overestimated. Fifteen hundred barrels of powder and one thousand muskets with bayonets were readily utilized in the equipment of the struggling Revolutionists. No wonder the commanding general was overjoyed when he heard of the capture, and gladly detailed a force of one hundred and fifty men to guard the ship while she was being unloaded. The guns and ammunition played a conspicuous part in the campaigns which followed.

For two days previous to their return trip Mugford and his men

were lionized by the people of Boston. Then the heroic young commander sealed his devotion to his country with his life, and, so far as those on authority were concerned, he and his men were speedily forgotten.

The bravery of Mugford and his gallant crew was typical of all the hardy seamen, who manned the small vessels which, as letters-of-marque or privateers, soon swarmed the ocean. They attacked without discrimination merchant and warships of many times their size and armament. Their coolness and intrepidity amazed the officers of the British navy, who heaped upon them imprecations and words of admiration almost in the same breath.

We have neither the time nor the opportunity for a comprehensive review of the work of the brave privateersmen, but a recital of a few of the many incidents illustrative of their valor may not be without interest here.

In the spring of 1780 Captain Jonathan Harraden of Salem, in the privateer *Gen. Pickering,* fought a battle off Bilboa with the *Achilles,* an English privateer. The *Gen. Pickering* was a ship of one hundred and eighty tons, carrying fourteen six-pounders and a crew of forty-five men and boys. Her antagonist carried forty-two guns and one hundred and forty men. The fight was long and earnest, the British ship finally being obliged to seek safety in flight. After the battle, which was witnessed by thousands of people from the shore, the heroic captain, whose conduct had aroused the admiration of all beholders, was borne in triumph through the city, where he was received with public honors and every mark of consideration and respect.

On another occasion, in an action with a King's mail packet which lasted four hours, his vessel was badly damaged, but, notwithstanding his crippled condition, Captain Harraden drew close to the side of his adversary and poured in all of his remaining shot in one terrific broadside. At this the Englishman surrendered, when it was found that the carnage had been dreadful. The deck of the ship presented a scene of frightful slaughter. Blood was flowing from her scuppers, and her deck was covered with the dead and dying.

One of the most courageous and enterprising of the Massachusetts seaman who commanded private armed vessels was Captain Richard Cowell. He took a large number of prizes, and was distinguished at all times for his gallantry in action. At one time while cruising in the

sloop-of-war *Thorn,* he fell in with the British letter-of-marque *St. David,* of twenty-two guns. He first asked the opinion of his officers as to the expediency of engaging a ship of such superior size and armament and apparently fully armed. Finding that the officers were in favor of attacking her, he ordered the crew to be mustered, and having represented to them the great disparity of force between the two ships, he observed: "Still your officers are anxious to attack her; are you ready to go into action?" Three hearty cheers were given as an affirmative response. The *Thorn* immediately ran alongside of the enemy at close quarters. The contest lasted half an hour, when the *St. David* struck her colors. On boarding her it was found that she had a crew of one hundred and seventy men, having taken on board seventy marines from a transport which she had fallen in with in distress. The captain was mortally wounded, and one third of the crew killed or wounded. Captain Cowell put an officer and twenty-five men on board the prize, and ordered him to make the nearest port, but the ship was never heard of again.

On another cruise of the ship *Marquis* Captain Cowell fell in with a British letter-of-marque. She mounted twenty-four guns, and carried a complete set of men far superior in numbers to his own. Relying, however, on the spirit and bravery of his officers and crew, he laid his ship alongside the enemy and continued there for nearly three hours. So near were the two ships in this situation that the sponges were frequently taken from one to the other while the seamen were in the act of loading. One man on board the *Marquis* was nearly taken out of the port at which he was stationed by one of the crew of the enemy. This heroic action would undoubtedly have resulted in a victory for Captain Cowell, but the enemy, after having expended all his ammunition, hauled off from his opponent, and the disabled state of the spars and rigging of the *Marquis* preventel the gallant captain from pursuing him.

While we view with admiration the uniformly successful attacks of the men on board these small vessels upon the fully armed ships of the enemy, the manner in which they frequently wrested victory from defeat is not less astonishing.

At one time the letter-of-marque *Freemason,* commanded by Capt. Benjamin Boden, armed with six guns and carrying fifteen men, was captured by a British privateer sloop, mounting sixteen guns. The captain, second mate, and a boy were left on board the *Freemason,* but the first mate, Robert Wormstead, with the rest of the crew were carried on board the privateer. The prisoners were handcuffed and thrust into

the hold, and at night the hatchway was closed. Here Wormstead contrived a plan of escape which was successfully executed. His handcuffs were so large that he could with little exertion get rid of them and set the rest at liberty. He proposed rising upon the privateer the next day when the captain should be taking the sun. At first the attempt was thought to be desperate, they being so few in numbers compared with the crew on board. At length, however, Wormstead prevailed with his companions, and they solemnly bound themselves to do their utmost. His plan was to spring upon deck and knock down the captain, and they were to follow and do their part. At twelve o'clock the next day their courage was put to the test, and in a few moments the captain and many others were laid prostrate on the deck. Their pistols were taken from them and aimed at the enemy in the cabin, who surrendered without opposition. Wormstead then bore down upon the schooner and ordered her to strike her colors. Captain Boden cried for joy, and his captors were as chagrined as astonished at this unexpected reverse of fortune.

Wormstead, as commander, had the British flag lowered and the American hoisted. Having ordered the British officers and sailors to be handcuffed and thrust into the hold, he appointed Captain Boden prizemaster, and directed him to steer for Guadaloupe. There in due time they arrived in triumph, and were received with unusual testimonials of exultation. The crew of the privateer were sent to prison, and the prize was sold at auction.

This act was duplicated in November, 1782, by the crew of the ship *St. Helena,* commanded by Captain John Stillwell. When off Havana in a crippled condition, the result of an accident, the ship was captured by the British brig *Lively,* commanded by Captain Michael Stanhope. The fight had continued all night, and at daylight the *St. Helena* was found to be also within reach of the *Jupiter,* a ship of the line. Finding himself thus at the mercy of the enemy the captain surrendered and the men were taken on board the *Lively.* Six days later it was discovered that the crew of the *St. Helena* were preparing to rise. As a consequence all the men were confined below, and were allowed to come up only through a narrow grating, one at a time, the hatchway being constantly guarded by a sentinel. After six days' close confinement, five of the Americans, namely, Anthony Carner, John Prince, Seth Farrow, Lewis Russell, and Nathan Walker, contrived a plan for taking the brig. Accordingly about noon Walker disarmed the sentinel, took out the bar which fastened the hatchway, and the other four instantly rushed upon

deck, fought in a most desperate manner, and in a few moments took the vessel.

The number of Americans on board the *Lively* was forty-six. They immediately bore for Havana, and upon their arrival at that port a committee was chosen to sell the prize and settle with the crew. The brig, materials, and cash on board netted a total of $20,331. This was in the days when slavery was a national institution, and it is interesting to note that among other pieces of property sold was one negro, who brought $380.

It should be remembered that some of the most conspicuous of the commanders in the continental navy engaged from time to time in privateering. This was especially true of John Manly and Samuel Tucker, both of whom bore the title of commodore, and whose exploits rival in brilliancy and number those of the more celebrated John Paul Jones. It is said of Tucker that he "took more prizes, fought more fights, and gained more victories, than, with a very few exceptions, any naval hero of the age." Yet he died in practical obscurity, grieved to the heart at what he considered the ingratitude of the government he had helped to establish.

During one of Tucker's cruises in the letter-of-marque *Thorn,* we are informed by his biographer, he fell in with the *Lord Hyde,* an English packet of twenty-two guns and one hundred men. As the two vessels drew near the commanders hailed each other in the customary way when ships meet at sea, and the captain of the English packet cried out roughly, "Haul down your colors, or I'll sink you." "Aye, aye, sir, directly," replied Tucker calmly and complacently; and at the same time ordered the helmsman to steer the *Thorn* right under the stern of the packet, luff under her lee quarter, and range alongside her. The order was promptly executed. The two vessels were laid side by side, within pistol shot of each other. While the *Thorn* was getting into position the enemy fired a full broadside at her which did but little damage. As soon as she was brought completely alongside her adversary, Tucker thundered to his men to fire. A tremendous discharge followed, and, as good aim had been taken, a dreadful carnage was seen in the ill-fated vessel. It was rapidly succeeded by a fresh volley of artillery, and in a few minutes a piercing cry was heard from the English vessel: "Quarter for God's sake! our ship is sinking; our men are dying of their wounds." To this heartrending appeal Tucker replied, "How can you expect quarter while that British flag is flying?" The answer came back, "Our halyards are

shot away." "Then cut away your ensign mast, or you'll all be dead men." It was done immediately, and the din of cannonading ceased.

Thirty-four of the crew of the prize, with the captain, were either killed or wounded. Her decks were besmeared with blood, and in some places it stood in clotted masses to the tops of the sailors' slippers. On going on board the prize Commodore Tucker is said to have exclaimed: "Would to God I had never seen her."

On another cruise in the *Thorn* Commodore Tucker captured the English ship *Elizabeth* of twenty guns. The ship was bound to Halifax under convoy, with the brig *Observer* of sixteen, and the sloop-of-war *Howe* of fourteen guns. Ascertaining that two smaller vessels with valuable cargoes were sailing under protection of the convoy, Tucker determined to intercept them. On the appearance of the fleet Tucker hoisted the English flag and boldly sailed into the midst of them. Coming up between the *Elizabeth* and the *Observer* he made friendly inquiries of them, and then as if by accident, managed to get his vessel entangled with the *Elizabeth*. When all was in readiness he lowered the English flag and hoisted the American, at the same time giving orders to fire a broadside. The *Elizabeth* fired at the same time. Before the English captain had time to discharge another gun, thirty picked men from the *Thorn* boarded his vessel. Obtaining possession of the deck, they drove the crew below and hauled down the colors. The brig and sloop-of-war then attempted an attack upon the *Thorn,* but Tucker assumed a threatening attitude, and after the sloop-of-war had discharged a broadside, both vessels sailed away. During the engagement the *Thorn* had nine men killed and fourteen wounded.

It may have been the same letter-of-marque *Thorn,* or her namesake, in which Captain Waters fought with two British ships-of-war, and after fighting desperately for two hours, compelled one of them to strike, while the other, seizing a good opportunity, took herself safely out of the action.

But I will not trespass further upon your patience by giving instances of these deeds of heroism. Enough have already been cited to prove that, were it possible to collect the scattered material, volumes of fascinating interest could be written in regard to the service rendered their country by men who are now unknown to us.

The thirteen American colonies which threw off the yoke of Great

Britain all bordered the Atlantic seaboard. During the war the waters of the coast were infested with British ships-of-war which menaced the maritime towns, and rendered even coastwise commerce almost impossible. In the year 1778 alone the British fleet in American waters numbered eighty-nine, armed with two thousand five hundred and eighty-six guns. To meet and give battle to these the colonies had from the beginning only fourteen ships with three hundred and thirty-two guns. And of these, before the close of the war, only four remained in the service, the others having been either captured or lost.

What then must have been the result had not Congress emulated the example of European nations and authorized the employment of private armed ships? Clearly nothing but disaster and ultimate defeat. The one hundred and seventy-three privateers which sprang as if by magic from every American port struck terror and dismay to the heart of the British nation. There appeared to be no safety for English merchant vessels anywhere on the habitable globe. Even British waters were invaded, and vessels were seized within sight of the harbors from which they had sailed. The escort of warships was of no avail. A Yankee privateer was as likely to give battle to a frigate as to an unprotected merchant vessel, and frequently secured her prize after a sharp engagement with ships of the line. Add to this the enormous increase in the rate of marine insurance, and we have sufficient reason for the anxiety of the British people for a cessation of hostilities.

Before the close of the war not less than thirteen hundred prizes were brought into American ports by privateers, to say nothing of the captures made by ships of the navy and the assistance rendered by the French fleet in the later years of the contest.

Because the Continental Congress in its poverty chose to avail itself of this mighty engine of warfare, and, instead of other remuneration, gave to the brave sailors who manned the privateers a share in the proceeds of their captures, is it just to stigmatize them as "little better than pirates?" These were the days when the doctrine of "neutral flag covers enemies' goods except contraband of war" was unknown, and all nations availed themselves of privateering in order to strike a blow at an enemy's commerce, the source and sinews of his naval power. Great Britain, with her powerful navy, was not above the use of privateers as an arm of her service, and was it any discredit to the struggling colonies that they employed the same method? And as this was an act of legal-

ized warfare, why should it be considered a shame to any man that he should have engaged in it?

The hardy seamen who manned the private armed ships of the Revolution were animated by as lofty motives of patriotism as any of the men who served in the regular navy, or who fought the battles of their country on the land. Their devotion to the glorious cause of independence was sealed by the blood they shed and the lives they gave in its defense. By the wounds from which they suffered, by the sickness and death in the loathsome prison ships which they endured, and by the broken hearts of the widows and orphans who mourned them, they made a sacrifical offering on the altar of Liberty.

Henceforth, let us weave for them the choicest garlands of the flowers of memory. Let us cut their names high in the temple of fame, and let the story of their prowess be told by Americans to their children and their children's children throughout all generations.

SAMUEL ROADS, JR.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

## WHERE THE NATIONAL CAPITAL MIGHT HAVE BEEN

IN 1787, immediately after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the town of York was considered as an appropriate place for the permanent seat of government. William Maclay, who had held positions of prominence during the Revolution and also served in the Pennsylvania Assembly in the Supreme Executive Council, was an earnest supporter of a plan to select York as the place for the national capital. In the fall of 1788, he addressed a letter to James Smith, signer of the Declaration of Independence, asking the latter to prepare a paper showing the advantages of York and vicinity. He further said that the town of York would be placed in nomination as an eligible site, after the inauguration of President Washington in April, 1789. Before this date delegates from the thirteen original States composed the membership of Continental Congress which met as one body. Under the Constitution, the legislative authority of the country was vested in two bodies, the Senate and the House of Representatives. William Maclay and Robert Morris were the first United States Senators from Pennsylvania. In answer to Maclay's letter, a meeting of the citizens of York was held, with James Smith as president. The letter was read and the meeting unanimously resolved that it was pleasing to know that York may be selected for the federal seat, and that "all due diligence will be used to attain it." A committee of fourteen was appointed to obtain the information requested in the letter of Senator Maclay and was composed of James Smith, Colonel Michael Smyser, Captain Michael Hahn, George Hoke, General Henry Miller, Michael Bard, William Mathews, Captain Rudolph Spangler, John Forsythe, Captain Philip Albright, Captain John Hay, Ephraim Shorb, John Stewart and James Campbell. The committee the next day selected William Mathews, Jesse Kersey, John Forsythe and Conrad Laub to make a survey and draught of ten miles square, taking the Court House as a centre. John Hay, Michael Hahn and James Campbell were appointed a sub-committee to gather statistics within the survey of ten miles square. This committee reported on November 21, that within the borough of York incorporated the year before, there were twelve public buildings, including schools and churches,

412 private or dwelling houses, 2,884 inhabitants, 46 trades, 476 tradesmen, 23 stores, 18 taverns, 15 boarding houses. They also reported that there were within the district proposed for the site of the Federal City, 13 merchant mills, 10 saw mills, 2 oil mills, 2 fulling mills, 1 plating forge and 4 hemp mills. The committee gave the distance of York from the large towns and the important ferries over the Susquehanna and Potomac Rivers, in order to show the geographical importance of York. They gave the price of cereals, and other food products and referred to the fertile and productive condition of the land surrounding York.

The selection of a permanent site for the seat of government brought forth an animated discussion in both branches of Congress during its first session which convened in New York in 1789. Some of the Senators and Representatives wanted the national capital built on the banks of the Susquehanna at Wright's Ferry, others upon the Delaware and still others on the Potomac. During this discussion, which lasted for a long time, Wright's Ferry, York, Harrisburg and Peach Bottom were mentioned. Some wished a centre of territory, others a centre of population, and others again a centre of wealth. Senator Maclay argued in favor of Wright's Ferry as the most eligible site; and Robert Morris favored Germantown. It is possible that the difference of opinion of these two senators lost the capital of the United States to Pennsylvania. The Susquehanna measure passed the House and was agreed to in the Senate, but Germantown was afterwards substituted in the Senate through the efforts of Robert Morris. It was subsequently agreed to in the House, but, at the instance of James Madison, an amendment was made providing for the operation of the laws of Pennsylvania in the district until supplied or altered by Congress. This amendment rendered necessary the return of the bill to the Senate, where a majority appeared against Germantown, and on the 28th of September, the question still being open, the bill was postponed. It was in vain that Senator Maclay raised his prophetic voice that if the Susquehanna was yielded, the seat of government would be fixed on the Potomac. His prophecy was verified. At the next session of Congress, while the funding bill was under debate, Alexander Hamilton, then secretary of the Treasury in Washington's cabinet, secured its passage by yielding the capital to the Southern States, and the permanent seat of government was fixed in the District of Columbia.

The discussion of the funding bill according to Thomas Jefferson produced the most bitter and angry contest known in Congress during the

first thirty years of its history. The selection of a site for the national government became involved in this discussion, and its interests were combined with the funding bill. This was the main reason why the banks of the Susquehanna were not selected as the permanent seat of government. Colonel Thomas Hartley, a distinguished lawyer and soldier, then represented York County in Congress. He was one of the most prominent speakers on the subject, and, with great force and eloquence, advocated Wright's Ferry as the site best adapted for the seat of government. In one of his speeches on this subject, he said:

As to the quality of the soil, it was inferior to none in the world, and though that was saying a good deal, it was not more than he believed a fact. In short, from all the information he had acquired, and that was not inconsiderable, he ventured to pronounce, that in point of soil, water and the advantages of nature, there was no part of the country superior. And if honorable gentlemen were disposed to pay much attention to a dish of fish, he could assure them that their table might be furnished with fine and good from the waters of the Susquehanna; perhaps not in such variety as in New York, but the deficiency was well made up in the abundance which liberal nature presented them of her various products. It was in the neighborhood of two large and populous towns, York and Lancaster, the latter being the largest inland town in America. Added to all these advantages, it possessed that of centrality, perhaps, in a superior degree to any which could be proposed.

Richard Bland Lee, of Virginia, asked Colonel Hartley: What was the distance of Wright's Ferry from York, and whether that town, as it had once accommodated Congress, could do it again? If a permanent seat is established why not go to it immediately? And why shall we go and fix upon the banks of a rapid river, when we can have a more healthful situation? Was the Codorus Creek, which runs through York into the Susquehanna, navigable, or could it be made so?

Colonel Hartley answered that York was ten miles from the Ferry, that it contained about five hundred houses, besides a number of large and ornamental public buildings; that there was no doubt, that if Congress deemed it expedient to remove immediately there, the members could be conveniently accommodated, but as the gentlemen appeared to be inclined to fix the permanent residence on the banks of the Susquehanna, he was very well satisfied it should be there.

This discussion was continued by Madison, of Virginia; Clymer and Heister, of Pennsylvania, and others. On the next day, the House of Representatives agreed to the following resolution reported by a committee of the whole. Resolved—That the permanent seat of the government of the United States ought to be at some convenient place on the east bank of the river Susquehanna, in the State of Pennsylvania; and that until the necessary buildings be erected for the purpose, the seat of government ought to continue at the city of New York.

Michael Stone, of Maryland, then moved that the words "east bank" be stricken out, and the word "banks" inserted, which, if adopted, gave the commissioners power to select either the east or west banks of the Susquehanna. This passed the House by a vote of 26 to 25. Another amendment was suggested that the words "or Maryland" should be inserted after the word "Pennsylvania," in the resolution. This resolution passed in the negative by a vote of 25 to 26. The House then adopted the following resolution, by a vote of 28 to 21:

"Resolved—That the President of the United States be authorized to appoint three commissioners, to examine and report to him the most eligible situation on the banks of the Susquehanna, in the State of Pennsylvania, for the permanent seat of the government of the United States; that the said commissioners be authorized under the direction of the President, to purchase such quantity of land as may be thought necessary, and erect thereon, within four years, suitable buildings for the accommodation of the Congress, and of the other officers of the United States; that the Secretary of the Treasury, together with the commissioners so to be appointed, be authorized to borrow a sum, not exceeding one hundred thousand dollars, to be repaid within twenty years with interest, not exceeding the rate of five per cent. per annum, out of the duties on import and tonnage, to be applied to the purchase of land, and the erection of buildings aforesaid; and that a bill ought to pass, in the present session in conformity with the foregoing resolution."

The discussion on this subject continued for a long time, and as has been stated, was not decided until the next session of Congress, when Philadelphia was chosen to be the capital of the United States for a period of ten years, from 1790 to 1800. Both houses of Congress finally decided the permanent seat of government should be on the banks of the Potomac.

It is interesting to note that in 1791, President Washington made a tour of the Southern States, and upon his return to Philadelphia spent three days at Georgetown, now in the District of Columbia. He states in his diary that before leaving Georgetown, he selected a site for the Executive Mansion and the National Capitol. After having completed this duty, he returned to Philadelphia, passing through Frederick, York and Lancaster.

GEORGE R. PROWELL.

YORK, PA.

# FENIANISM AND FENIAN RAIDS IN VERMONT.

THE history of Ireland has been characterized by local strife, divisions and disappointments. No son of hers has ever occupied the throne of England. Unlike England and Scotland, the elements of discord have always shown themselves so prominently as to keep her people in continued subordination.

Whenever success has been within her grasp, some disappointed aspirant and his faction has wrested it from her and given it to others. She never could concentrate her united strength and fealty on any one of her prominent men so as to insure marked success, though she has had her Emmets, O'Connells, and scores of like statesmen and philanthropists. Nowhere, in all the annals of her history, have the elements of discord more prominently and forcibly exhibited themselves, and retarded her nationality, than in the great Fenian movement. The yoke of British oppression had become so galling and burdensome to them, as they for centuries have claimed, as to culminate in organizations for relief in Ireland—first designated under the local names of the "Phœnix Society," "Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood" and "Nationalists," but better known as Fenians, deriving their name from Fonna or Fienna, an Irish military organization in the third century, commanded by Fionn or Finn, who was slain in battle in A. D. 283; and his command under his grandson, Osgar, was practically annihilated during a civil strife in A. D. 296.

The Fenian Brotherhood of the United States was founded under a charter from the State of New York, for a benevolent society in the city of New York, in the year 1857, by Michael Doheny, John O'Mahony and Michael Corcoran, subsequently a brigadier-general in the Union army. At the same time kindred organizations in Ireland were developing themselves in large proportions under the leadership of James Stephens—the funds for their maintenance being sent principally from this country. In 1858 Stephens came to this country and represented the existence of 35,000 enrolled and disciplined Fenians, and

—Address delivered before the Vermont Historical Society by the late Hon. Edward A. Sowles.

solicited further aid. The friends of Ireland were called together in New York, and the Brotherhood was fully organized under John O'Mahony as President. In 1860 O'Mahony visited Ireland, and there found a network of clubs of the order, which met statedly and secretly to drill. He inspected the most important districts, and was present at a meeting of the Fenian leaders in Dublin, at which definite plans of action were agreed upon. From this meeting the organization received great impulse in both countries.

When the Brotherhood was first organized in New York City, it numbered forty members; but in 1870 it extended its ramifications all over the United States, British America and Australia, while in Great Britain it established "circles" wherever Irishmen were to be found. They were as completely organized and officered as any soldiery ever was, not in active service.

In the United States up to 1863 the order was but little known or understood. Our citizens saw men assembling by night and secretly drilling; but they were confounded with the martial attitude and warlike appearance which then pervaded this entire country, and were supposed to be portions of the contending armies then existing, or in training therefor.

These circles, especially in the large cities, furnished several regiments at the commencement of our civil war, which were familiar with military tactics and discipline and proved to be valuable accessions to the Union army. After the first battle of Bull Run, and the return from service of the 69th N. Y. militia commanded by Col. Corcoran and composed largely of Fenians, Thomas F. Meagher organized the so-called "Irish Brigade"—likewise principally officered and filled by Fenians. This step was imitated all over the North, and the Fenian element was active in filling the ranks of volunteer regiments composing the Union army.

In 1862 Col. Corcoran was taken prisoner. After his liberation, his prominent position as a Fenian leader was the means of drawing many of the organizations into the Northern army with the ulterior expectation of using the experience so acquired, in the cause of the liberation of their fatherland.

Early in 1863, T. C. Luby, a prominent Irish leader, came to America, and not only visited the prominent "circles" in this country,

but also entered the Union lines and held meetings at the headquarters of Irish regiments.

On November 3, 1863, the American Fenian Brotherhood held its first National Congress in Chicago—the delegates representing 15,000 Fenians, above one-half of whom were in the Union army. The order was declared to be strictly in accordance with our laws—free from partisan politics and differences in religion, and declared the Irish people a distinct nationality with James Stephens as its leader. The central officers were to elect an annual Congress. The State officers were elected by the States, and "centers" were elected by "circles," in whom the affairs of the organization were entrusted.

Soon after a newspaper, called the "Irish People," began to be published in Dublin, growing out of which was a riot at a public meeting there, February 23, 1864, from which A. M. Sulivan, a loyalist, was forcibly ejected by the Fenians. This somewhat aroused the apprehensions of the British authorities, and emboldened the Fenians in their open declarations in both countries, of their intention of liberating Ireland. The uniform adherence and sympathy of the Fenians for universal freedom in this country, and especially their active coöperation and patriotic zeal, shoulder to shoulder with our own citizens in all the sanguinary struggles, in all our battles for the suppression of the Rebellion, and their devout and oft repeated attachment to the "old flag"—consecrated by the blood of their bravest men as well as ours, were frequently referred to, and bound them as with hoops of steel to the hearts and sympathies of the union-loving people of America. It may well be claimed that but for the timely aid of the Fenian organizations in this country, the government of our fathers might have been wrested from our control and destroyed forever.

On the other hand our experience with the British Government was their experience. British neutrality, so loudly vaunted by British subjects, was pointed at by the Fenians and sadly realized by our people to be a mere sham, existing largely in boastful pretensions.

The palpable insincerity on the part of prominent British Government officials, including members of her ministry, and a large class of the aristocratic party of England and her colonies, created apprehensions of danger to the Union cause from Southern recognition and otherwise, and greatly intensified American sympathy and favor for the Fenians. As British sham neutrality became exposed, Fenianism grew and kept

Britain in check. This was particularly noticeable after the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, of the 13th of May, 1861. This was followed on the 8th of November, 1861, by the startling news of the capture by Commodore Wilkes of Mason and Slidell, two accredited agents of the Confederate Government for the negotiation of treaties with European powers, on board the British mail steamer *Trent,* on the high seas.

The British Government had always claimed the right of search, which was denied the United States in this instance. The United States Government, *per contra,* had always denied that right. Hence Commodore Wilkes had, without authority, captured these two distinguished insurgents and had " made up a case " based upon British precedent and authority. At once the British Government made a demand for their release from Fort Warren in Boston Harbor, based upon her own rule of action " that might makes right." The American Government adhered to her own precedents and released them from imprisonment.

Afterwards, these *quasi* officials were received by Lord John Russell, British Minister of Foreign Affairs, and an interview was held on the 4th of May, 1862. He afterwards described them as " the three gentlemen deputed by the Southern Confederacy to obtain their recognition as an independent State." On the 18th of May, 1862, Lord John sent a communication to Lord Lyons, British Minister at Washington, instructing him to take such means as he might judge most expedient, to transmit a copy of the dispatch to the British consul at Charleston or New Orleans, in order that it might be communicated to Jefferson Davis at Montgomery. This use of the British Legation at Washington for such a purpose, was, as Mr. Seward afterwards said, an act which the United States would have been justified in regarding as an act of war, and the Fenians understood it. On the 7th of October, 1862, Minister Gladstone said in a speech at Newcastle, " we may have our own opinions about slavery; we may be for or against the South; but there is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army. They are making, it appears, a navy, and they have made what is more than either—they have made a nation. (Loud cheers.) We may anticipate with certainty the success of the Southern States so far as regards their separation from the North. I cannot but believe that that event is as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be." Oh, what a prophet! Oh, what a Fenian poser!

On the 27th of March, 1863, Mr. Laird, the builder of the *Alabama,* and other craft which were seized by our Government, said in Parliament, "I have only to say that I would rather be handed down to posterity as the builder of a dozen *Alabamas* than as the man who applies himself deliberately to set class against class, and to cry up the institutions of another country, which when they come to be tested, are of no value whatever, and which reduce liberty to an utter absurdity."

Afterwards, John Bright, the off-ox in the British team, to whom he referred—thus replied, "I shall confine myself to that one vessel, the *Alabama.* She was built in this country; all her munitions of war were from this country; almost every man on board her was a subject of her Majesty. She sailed from one of our chief ports. She is reported to have been built by a firm in whom a member of this House was, and I presume is, interested. I did not complain that the member from Birkenhead (Mr. Laird) had struck up a friendship with Captain Semmes, who may be described as another sailor once was of similar pursuits, as being (the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship)."

Canada soon became largely imbued with the same spirit of unfriendliness, though there were as strong and devoted Union men on her soil as ever uttered Union sentiments. On her territory thousands of Southern insurgents, refugees and sympathizers congregated together, to menace the Northern army and Northern people, and Fenianism followed.

The writer had personal knowledge of the existence of a large Fenian organization in Montreal in October, 1864, and employed in behalf of the sufferers by the St. Albans raid, an attorney known to many to be the acknowledged leader of the organization in that city. In many seemingly reckless adventures as counsel, witness and sufferer among the Southern refugees and their friends in that city, in pursuit of justice and the reclamation of property, I was always conscious that while the strong arm of the British law might be doubtful protection to the person—as it was to our property—any personal violence would be visited by a speedy retaliation on the part of thousands of Fenians, many of whom were congregated at the various legal proceedings connected with that raid, proffering their sympathy and support.

In 1862 Mr. Seward called the attention of the British government to the inadequacy of the English and Canadian statutes to preserve neu-

trality and requested that they might be made more stringent. Lord Palmerston declined, so that Canada in fact had none in force until February, 1865, after the war was nearly over and the British "war in disguise" was nearly done. So defective was their statute that a learned judge of one of her majesty's supreme courts declared "that a whole fleet of ships of war could be driven through the statute." Caleb Cushing wisely remarked before the tribunal of arbitration, "That, as a matter of fact, a whole fleet of ships of war *was* driven through the statute," as was in proof before this tribunal.

This was in wide contrast with the conduct of the United States under similar circumstances of a rebellion in Canada in 1837-8. Mr. Fox, the British Minister, to use his own language, "solemnly appealed to the supreme government promptly to interpose its sovereign authority for arresting the disorders," and inquired "what means it proposed to employ for that purpose.'" Congress immediately passed a neutrality act and President Van Buren issued a neutrality proclamation, and the whole frontier in this vicinity was bristling with the bayonets of our volunteers to preserve strict neutrality towards our neighbors.

All these breaches of neutrality and good faith were food upon which the Fenians were growing in numbers and strength, and in favor with the United States government, because they greatly hindered the efforts of Great Britain in her attempts to aid the South in their schemes of secession. In view of all these enormities Lord Stanley made bitter complaint, in regard to the Fenian policy of the United States, to which Mr. Seward forcibly replied in a dispatch, under date of January 12, 1867. He said, "I do not deem it necessary to reply at length to the reflections which Lord Stanley makes upon the conduct of this government in regard to the proceedings of the so-called Fenians. The Fenian movement neither begins nor ends in the United States; but they are natives of Great Britain, though some of them have assumed naturalization in the United States. This *quarrel with Great Britain is not an American but a British one, as old—I sincerely hope it may not be as lasting—as the union of the United Kingdom.* Their aim is not American but British revolution. In seeking to make the territory of the United States a base for the organization of a republic in Ireland, and of military and naval operations for its establishment there, they allege that they have followed, as an example, *precedents of British subjects in regard to our civil war, allowed by her majesty's government.*"

Those flagrant breaches of neutrality, and wanton infractions of

international law and comity, not only inflamed the loyal North, but also every Fenian against Great Britain and the South, whose cause that government had early espoused. The love of liberty which dwelt in the American heart and found a response in the patriotic bosom of nearly every Irishman in this country, made Americans and Irishmen allies in the suppression of the great rebellion, and induced the United States government and people to favor the Fenian cause for the purpose of showing to England that she too had her elements of disorder in her midst, which like Hamlet's ghost would appear and trouble its author. It also led the Fenians to believe that British precedents of neutrality would be followed by the United States government whenever occasion presented itself. Hence Great Britain became alarmed at the magnitude of the Fenian movement and began to look to her own situation, and at the same time assure the United States of her extreme friendship diplomatically, which was much like the caricature of the fox at the poultry meeting where he devoutly rises and says "let us pray."

Hence the United States did for a time pursue the same lax and unfriendly policy which Great Britain had followed during the war. In violation of her laws she too had allowed these armed bands to organize on her territory for the avowed purpose of operating against England, and with the avowed object of producing "a counter irritant" on the body politic of England, and lead her to realize that she too had her intestine foes as well as other nations, and that conspiracies and insurrections were likely at any time to engage her attention and tax her strength and resources.

Those who intimately knew the great mind which presided over the destinies of our foreign relations during the darkest days of our rebellion, and guarded as with an Argus eye its difficulties and combinations, make bold in saying that this Fenian movement was encouraged as a great strategic movement to defeat British intervention, which, it is claimed, that nation had promised to the struggling, languishing South. Indeed, Mr. Seward wrote Minister Adams at London in 1866, asking the opinion of the latter, as to the policy of "making up a case" with the Fenians against Great Britain similar to those then arising with Great Britain growing out of their neutral relations towards the United States during our civil war, with a view of realizing compensation from British depredations—direct or indirect—upon our navy, territory and people during our war. Minister Adams at once replied that such a course would lack the element of belligerency—unless that was accorded to the

Fenians—and then it would be a concession that Britain was right in the course she had pursued. For this and other minor things the Fenians entertained feelings of profound indignition towards Mr. Adams.

But who can say, then, that the great army of Fenians then menacing Great Britain in all directions was not one of the most potent means of quelling the British Lion in his lair, and that it led in part to the final triumph of our Northern army? Who can doubt, then, that the Fenian cause was a powerful agency in collecting our great debt against Great Britain growing out of the war?

In January, 1865, the second Fenian Congress met at Cincinnati, when "the circles" had increased five fold, and the financial receipts exceeded the total of seven previous years, as the result of British feigned neutrality towards the United States. The middle classes in Ireland were in favor of revolution. The termination of war in this country left free those valiant Irish officers and soldiers on whom were centered mainly the hopes and expectations of the revolutionists. Disaffections and Fenian contagions began to spread among the Irish troops mainly composing the British army, and large numbers of them secretly joined the Fenian organizations. On the 8th of September, 1865, Stephens issued a proclamation in which he concludes, "The flag of Ireland, of the Irish republic, must this year be raised," and the cry of "Erin go Bragh" resounded throughout the land.

On the 15th of September, 1865, Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa and T. C. Luby were arrested in Dublin and incarcerated. On the next day appeared two proclamations from the viceroy, Lord Wadhouse, announcing the existence of the brotherhood; suspending the writ of *habeas corpus;* offering a reward for the apprehension of its members, and declaring martial law in the city and county of Cork. Simultaneously many other arrests were made, and among them one C. W. O'Connell, an *aide-de-camp* of O'Mahony, as he landed at Queenstown. Upon him were found papers incriminating many persons. Great energy was displayed by the British authorities in the dispatch of vessels of war, and in the establishment of a cordon of gun boats around the coast of Ireland with its scores of harbors and bays. On November 11, 1865, Stephens, living near Dublin under an assumed name, was arrested and committed to prison, and on the 24th he escaped to France.

As soon as this intelligence reached the United States, the third Fenian Congress was summoned at Philadelphia. During its session P.

J. Meehan, editor of the *Irish American,* and accredited agent of the brotherhood in Ireland, returned and reported everything there as "powerful, the management masterly, and the position solid," and *this* when the revolutionists were utterly hopeless. Thirty States were represented by three hundred and fifty circles, with a membership of 14,620. A Fenian sisterhood was established, which proved a successful auxiliary in the raising of funds. John Mitchel was released from Fortress Monroe by President Johnson, and went to Ireland. The prisoners under arrest in Ireland were tried and sentenced to prison for twenty years. In the meantime, the rupture between O'Mahony and a majority of the Senate had been gradually widening. His party wished to operate in Ireland. The senatorial party favored the scheme of an armed expedition in Canada, and were afterwards known as "the Canada party." Delegates were in attendance from Canada in respectable numbers. The characteristic disaffection became still more alarming. The excitement of the Irish element in America became almost uncontrollable, and O'Mahony was impeached by the Senate, and succeeded by Col. Wm. R. Roberts of New York. While Roberts was preparing to move on Canada, O'Mahony was induced to move on Campo Bello, New Brunswick. Some arms were sent to Eastport, Me., and the command of the expedition was assumed by Major B. D. Kellian. Large numbers assembled at Eastport, but O'Mahony had ordered their guns not to be sent from New York. General Meade was dispatched by the United States authorities to watch their movements and they soon dispersed.

On May 10, 1866, Stephens arrived in New York and all hopes of extrication from their differences centered upon him, but he found the O'Mahony party urging that all efforts should be turned towards helping "the men in the gap" in Ireland. He said that all the men in Ireland wanted—numbering hundreds of thousands—was money and coöperation to win their independence. Each party bitterly assailed the motives and plans of the other.

The Roberts party, under the military direction of Gen. Thomas W. Sweeny, a late officer of the Union army, was placed in command of the Canada expedition about the middle of May. On the 19th of May, 1866, twelve hundred stands of arms were seized by the revenue officials, at Rouse's Point, N. Y. From the 29th to the 31st of May, 1866, bodies of Fenians, from various parts of the United States, moved towards Canada. On the morning of the 30th of May the streets of St. Albans were suddenly thronged by soldiers in civilian dress, to the number of

about one thousand. They made a descent upon us like an army in Flanders, without previous notice or expectation. They were reticent, and said they had come to St. Albans to look over the ground and note the events made memorable by the Canadian rebel raid in 1864. They had been induced to come here because they were confident we would mete out to them the same kind of neutrality that Canada had taught and practiced at the time of the St. Albans raid, which had become established law throughout the British empire; and as we usually followed British precedents, we should not interfere with them in their struggle for independence. Here was history repeating itself on the old grounds, and "chickens coming home to roost." Here were Canadian detectives and spies congregated, and giving us lessons on neutrality as found in the Gospel according to Coursol and in the Acts of Young and his banditti—the former afterwards promoted to high official position in Canada, and the latter recompensed by an appointment as a United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1878.

The expedition at this point was under command of Generals Sweeny and Spear, and their subordinate officers in attendance—among whom were several young men who had been completely ruined financially by the piratical depredations on merchant vessels and their cargoes, under the British neutrality law, as interpreted and administered by such political ministers as Russell and Gladstone, who predicted that there would be no longer a government of the United States which Great Britain would be bound to respect. Here they met a fellow-sympathizer in the person of Capt. E. Lincoln, who was captain of the *T. C. Wales* of Boston, a merchant vessel on her way to Boston from Calcutta, laden with leather and products of India. The vessel and all her effects were destroyed by fire, by Capt. Semmes of the cruiser *Alabama,* manned in part by British subjects, on the high seas. Captain Lincoln and wife were taken prisoners of war and transferred to the cruiser—his wife giving birth to a child before landing at Nassau, a British port and a rebel rendezvous in the West India Islands. Here these men were striving to collect their debt from Great Britain, and to aid us in collecting ours. Here the Fenians received a cordial welcome from many of the citizens of St. Albans, and especially the Fenian Brotherhood, under the leadership of their acting head center, Peter Ward, and treasurer John Brown and others. Here many of the brotherhood from neighboring towns assembled with alacrity, to meet their co-patriots in the cause of Ireland. Here were assembled the Fenian scouts and spies and

all the retinue of secret service. Here one of the spies exhibited to the writer maps of the route and plans of the fortifications and garrisons at St. Johns and Montreal, and numerous letters from fellow Fenians in various parts of Canada enclosing funds, and entreating them to make a stand on Canadian soil, and the brotherhood in Canada would rise up *en masse* and fly to their rescue, striking terror to the people and making Canada a free independent Irish Republic.

One of these letters was from a prominent British officer at St. Johns, who advised the informant to let him know the night they would be there, when he would be on duty with the right men and surrender the entire fortification into the hands of the Fenians. Here dispatches and couriers were going forth towards Canada, and nightly the invaders were forwarding their small ordnance and muskets, before concealed in the barns and outhouses, and secret depositories along the frontier. A portion of the Fenian guard had proceeded through Swanton as far as Highgate, when a young lad in great haste hurried to St. Armand, Canada, and gave an exaggerated account of the numbers advancing, to Capt. Peter Smith and Surgeon Brigham, in command of the volunteers at that place, and who, as the story goes and it has never been denied—began immediately to fall back on St. Johns, about twenty miles distant. These two heroes of a thousand "imaginary battles" were the first to lead the retreat, and each with his panting war-steed, undertook to make the best time in the race. When they reached St. Alexander, the Surgeon was ahead, and took the heat and the race—time wisely withheld to prevent the contestants from getting "a record." The doctor, after a diagnosis of the disease, pronounced it "a run of cannon fever."

Here, too, the United States troops and military band assembled in respectable numbers and bivouacked on the village "green," which added greatly to the martial air of the occasion and the society of the village. Here Fenians in blue looked down upon Fenians in rags, with a complacent look and sympathizing smile, as if to say "blank cartridges and lofty shooting" will be our interpretation of American neutrality from an American standpoint. Here General George G. Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, and Lieutenant Porter, the son of the distinguished admiral, and other officers assembled, each armed with orders ready to watch every overt act of the Fenians, and seasonably promulgate them. They were quartered at the Welden House, and a grand ball was given in their honor, and the night passed "as merrily as a marriage bell." Here the Fenians remained for three days awaiting the arrival of arms, doubt-

less shipped by O'Mahony to Ireland, or some other distant spot. Here they made an attack on Frelighsburgh, Canada, to instruct them in neutral rights and neighborhood comity, as applied to raids and plunder, and secured a large amount of what they called their legal tender, " straw hats and high wines." They did no other damage worth mentioning at that time save to lay the foundation for a claim against " the home " government of about one million dollars which was paid and charged to the United States in offset and disallowed.

On their retreat the following day, their plunder was conspicuously displayed as trophies of a hard fought battle and victory won, and the Fenians began to disperse to their homes. Many of them were able to defray the expense to their homes, but large numbers received aid and provisions from our local authorities and citizens to prevent depredations, and returned to their homes to " fight another day." As Artemus Ward said at the grave of Shakespeare, " it was a success."

On the 1st of June, 1866, twelve or fifteen hundred Fenians under Col. O'Neil crossed the Niagara river at Buffalo, and took possession of an unoccupied work called Fort Erie, near the spot where Sir Allan McNab gave lessons in neutrality in 1838, by going upon American territory and waters, and firing the American steamer *Caroline,* and then cutting her loose from her moorings, sent her over the Falls of Niagara. O history, thou faithful chronicler of the past, how thou repeatest thyself!

On the 2d, the Fenians were attacked at a place called Limestone Ridge, and held their position, losing several killed and wounded, and many prisoners. The history of the attack, from a Canadian standpoint, was given by Lord Monck, Governor-General of Canada, to Hon. Edward Cardwell, British Colonial Secretary, in an official dispatch dated June 4th, 1866, as follows:

" Immediately on the receipt of the intelligence of an invasion, Major-General Napier pushed on by rail to Chippewa, a force consisting of artillery and regular troops under Col. Peacocke, 16th regiment. * * * A body of volunteers had come upon the Fenian encampment in the bush, and immediately attacked them, but were outnumbered and compelled to retire on Port Colborne. This occurred some time on Saturday, June 2d. Col. Peacocke, in the meantime was advancing in the direction of Fort Erie from Chippewa, along the banks of the Niagara river, but was not able to reach the former place before nightfall."

On the 14th of June, Lord Monck thus wrote Mr. Cardwell: "From all the information I have received, I am now satisfied that a very large and comprehensive plan of attack had been arranged by the party which is popularly known as the Sweeny-Roberts section of the Fenian brotherhood. The place of invasion, in addition to the attempt on the Niagara frontier—the only one which actually occurred—appears to have embraced attacks on the line of the Richelieu and Lake Champlain, and also on the frontier in the neighborhood of Prescott and Cornwall, where I have reason to think the principal demonstration was intended.

For the latter object, large bodies of men sent by railroad from almost all parts of the United States were assembled at a place called Malone, in the State of New York, and at Potsdam, also in the State of New York; and with a view to the former, St. Albans and its neighborhood in the State of Vermont, was selected as the place of assemblage. Large supplies of arms, accoutrements and ammunition were also attempted to be forwarded by railroad to those points, but owing to the active interference of the authorities of the United States, as soon as it became apparent that a breach of international law had been committed by those persons, a very large portion of those supplies never reached their destination. It is not easy to arrive at a trustworthy estimate of the number of men who actually arrived at their different points of rendezvous. It has been reported at times that there were at Potsdam, Malone, and the intervening country, as many as ten thousand men, and similar rumors have been from time to time circulated, of the force at St. Albans, and its neighborhood. From the best opinion I can form, however, I shall be inclined to think that the number of Fenians in the vicinity of St. Albans never exceeded two thousand men, and that three thousand would be a fair allowance for those assembled at Potsdam, Malone, and the surrounding country.

The men have been represented to me as having, many of them, served in the late civil war in the United States—to have had a considerable amount of small arms of a good and efficient description. I have not heard of their possessing any artillery and am informed that they were deficient in the supplies of ammunition, and totally destitute of all the other equipments of an organized force. They appeared to have relied very much on assistance from inhabitants of the Province—as the force which invaded Fort Erie brought with them, as I am now told, a large

quantity of spare arms to put into the hands of their sympathizers whom they expected to join them.

The determination of the Government of the United States to stop the transportation of men and supplies to the places of assemblage, rendered even the temporary success on the part of the Fenians impossible, while the large forces which the Lieutenant-General commanding was able to concentrate at each of the points threatened, had the effect of deterring from an attack the portions of the conspirators who had already arrived at their places of rendezvous. No invasion in force occurred except at Fort Erie. A slight incursion took place at a place called St. Armand, about thirteen miles from St. Johns, on the borders of the county of Missisquoi, which ended in the capture of about sixteen prisoners without any loss on our side. Although I deplore the loss which the volunteer force suffered when engaged on the 2d of June at Limestone Ridge, amounting to six killed and thirty-one wounded, I think it is a matter of congratulation that a movement which might have been so formidable, has collapsed with so small an amount of loss either of life or property."

Lord Monck left it to the Canadian press to extol the bravery and courage of the volunteers, which for days teemed with graphic accounts of the adventures of a company called the "Queen's Own" of Toronto, and the volunteers generally.

In September following Roberts summoned a congress at Troy, N. Y., which was numerously attended. The case of Col. R. B. Lynch and a priest named McMahon who had been taken prisoners at Limestone Ridge, tried and condemned to death while only innocently watching the Fenian movements served for a long time to keep alive public attention in the United States, and about $250,000 were raised by the brotherhood for their cause, and the excitement served to increase the numbers and influence of the Fenians largely in Canada. Through the good offices of the United States government these sentences were finally commuted.

In December following Stephens renewed his efforts to make Ireland the base of operations, and active preparations began. A plan to seize the Castle of Chester garrisoned by an Irish regiment, was frustrated by the treachery of one Congdon. Killarney had been chosen as the center of Fenian operations in the south, and Capt. O'Connor was intrusted with the command. A considerable force of insurgents took refuge in the

Galtee hills, whence they had been driven by a heavy fall of snow, and a general rising took place in Dublin in accordance with the orders of their leaders. In all these movements their plans were previously made known to the British authorities by recreant and disappointed men in the secrets of the Brotherhood. For these offenses T. F. Burke and John McCafferty were tried by a military commission and condemned to death, but their sentences were afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life. J. Boyle O'Reilly, since chief editor of the Boston *Pilot*, was banished to Australia whence he made his escape from imprisonment into the woods, living for days on nuts, and finally putting out to sea in a small boat. After three days' sail he saw an American merchant vessel heave in sight, and hoisting a signal of distress was taken on board her and brought to the United States. He came to St. Albans in 1870, and figured extensively in the second Fenian raid as will hereafter appear.

About this time the President of the United States was vainly applied to for the purpose of obtaining belligerent rights for the Fenians. Stephens had been relieved of the management of the organization and the future direction of the Fenians was intrusted to a committee until the fifth congress met in New York in February, 1867, when an executive committee headed by one A. A. Griffin was constituted.

Towards the end of May, 1867, a second invasion of Canada began to be agitated. Large bodies of men were seen drilling in Detroit and Buffalo, and recruiting became active and successful, and St. Albans and Ogdensburg were spoken of as deposits of military stores and probable points of departure for a new expedition. In the meantime the parent organization had sent an expedition to Ireland.

On the 13th of April, 1867, the brig *Erin's Hope* left New York with five thousand five hundred stands of arms, three batteries of artillery, one thousand sabres, five million rounds of small ammunition, a supply of artillery ammunition, and thirty-nine officers of every grade, infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineers. She reached the English and Irish coasts and made several landings. Several of the officers set ashore were captured, but the military stores were brought back to New York.

In June, 1867, a convention of delegates in Manchester, England, elected Thomas J. Kelley central executive of the Irish republic. This did not meet the approval of the revolutionists. Thus arose in the home organization a division similar to that which paralyzed the Fenian brotherhood in America. The sixth national congress elected John Savage

as chief executive. On the night of September 13, the police of Manchester undertook to arrest four suspicious men; two escaped and the others proved to be Col. Thomas J. Kelley and Capt. Deasy. On the 18th the van in which they were conducted was attacked and the prisoners were released, Sergeant Brett in charge of the van being killed. Subsequently five persons Allen, O'Brien, Larkin, Maguire and Condon were tried in Manchester and condemned to death though protesting their innocence. The first three were executed and the last two reprieved. A reign of terror pervaded the United Kingdom and Canada, and riotous assemblages became frequent and troublesome. On the 11th of March, 1867, the Duke of Edinburgh was dangerously wounded by a supposed Fenian. On the 7th of April, 1867, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a member of the Canadian Ministry, was killed at Ottawa in the public streets, his opposition to Fenianism being the motive for the deed. About this time Queen Victoria was assaulted by a supposed Fenian with a revolver.

These unfortunate events so wrought on the public mind in England that Michael Barrett was executed May 26, 1867, and British activity began to show itself. Things remained comparatively quiet until the spring of 1870, when the senatorial party of the Brotherhood on the 24th of May, assembled another expedition on the Canadian frontier.

EDWARD A. SOWLE.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE MORAVIANS AT ONONDAGA.

(*Second Paper.*)

THE fourth visit to Onondaga was made in 1753. Zeisberger and Henry Frey left Bethlehem April 23d, making a canoe at Shamokin and leaving there May 3d. Full details of the river trip are given. Owego was deserted, and they wished to reach Zeniinge (Otseningo or Chenango) on the Tioughnioga river. At Tschachnot (Choconut) they were advised to turn back and go overland to Onondaga from Owego. This route they tried, lost their way, and were glad indeed to get back to the Susquehanna. The Nanticoke emigrants had just passed Owego on their way to Zeniinge, and were overtaken a little above there, May 27th. It was a picturesque sight. "As far as the eye could reach you could see one canoe behind the other along the Susquehanna. . . There were twenty-five canoes, and we were the twenty-sixth. Three canoes were still behind and would follow." May 29th they camped with the Nanticokes where Binghamton now stands, and on the 31st ascended the Tioughnioga to Zeniinge, about six miles from its mouth.

"In an hour's time a whole city had arisen" on the west bank of the river. The previous inhabitants were mostly Onondagas, with a few Shawanese. June 2d the Nanticokes broke up their camp and went to a place they had selected, three miles down the stream. A pretty picture is presented of the planting of their cornfields by young and old, "the men hoeing and the women planting after them." Food was scarce, and the Moravians offered a large price for half a bushel of corn to an old Shawanese woman. She declined the offer, saying: "What good would the wampum do her if she must starve in consequence?" They had nothing to say.

De Schweinitz gives the impression that Zeniinge was a Tuscarora town, but there were few of that nation there, and the hamlets to which the general name was assigned were filled with Conoys, Nanticokes and Onondagas. Among the Indians these Nanticokes had a bad name, and some years later the Onondagas hardly thought it possible that one of them had become a Moravian Christian.

There was a trail directly thence to Onondaga, but the water route became a favorite and the forest path was practically abandoned a few years later. There was no trail connecting it with the lower Susquehanna towns. The fact has been strangely overlooked that trails changed with the frequent changes of Iroquois towns, and that few are of any great antiquity. Of the really old trails few or no traces remain. The two Moravians were struck with the advantages of the river route, and a full description of this followed.

June 5th they went on their way up the Tiohujodha (Tioughnioga), passing the Anajota at Chenango Forks. This had its name as being the water route to Anajota or Oneida. Next they passed the Schio (Otselic) river. Near the site of Cortland was another large fork. The eastern branch retained the name of Tiohujodha; the western one was Onogariske, and in high water canoes could reach the Preble lakes by this. They took the eastern route and then went over the ridge to the Owego trail, passing Lake Oserigooch and finding the names cut there eight years before. An easy path led to Onondaga, and from the cornfields came the cry, "Welcome, Brethren!" June 9th they presented their wampum, and the message was sung to the council, a roll of tobacco being gratefully received by the chiefs. After this things went on much as usual, and the Indians enjoyed being bled, frequently calling on the Moravians for this. Drunkenness prevailed, and there was also a probability of war. Food was scarce and roots were dug for this.

Andrew Montour, or Sattelihu, brought a message from Virginia, and they were called before the council about this. One expression sounds oddly now. They were at Onondaga, but "determined to go into New York State," to get some things they had left near Tioga, at the mouth of West Canada creek. Tioga was a frequent name for the junction of two large streams. They soon went there, passing through the Tuscarora towns and reaching Kasch's frontier cabin June 22d. For the return trip they made a bark canoe, in which they went up the Mohawk and through Wood creek into Oneida lake. In the river below this some Onondagas opened their fish-weir so that they could pass. Another Onondaga fish-dam they encountered in the Oneida river and a third in the Seneca. August 8th they were at Onondaga again.

On Sunday, the twelfth, there was a great lamentation in their house because the wife of their host had died. Next day the Bunt asked them to make a coffin for the dead woman, which they did. "The whole day long we heard nothing but wailing and howling, all ornaments were laid

aside and torn rags put on. At noon food was brought to the dead one and they partook of it all together. A portion of it was also assigned to us."

August 15th they went to the Bunt's fishery on the Seneca river, a little below Cross lake or Tionetong, and made him a unique canoe. He was much pleased with it. He also showed them two great stones, the petrified remains of an Indian, to which they offered tobacco. Frey had received the name of Ochschugore, who lived at this place and began this fishery. He also discovered the salt in Onondaga lake and may have been there with Le Moyne. They returned by way of the river and another important fishery was passed at the site of Baldwinsville. They camped there and fishing plans were explained. There was order in all things. "For instance, each one has his own place where he is permitted to fish and no one is allowed to encroach upon his part. A chief is appointed to each fishing place and he has his people who belong to him. Thus it is also with the young people, every chief has his own people under him, who, in matters concerning the whole, must render him obedience."

September 6th Col. Johnson came to Onondaga lake with three boats, and there was already a great gathering of the Six Nations. On the eighth "The Treaty was made; we went there also. A place in the lower part of the town was prepared, where they assembled. All the people went to the lake to meet Johnson and led him forward. We greeted him, and he greeted us in passing. Many Indians of all nations, who knew us, came and shook hands with us and greeted us very kindly. When all the ceremonies were ended the Treaty began and lasted until evening. After it Mr. Johnson came and asked us how long we intended to remain, whether we were pleased with the place, and what we thought of the Indians, Did we find them approachable?"

Next day the treaty went on at the lake, where Johnson's tents were pitched. There some Oneidas reproached Zeisberger for not coming to their town as at first he understood their language best. As it was he had become "half an Onondaga and half an Oneida."

The Onondagas valued David's skill. Most of the houses were west of the creek, a poor bridge giving access to the other side. Bunt "begged us to mend the bridge across the creek. Most of them had their plantations over there and when the women carried their corn across they were always in danger of falling into the water." Two days later "we repaired the bridge for the Indians, who called out many a 'Niarwo.'

[Thanks.] The whole town rejoiced to have a good bridge, particularly the old people. They brought us plenty of food." The Bunt's mother also wanted a wooden mortar made, and gave them corn and pumpkins. They also made another canoe.

They now determined to return to Bethlehem and set out October 13. Next "morning we soon reached the Susquehanna Lake Onokariske, went down along the outlet of the lake for some distance, and camped in a hunting lodge." Finding no good tree near for a canoe they went down to the first fork and made one there. October 17 this was finished and they were soon on their way, calling on the Nanticokes, who were harvesting the 40 acres of corn planted in the spring. One night they spent at the Onondaga village across the river. The place flourished and became of importance, but was destroyed in the Sullivan campaign. The rest of the journey was rapid and uneventful, a delightful thing for the travelers, who were much pleased with this easy way of reaching home, where they appeared November 11th.

Another trip to Onondaga was made in 1754, but though the journal includes part of the following year, it is less interesting than some others. David Zeisberger and Charles Frederick were partners in this. They left Bethlehem June 9, 1754, and were in Albany ten days later. An Indian council was convening there and they met some Onondaga friends. Conrad Weiser was also there and was very sociable.

June 27 they left Albany for Onondaga, stopping the first night at Schenectady. "To the public house where we put up came also the old chief Hendrick, who was on his way to Albany, where there had been great longings for his presence." After some rough experience they reached Kasch's house, July 3d. This was the last white man's house on the way. There they made a canoe and were on their way westward July 13th, meeting boats on the way, for the post at Owego had originated a brisk trade through the river. Passing the portage, Oneida lake and the rivers beyond, they entered "the Salt Lake" on the 20th, and were at Onondaga next day, having camped at the lake for the night.

After reaching Onondaga in the afternoon nine chiefs came to see them to whom they gave their message and wampum. They were not seeking land, but wished to learn their language. In a meeting which followed there is an interesting note. When the chiefs came to this to receive a belt from the Nanticokes on the evils of drinking, they "brought with them eight or nine women. The women usually bring in the supplies

of rum, therefore they should be interested listeners also." The belt was accompanied by a curious symbolic letter, painted on wood.

August 9 the useful David "finished a little log hut for the bear's cub belonging to our hostess." On the fourteenth he made a foot-bridge over the creek. Next day "a woman from Canada came to our lodge. She was attended by two bateaux, for the purpose of buying the well-known root." The ginseng trade had become important, but this is the first instance of a female trader.

Determining to remain through the winter they now asked permission to build a house. In this they lodged November 10th. "Dimensions: 13½ by 12½ feet inside, the walls of hewn logs, roofed with shingles, for we could get no bark at this time of the year. It is, moreover, the smallest but the best house in Onondaga." Concerning this house there is an interesting item, not found in the journal, but contained in the *Bethlehem Diary,* Aug. 2, 1755. There was a celebration of the birthday of two Moravians:

"During the discourse which followed two points were brought out showing with what esteem Bro. David Zeisberger (who was also present) is held at Onondaga. 1. When, for example, the children on the street would say: 'That is an Assaroni (because he is white), the elders will correct them: 'Aquanouschioni! not Assaroni.' Since he and Charles Frederick have built them their own house the council has given into these brethren's care their entire archives, a whole pile of belts.

"Query: Where now are these archives, since you have left there? Ans.: Our people (as one says, our family to which we belong) have moved into our house, and the archives are still there." This led to the error that Zeisberger was the official wampum-keeper.

Though settled they were having a hard time. An entry for Dec. 3d says: "It would be better if we had more provisions. In fact we have none on hand, and depending on the Indians for food is very precarious, as they have not much themselves. We earn a little bread occasionally by grinding axes, sharpening tools, felling trees, etc."

David went off on a hunt with the Indians and Charles Frederick spent Christmas alone, feeling his absence greatly. He said: "Our hostess also longs for his return, hoping he will bring some meat with him. She often says that she doesn't like a lean soup, and I have learned the same by experience. Thus far she has managed to utilize old deer or

fish entrails, or sometimes *very* old blood, so that if it were not for extreme hunger one would rather run away from it than eat thereof. I often wish for just one piece of bread. How we would enjoy it, even if it were *Cassava.*"

Nothing is more surprising in these journals than these tales of famine. The *Relations* speak sometimes of the same thing. Game had decreased, but the rivers and lakes still abounded with fish, which could be preserved in the old ways. The lands were as fertile as ever, but intemperance had come in. Timely labor was often neglected for a drunken feast, and supplies were wasted. Besides which drought or insect pests often destroyed the expected crops. There were no reserve stores, the common case in all barbaric life. David returned unsuccessful, but brought a little dried venison, and they lived on short commons till the spring.

There was but little white intercourse in the winter, though it was now the practice to keep a blacksmith at Onondaga for about half the year to mend guns and axes and other metallic articles. He was generally an intelligent man, holding a half political office, and able to deal with minor affairs. In an entry for Feb. 11 it is said: "We visited the blacksmith, as also the two traders. They were very pleasant to us." Some house building they did, which brought them needed supplies and personal appreciation. In the spring they went to the German Flats for more supplies, building a canoe in which to return to Onondaga. This part of the journal is much confused in dates and other things.

Remembering the famine we are hardly surprised at the remark of a Nanticoke who called on them one day: "He praised Bethlehem highly, on account of the good eating he got there."

May 18, 1755, after a farewell visit to the Bunt, they left Onondaga, taking the Susquehanna route home. As they left, "On the way the wife of one of the chiefs said to David: 'Will we not see you again?' 'Oh! yes,' said David, 'you will probably see us again;'" but it was eleven years before he came, and this ended the attempt to learn the Onondaga language there.

Next day they were at Onagariske creek, staying there six days to build and load a canoe. May 26 they visited old Cossi, king of the Nanticokes, and the following day were on the Susquehanna, having had a pleasant trip down the Tioughnioga. June 11, 1755, they were at Bethlehem.

Why all was abandoned after all this preparatory work does not appear. There were no real Iroquois missions by the Moravians, then or thereafter, though Zeisberger favored a different plan.

It was eleven years before any Moravians visited Onondaga again. In the spring of 1766 Zeisberger went to Cayuga with some Indians on a question regarding their Susquehanna home, where they desired to remain. The Cayugas had proposed to remove them to the head of Cayuga lake, and had sent them a sharp message because of their carelessness. Togahaju, the Cayuga chief, not only gave them a favorable reception, but made them a liberal grant of land for a permanent home. Very soon, however, there were disquieting rumors that he had exceeded his powers. To settle this David Zeisberger and Gottlob Sensemann went to Onondaga by the Susquehanna route. East of Owego they found the country well peopled with Indians.

On the evening of October 18 they reached the Nanticoke village at Zeniinge, where this people had settled thirteen years before. Indian towns were not so frequently removed as in earlier days. Next morning they visited the Onondaga town nearby and learned that the forest trail was not passable, so they took the river route, though this meant hard work against the current. They remained there till the 21st, attending a council while there. Passing a small Delaware village a mile farther north, they came to an Onondaga town at Chenango Forks. The Conoy town was across the river from this. October 23d they were at the upper forks of the river, near the present site of Cortland, attempting to ascend the east branch, as they had been advised. Turned back by fallen trees they were detained at the forks by a heavy fall of snow till the 25th. That day they left their canoe and waded through the snow to one of the lakes. At Onondaga creek the road became better and they reached the town toward evening on the 26th.

They found most of the chiefs and older people at home, but the young men had gone to the war against the Cherokees. In the morning they inquired for the council house, the site of which is easily recognized north of Dorwin's Spring, west of Onondaga creek. They said: "The Council House now is the house of Otschiniochiata, which is built upon a very high and steep hill, from whence can be overlooked the whole town and surrounding country. During our sessions, and to our honor, the English flag was raised and floated over the house." This is yet the practice at the Canadian council house of the Six Nations.

Eight chiefs were present, and Zeisberger said: "Brethren, you Onondagas, it is a great pleasure to me, after the lapse of eleven years, to see you again and to speak personally with you." Then he stated the situation, but without wampum, as he only wished to know if the Cayuga chief's action was right. He made full explanations and answered many questions, receiving satisfactory replies himself. In conclusion, he said: "You Onondagas! I am very glad and am rejoiced thereat that I am still in good remembrance among you, and am welcome here. You acknowledge me as an Aquanochschioni, which I also am. Of this I am glad." There were other things he wished for them. The Bunt had hoped he would stay longer and kindly said: "I thought you would again build yourself a house, as the old one has gone to decay."

To make everything sure the Moravians went to Cayuga again, though the season was late and the roads very bad. The worst place was at Owasco lake, which they reached October 30. "There were only two thin trees, the thickness of a man's leg, thrown over the outlet of a large lake, which had an awful depth, and as we crossed they bent so far down that you would be in water up to your knees, and therefore had to be very careful to keep your balance so as not to fall into the water. We, however, to our great joy crossed safely and in the afternoon arrived in good time at Cajuga."

Fuller explanations were made there and they were again at Onondaga Nov. 1st. Next day the chiefs finally answered them in the council house. "The Chief Tianoronto, the speaker, permitted Brother David to look through his documents, among which was his Warrant from Sir William Johnson appointing him the Chief and Speaker of the Onondaga nation, together with the great Seal."

Nov. 3d they left Onondaga for the last time. "In passing we bade farewell at different houses and all expressed their joy that we had visited them. We rested over night in our former quarters at the Susquehanna Lake." Next day "we found our canoe in good condition and were as happy as though someone had given us a most valuable present." Nov. 6th they visited "the Onondaga town in the Fork," at noon, and arrived ot Zeniinge in the evening. Next day they visited a Conoy village and were on the Susquehanna again Nov. 8th. Other visits were made, and they reached Bethlehem again Nov. 22d. After this Moravian contact with the Onondagas was of a very informal kind. That with the Cayugas and Senecas may be treated separately.

W. M. BEAUCHAMP.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### ADIEU A WHILE TO THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

SYBRANDT not only meditated, but had determined on such a course. About this time his old friend and host Sir William Johnson paid a visit to Colonel Vancour to arrange with him a plan for subsisting the army in the uncultivated regions of Lakes George and Champlain. Sybrandt took the opportunity to offer his services, and Sir William gladly accepted them. "I want a volunteer aid," said he, "and you are the very man. When can you be ready?"

"In five minutes."

"Good; I like short answers, they are the signs of prompt actions. I will give you till the day after to-morrow."

Sybrandt went immediately to the good Dennis to announce his intention, and ask his consent to be a soldier. There was at that time a latent spark of warlike spirit alive in the bosom of the peaceful cultivators of the field. Everywhere the proximity of the Indians made a residence near the frontier, or indeed far from the cities and military stations, one of danger and alarm, and kept up a feeling of manly preparation.

"Thou shalt go, my boy. I am too old now to go myself, and thou shalt be my substitute. Thou shalt take the best horse from my stable, the truest servant of my household and the warmest blessing of my heart, and go forth."

Sybrandt set about his preparations, and tried to banish everything else from his recollection. The morning after his conversation with Sir William, he went over to Colonel Vancour's to tell him he was ready. The colonel and madam looked inquisitively in his face, and wondered if he would leave any message or letter for Catalina. But he never mentioned her name. "I must send for my daughter home," thought the good colonel. "I am glad this foolish engagement is

broken off," thought his good wife; and her silk gown rustled with conscious pride at the thought of still living to be the mother of a real titled lady. That evening Sybrandt visited some of his old haunts. "I will see them before I go; perhaps I may never see them again." So he rambled out by himself alone, in the mild twilight of an early spring day. The sacred calm of the country, so different from the racket of the noisy town, disposed his soul to the tenderest melancholy. Past scenes and early recollections thronged on his memory, while he wandered along his accustomed paths where every object reminded him of the woman who had trifled with his affections, and inflicted in his heart an incurable wound. By degrees, the thought of her ill treatment roused a salutary feeling of indignation; wounded pride came to the relief of his morbid sensibility. He shook the incumbent weight of sickly lassitude from his spirit, wiped the starting tear from his eye and returned home with a manly resolution to meet his future fortunes, whatever these might be, with fortitude and resignation.

"Sybrandt," said Colonel Vancour, on taking leave after supper,—"Sybrandt, have you written to Catalina?"

"No, sir."

"Have you received any letters from her since your return?"

"None, sir."

"And what does all this mean, young man?"

"It means, sir," replied Sybrandt, almost choking with wounded pride and feeling,—"it means that—she will one day tell you what it means—I cannot."

The next day Colonel Vancour wrote to his daughter to return home, under the protection of the wife of an officer he knew was on the eve of joining the army on the frontier.

By daylight Sir William and his aid joined a detachment on its march to Ticonderoga under the temporary command of the former. They rode for some distance, now and then encountering a solitary habitation; but leaving Glen's Falls all traces of civilized man were lost in the vast uncultivated empire of nature. The corps which our hero accompanied formed part of a crack regiment, distinguished for its technical discipline, exquisite neatness, and veteran service in the wars of Europe. The soldiers were proud of their snow-white breeches, and the

officers valued themselves on the splendors of their embroidery and epaulettes, which only furnished a mark for the savages and cost many a gallant warrior his life. The first thing Sir William did was to attempt initiating them into some of the modes of Indian warfare. He set the officers the example of doffing their rich military accoutrements, and substituting a common soldier's coat, with the skirts cut off. He denounced all displays of glittering finery, which answered no other purpose here than enabling the savages to descry the march of an enemy at a distance. The gunbarrels were blackened for the same purpose; and for boots and spatterdashes he substituted Indian leggins of strong coarse cloth. But what mortified the vanity of these military heroes more than all was his peremptory order to crop their fine powdered hair, which at that time was considered the most valued ornament of a soldier. The detachment had moreover been provided with a mighty kitchen apparatus of chairs, tables, cooking utensils and other luggage, which, however convenient in European wars, was here in the wilderness a useless, nay, a dangerous encumbrance. It rendered their march through the tangled woods and untrodden paths more slow and difficult, and embarrassed them in the day of battle. Sir William, the first halt they made for refreshment, invited the officers to dine with him in his tent. Instead of chairs and tables, they found only bearskins spread on the ground, and their host seated on a log of wood, ready to receive them. When the dinner was brought in, which consisted of a large dish of pork and pease, Sir William coolly took out of his pocket a leathern pouch, and drawing forth a knife and fork, deliberately and with great gravity divided the meat, helping each to a portion. The gentlemen looked round for implements with which to eat their meat, but finding none, remained in awkward and indignant embarrassment.

"Gentlemen," said he, at length, "is it possible that soldiers destined for a service like ours have come without the necessary implements of this kind? Did you expect to find in the wilderness of America the means or the opportunity of enjoying the same luxuries and conveniences afforded in the heart of Europe? But you must not lose your dinner," added he, smilingly, and directing the servant to furnish each of the guests with a knife and fork similar to his own, which he desired them to preserve with care. "It will be difficult to supply their loss where we are going," he said.

The officers, who were proud of their experience in the splendid wars of Europe where the theatre was a world, and the spectators the

people of a world, received these lessons of wisdom and experience as little less than insults. To be lectured by a PROVINCIAL OFFICER!—it was not to be borne! What could he know about the science of war or the discipline of great armies, who never saw ten thousand regular troops together in his life? They grumbled, and put on the air of proud, enforced submission. But Sir William Johnson was not a man to be turned from his purpose by murmurs or opposition. He had been accustomed to be his own master and the master of others in the wilderness. He had, by the exercise of courage, talents, energy, and perseverance conquered the stubborn minds of the proudest, the most daring and impracticable race that ever trod the earth, either in the Old or the New World. In short, among savage and civilized men he exercised the only divine right ever conferred on man—the right of leading and being obeyed on the ground of superior physical and mental energies.

Sybrandt admired and studied the character of this singular man, who combined as much mental and physical power as was ever perhaps concentrated in one individual. But our hero continued, notwithstanding his heroic resolution to shake off the depression of his spirits, to labor under the nightmare of indolent, gloomy lassitude. He spoke only when spoken to, and displayed little alacrity in performing those military duties which Sir William committed to him, principally with a view to rouse his dormant energies into action. One day, as they were slowly ascending the mountan which bounds the southern extremity of Lake George, Sybrandt was more silent and abstracted than usual.

"Young man," abruptly exclaimed Sir William,—"young man, are you in love yet?"

Sybrandt was startled; and the red consciousness shone in his face.

"I am answered," said Sir William; "there is a written confession in your face. But look! we are at the summit of the mountain. The water you see studded with green islands, and bounded by those mountains tipped with gold, is Lake George. At the extremity of Lake George is Ticonderoga; at Ticonderoga is glory and danger. Resolve this instant to be a man; to devote yourself to the present and the future; to forget the past, a least so far as it interferes with the great duties a soldier owes to his country; or return home this instant. Young man, I did not bring you here to ruminate, but to act."

Sybrandt rode close up to him, and exclaimed, in a low, suppressed tone—

"Sir William Johnson, show me an enemy, and I will show myself a man."

"Good!" cried Sir William, slapping him on the shoulder, "good! I see you only want action; and by my soul, I will take care you shall have enough of it." They descended the mountain, and were accommodated that night in Fort George, close on the margin of the lake,—that beautiful lake, to which neither poetry nor painting can do justice, and which combines within itself every charm that constitutes the divinity of nature. It was then the mirror of a wilderness; now it reflects in its bosom all the charms of cultivation. Hither, in the summer season when tired of the desperate monotony of Ballston and Saratoga, the wandering devotees of fashion, who seek pleasure everywhere except where it is to be found, resort, to become *ennuyés* with the beauties of nature, as they have with the allurements of art. It is indeed a charming scene for love, music, poetry and inspiration; to indulge in luxurious reveries; to recall past times, meditate on future prospects, or gaze enraptured on the sublime and beautiful combination before us, and perchance recall

> "Some ditty of the ancient day,
> When the heart was in the lay."

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(*To be continued.*)

## BOOK REVIEW

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE: ITS HISTORY. By John H. Hazelton. 8vo. Ill. VII—629 pp. Index. Price $4.50 net. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co., 1906.

Here is a thoroughly readable and reliable history of the Declaration of Independence. Never before has such a complete, well-written, painstaking history of the Declaration been published.

Second hand authorities have been thrust aside, and original sources only have been made the basis of this most entertaining and scholarly work on the great American document.

Beginning with the events of the years immediately preceding July 4, 1776, the author traces the initial steps toward independence. Wisely does he call upon the leading public men of 1775 for their interpretation of the times. Carefully has he discussed the common cause of the thirteen colonies. Using the words of Samuel Adams written April 4, 1776, we are informed that, "It requires but a small portion of the gift of discernment for anyone to foresee that Providence will erect a mighty empire in America."

The author naturally has considered the Mecklenburg Declaration. He reprints the Resolutions which appeared in the *South Carolina Gazette and Country Journal* of June 13, 1775. These he considers as adequate proof that the Committee of Mecklenburg County on May 31, 1775, passed resolutions, one of which set forth "that the inhabitants of this country do meet" and "do chuse" military officers "*independent* of the Crown." That they used the language on that day which was published at Salem, Massachusetts, in the *Essex Register* of June 5, 1819, purporting to have been the source from which the Declaration was derived, the author considers very unlikely. While these Resolutions were highly creditable to the citizens of Mecklenburg County, they do not detract from the fame of the accredited author of the greatest of American documents.

The swift movement of events which led to Independence is traced with a masterly hand. In the language of the leading public men of

those times the narration is continued. Vividly does the reader seem to live in "the times that tried men's souls." Now we listen to the burning words of Patrick Henry; the masterly eloquence of John Adams; the wit and wisdom of Benjamin Franklin, and the persuasive argument for separation from Great Britain presented in Paine's *Common Sense;* until we begin to think that Independence was in the air they breathed and in the soil they trod.

Minutely does the author treat of every phase of the Declaration as it was discussed by the signers and public men at the time of its adoption. The entire volume being based upon the words, letters, and other original documents of the period under discussion must be regarded as an authoritative, comprehensive and exhaustive treatment of the beginning of this Republic.

An Appendix of over sixty pages gives Jefferson's Notes on the Declaration and seven different drafts of the document, line by line, grouped in sevens. Notes on the text including citations of authorities occupy two hundred and forty pages.

With a dozen fine illustrations and a good index the volume makes a valuable addition to permanent, historical literature, illuminating the spirit and purposes which actuated the fathers to declare their rights and duties politically and culminating in the birth of the United States of America.

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VII FEBRUARY, 1908 No. 2

# THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

ON the wall of my bedroom, where it has hung for sixty years, hangs a steel engraving, on which, in neatly engraved letters, is the following inscription:

> "The Signing of the Death Warrant of Lady Jane Grey. From the original painting, distributed by the AMERICAN ART UNION in 1848. Published exclusively for the members of that year."

Charles Burt, one of the best American engravers of the period, engraved this picture after the original by the late president of the Academy of Design, Daniel Huntington, and it was such an excellent example of the art of engraving that I have carefully preserved it through these many years.

The "Lady Jane Grey" was one of a series of engravings published annually and distributed by the American Art Union. Others of the series were from paintings by the following artists—Cole's "Voyage of Life"; Woodville's "News from the Mexican War"; Leutze's "Iconoclast"; Edmonds' "Sparking" and "New Scholar"; Mount's "Bargaining for the Horse" and "Raffling for the Goose"; also Darley's illustrations (etchings) of Irving's stories "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle," issued in different years—1848 and 1849.

The American Art Union was incorporated in New York City in 1840 and dissolved in 1850. It took the place of a similar organization known as the "Apollo Association" started two years before, retaining some of the features of the "Apollo," and adopting others more in accord with the aims of the new society. Between the years 1845 and 1850 it published a monthly "Bulletin" which contained much valuable criticism, a complete record of the artistic achievements of the country, and a large amount of interesting information as to art and artists in Europe.

After ten years of most successful life, suit was brought against it on the ground that its course was a violation of the lottery prohibitions of the State law. When the case came up before the court, it attracted wide attention. Several of the first lawyers of the city took part in defending the Union. The plaintiffs were the Governors of the Alms-House, officials connected with the New York charities, whose duty it was to break up all lotteries wherever they could be found, and confiscate their property, if any, and use it for the public good. These gentlemen performed their duties in our case very reluctantly, but were obliged to obey the law, and the Union was broken up.

In discussing the case, a nice question arose from the fact that, unlike other "lotteries," we gave every year to each member of the Union an engraving worth the amount of his $5 subscription. These engravings, being only obtainable by the subscribers, and of a high order of excellence, when compared with engravings of a similar character for sale in the shops, were held to be of themselves a fair equivalent for the five dollars the subscriber paid to become a member of the Society. He had, besides, the monthly "Art Bulletin," the gallery and the opportunity of trying his luck at drawing a painting of considerable worth.

It was argued, however, by our opponents, or rather by our *opponent* —for in the beginning there was but one man to raise his hand against us—another I will refer to later—that we were no better than any other lottery, that the mainspring that kept all lotteries in motion was the hope of getting "something for nothing," an ever attractive but delusive hope, which we were also holding out to the public.

So widespread was the excitement about lotteries at this time, that the subject was on everybody's lips. The churches took the matter up and prohibited raffling, or disposing of the smallest knicknacks by lot at their fairs. Several years later William Allen Butler brought out an amusing little skit called "Mrs. Limber's Raffle," in which he refers to the Art Union.

William Cullen Bryant was the first president of the American Art Union. He was succeeded by Prosper M. Wetmore, and Wetmore was succeeded by Abram M. Cozzens. These men were enthusiastic lovers of art and desired to encourage American painters. The institution, under their guidance, was managed on thorough business principles. The greatest care was observed in the purchase of works, and only those of a high order of merit were bought.

The progress of the Union was so rapid and so successful that at one time it threatened to become a strong rival of the Academy of Design. This brought about, in 1847, the so-called "Art Union War." Mr. Cozzens, at that time president of the Union, stepped in and settled all differences and rivalries between the two institutions by buying *en masse* all the pictures which Mr. A. B. Durand, then president of the Academy, had gotten together from the Academicians for a public auction, for the purpose of paying off the Academy's debt.

During its existence, the Union distributed in all four thousand two hundred works. One of the "prizes," the "Voyage of Life," by Cole—four large pictures—offered a temptation so unprecedented that the subscription list jumped from eight hundred to sixteen thousand. This extra income enabled the society to offer greater inducements, in more pictures to be distributed by lot.

Art Unions at this period were popular everywhere. Scarcely a large city in the civilized world but had its Art Union. The first on record, started by a French amateur, was entitled "Société des Amis des Arts," and was the model for them all. They were all started upon the same principle and for the same purpose, *i. e.*, the encouragement of home art by collecting yearly, in small subscriptions, a fund for the purchase of works of art by native artists, these works to be distributed later by lot to the members. The distribution of paintings by lot has always been a feature in these societies, nevertheless in those cities where they have been in operation, they have received the support of the most cultivated and influential citizens. In Berlin, Humboldt, who does not seem to have been troubled by the lottery provisions of the scheme, lent his great influence in support of Art Unions; while in Bremen the Union built an edifice for its home, and the Unions of Munich, Düsseldorf, Vienna, Prague and Leipsic were equally prosperous.

I was in Germany in 1850 and remember talking with some of the good people there and telling them, rather to their amusement, that our Union in New York had just been pronounced to be against the law and had therefore been broken up.

Our Art Union differed from all others in that we recognized engraving as a fine art. This is also done in the constitution of the Royal Academy. This recognition was felt to be a point of such importance that, in the early days when we were considering changing the name of the society from "The Apollo Association" to one which would be

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broader and more inclusive, the suggestion that the society be called " The Society for the Encouragement of Sculpture and Painting " was promptly voted down, as this title was not broad enough to include all the objects contemplated in the new organization.

The art of engraving, once holding high rank among the fine arts, has sadly deteriorated within the past half-century. There is now scarcely to be found in any part of the world, an engraver who has the skill and fine perception to reproduce by the burin, with any of the charm of his predecessors, the subtle beauties of masterpieces.

Photography has usurped the place of the engraver. But photography is not a fine art.

At the time and before the American Art Union was established, not much had been done in our country in the field of art to give us claim to an American School. Of portraiture indeed, there were no better examples anywhere, and historical painting, as far back as the Revolution, had left its mark in works of value. But that class of work generally known as " genre," the most natural and expressive way of recording the manners and customs of a people, had been almost entirely neglected. It was the Union that gave impetus to this class of work, not so much by merely buying them, though it did buy many, as by the encouragement it gave to native art, and the consequent spur to the artists to look for subjects at their own doors; such subjects as they had had in their hearts all their lives, but had never before been encouraged to paint. That invaluable " genre " picture " The Old Kentucky Home," by Eastman Johnson—although painted after the Union was broken up, would never have been painted, I opine, had it not been for an inspiration begotten of the Union and born of love of his country. This was the day, too, when our landscape painters stepped boldly out of beaten tracks, and began to work out of doors and directly from nature, forming the Hudson River School, a school distinctive even to-day.

Although the encouragement of native art before the advent of the Union was comparatively small, it was of nature and spirit at once flattering and encouraging to the artist. This spirit the Union fostered and increased, so that the institution at once attracted an interest not obtainable today.

In those days there were a few gentlemen, not always rich men, who were genuine lovers of art and who possessed small collections of the

works of our artists. Their social relations with the artists themselves were more cordial than is the case to-day between artist and patron. They visited the studios, took an interest in every *new* work begun, and often bought it at once in its unfinished state or gave orders for pictures, without any restrictions as to what they should be—only "paint me a picture of about such and such a size." I remember one day, in the sixties, a stock-broker appearing at my studio door, about four o'clock in the afternoon, with a smiling face, and informed me that he had just made an unexpected five-hundred-dollar hit and wanted a picture for it. "Otherwise," he said, " my wife will spend it on a bonnet."

The receptions given by the artists in their studios, as well as those given by the Art Union and the Academy of Design, were among the most popular social events of the year and were attended by all the fashion of the town. On the opening day of the exhibitions of pictures to be disposed of by lot, the galleries were so crowded that nobody could get a sight of anything that was not " skied."

Among the patrons of art half a century or more ago, as I remember them, were in New York—Luman Reed, Dr. Hosack, Charles M. Leupp, Philip Hone, Abram M. Cozzens, James Lenox, Marshall O. Roberts, Robert Hoe, Robert L. Stuart, William H. Osborn, Jonathan Sturges, R. M. Olyphant, August Belmont, Prosper M. Wetmore, W. H. Aspinwall, John Taylor Johnston, William T. Blodgett. In Philadelphia—James L. Claghorn, Richard Worsam Meade, Ithiel Towne, Samuel Fales and Joseph Harrison. In Washington—Wm. W. Corcoran. In Pittsburg—Sheenberger. In Baltimore—W. T. Walters, and in Cincinnati—Nicholas Longworth, Charles Stetson, Reuben Springer, L. B. Harrison, W. W. Scarborough, William Karrmann, Robert Burnet, William Groesbeck and Henry Probasco. Many of these names, although the persons themselves have nearly all passed to the silent land, are still familiar to us in the annals of to-day, transmitted to us by their sons and daughters; for love of art once strong in a family is like family resemblance, sometimes faint it may be, but sure to appear again only the stronger in future generations.

In 1848 there came to Cincinnati—where I was then living—an artist, an Englishman by birth, and but a few years in this country. He was a pretty poor artist, but a man of no mean talent as a writer on art and kindred subjects. About this time he sent two small landscapes to the Union for sale. They were sent back to him, either because of the exorbitant price he asked for them, or their lack of merit. But what-

ever the cause of their rejection, it rankled, and so embittered him, that that from this time forward he became the Union's vehement opponent, leaving no stone unturned which he could in any way set rolling to destroy the Society.

He became a correspondent of the New York *Herald,* and wrote articles, not only relating to fine arts but theatrical matters as well, criticizing the actors of the day, among whom Edwin Forrest and William C. Macready were at that moment very conspicious. When these two tragedians were acting in New York at the same time, the rivalry between them resulted in the Astor Place riots, May, 1849. Forrest was an American, born in Philadelphia, Macready an Englishman, and their different nationalities were harped upon by an excited populace, till these disgraceful riots were brought about.*

A year or two previous to this Forrest, having become interested in grape culture, bought a small farm in Kentucky just across the river from Cincinnati; and knowing this English artist as a kind of "Jack of all trades," employed him to superintend its cultivation. When, however, Macready came to this country and got fairly "on the stage," the artist wrote some letters published in the *Herald,* lauding his countryman, at which the sensitive Forrest took offense and promptly discharged him from his farm. Being no longer "lord of the vineyard," but holding still his place as correspondent of the *Herald,* he left Cincinnati and came to New York, embittered now against both his former employer Forrest and the Art Union. The *Herald* took sides with him against the Union, by allowing him to publish his scurrilous articles, many of them abusive of the citizens and patrons of art in New York.

And thus by such a hand, or rather pen, was accomplished the downfall of the old American Art Union.

But whatever may be said against lotteries—and it must be admitted that in countries where they now exist, like Mexico, they are a curse, swallowing up daily the earnings of the poor—the old American Art Union was never a money-making scheme. Its affairs were conducted with the most scrupulous honesty and care for its outlays—and if it did in its workings offer "something for nothing," the nothing it got or failed to get was *Art,* with all its refining influences.

WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE.

SUMMIT, N. J.

* Speaking of matters theatrical, it may interest us to-day to know that in the "dull times" of 1840, the curtain of the old Park Theatre often rose on an audience of thirty people.

## FENIANISM AND FENIAN RAIDS IN VERMONT.

(*Second Paper.*)

ON the 25th of May, 1870, the Fenians under General O'Neil, to the number of about two thousand in and about the expedition, attempted to effect a lodgment near Pigeon Hill, Canada, near the scene of their first incursion in 1866. Many hundreds of them were in and about St. Albans the day before, while at Malone and other points farther west on the borders they were forming large gatherings, with the evident intention of making a simultaneous attack upon Canada at many different points on the frontier.

The massing of Fenians commenced on Monday, May 23, when crowds arrived at St. Albans, Trout River, Malone and all along the frontier as far west as St. Paul, Minnesota. Telegrams from nearly all the principal northern cities indicated remarkable activity among the Fenians and also announced their departure to parts unknown. On the 23d of May, 1870, the last train from Burlington to St. Albans at night brought to St. Albans a company of forty-four men from that place. They soon formed in military order in the station, and marched east towards Fairfield, much to the surprise of our citizens, as the uninitiated had no inkling of any special activity in this vicinity. The morning train of the 24th from the south brought about one hundred and twenty men from Burlington and Port Henry, N. Y., a part of whom started immediately in squads towards Fairfield, behaving well and paying their bills. They breakfasted among the farmers. The rest tarried a while in St. Albans and soon started towards Sheldon. Some of them had small bundles slung across their shoulders in the form of haversacks, containing provisions and clothing. Those going towards Fairfield took arms from the out buildings of a Fenian about two miles from St. Albans, and others deferred equipping themselves with the expectation of getting some arms nearer the lines. During the night the movement of supplies was active. Men and teams were actively engaged in the eastern towns in Franklin County, in transporting arms and supplies from where they were concealed towards the lines. Eight loads were seen passing through West-

ford towards the north. In the afternoon seventeen loaded teams were seen on the east of Fairfield Pond, and under the cover of darkness they moved northward. The number of teams thus loaded was variously estimated from seventy to eighty-five. Early on the morning of the 24th several pieces of artillery, together with several wagon loads of war-like materials, passed through the easterly part of St. Albans; among them were said to be four breech loading Parrott guns with three wagons of ammunition, *en route* for the future seat of war. Several other pieces of light artillery were seen between Fairfield and Hubbard's Corner in Franklin.

Appearances readily indicated preparations for about five thousand men, and if a sudden movement had been made at that time, immense damage would have been done to the Canadian government and people, and a probable stand would have been made on Canadian soil. The following morning large numbers arrived by train from Troy, N. Y., accompanied by Major Moore, and from points beyond White River Junction, Vt., debarking from the cars at various points between Essex Junction and St. Albans, principally at the latter place. The most of them were men of military skill and experience. Among them was Capt. John Lonergan of Burlington, Vt., well known in this vicinity as a courageous and brave Union officer.

General O'Neil debarked from the cars at Georgia station, on the night of the 24th of May, and proceeded *incog.* by private conveyance to Franklin, where he arrived the following morning. His presence was only known to the leaders at first. This was done to evade the United States authorities and surprise the enemy.

Our government was fully informed of the condition of affairs, and there is good authority for saying that officers delegated to look after the Fenians were instructed by government officials at Washington to delay making arrests until there was an imperative necessity for it.

On Wednesday the 25th, the day of the battle, there was a general rally of our citizens from St. Albans and surrounding towns towards the "front," among them invited guests, reporters and strangers, ready to witness the battle. The press, ever on the alert for news, was represented by correspondents of the New York *Herald* and *Tribune*, Boston *Journal*, *Advertiser* and *Transcript*, the Rutland *Herald* and St. Albans *Messenger*. Great caution was exercised to keep a respectful distance from the field

when the firing began, as they were somewhat careless about putting bullets in their guns on both sides.

The movement of the Canadian authorities had been remarkably active. Their volunteers were called out on Tuesday, the 24th of May, and Capt. Muir's cavalry left Montreal at seven o'clock that evening. On the morning of the 25th, at five o'clock, a special train with the first battalion Prince Rifle Brigade, under command of Lord A. Russell, with his Royal Highness Prince Arthur on the staff, left Bonaventure station, Montreal, *en route* for St. Johns, where volunteers had preceded them, to be there posted as Gen. Lindsley might see proper. They numbered seven hundred. Col. Smith with a detachment of troops having arrived at Stanbridge—about eight miles from the border—late on the previous night, left early in the morning accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Chamberlain's corps for Cook's Corners, the old camping ground at the first Fenian raid. When they arrived at this place they found already before them the "Home Guards" of Dunham, commanded by Capt. Westover. Gen. Lindsley disposed of the balance of the forces, volunteers and regulars, at other points along the Huntington borders.

On the morning of the 25th, the Fenians were quartered in large numbers about Franklin Center, a short distance from the border and on the road leading thence to Cook's Corners, on the Canadian side. They had scattered their cases of arms and ammunition, which were being opened and distributed among the men. It is estimated that at this point the Fenians numbered about two thousand strong, and had arms for about two thousand more. Gen. O'Neil with Gen. Donnelly, his chief of staff, Cols. Brown and Sullivan, and Capt. Lonergan spent a part of the night at Franklin Center, and early in the morning proceeded with the advance towards the line.

As the Fenians were approaching the lines, General George P. Foster, United States Marshal, received a dispatch ordering the arrest of the leaders. Before doing so he remonstrated with them to dissuade them from advancing. They disregarded the proclamation of President Grant, which had then been issued, and Gen. Foster crossed the line and informed Col. Smith that he had no troops at hand to prevent the Fenians from crossing, and the Canadians prepared at once for the onslaught. The "Home Guards" had been in position on the hill-side, about five hundred yards from the boundary line, since the night of the 24th, where in the morning they were joined by a portion of the forces under Col.

Smith and Lieut.-Col. Chamberlain, and at other near points there were ample reserves in waiting, ready to advance on an hour's notice.

The position of the Canadians was almost impregnable—the rocks and brushwood furnishing them a splendid natural shelter which they improved by throwing up rifle pits. They fought, therefore, almost under cover, and the result showed with perfect safety to themselves, and some loss to the Fenians. Before noon the Fenians marched onward. O'Neil was, or professed to be, in high spirits. The house of Alvah Richards, about ten rods south of the border line, was chosen as the place from which to view the battle. The Fenians came down by Richards' house and passed along the road leading to Cook's Corners. Some eight rods north of the Canada line is a gully through which runs a small brook, named in some of the accounts " Chick-a-Biddy," over which the road is bridged and beyond which are the heights that were occupied by the Canadians. From Richards' house to the Canadian position was only about a quarter of a mile.

The American accounts as given by eye witnesses from an American standpoint, are that at eleven o'clock, General Foster arrived and caused the road, which the Fenians had rendered impassable for some time, to be opened. Almost immediately orders were given to fall in and the march began. About a hundred rods from the line, orders were given to load, and this being done the march was resumed. Very soon the red coats of the Canadians were seen skirting the edge of the woods on the side-hill to the left of the road, and when the Fenians arrived near the brick house of Richards they halted and Gen. O'Neil made a speech. A newspaper reporter stood by his side and took it down as follows:

" *Soldiers:*—This is the advance guard of the Irish American army for the liberation of Ireland from the yoke of the oppressor. For your own country you now enter that of the enemy. The eyes of your countrymen are upon you. Forward, march! "

The advanced position having been assigned to Capt. Wm. Cronan's Burlington Company, he stepped forward and addressed Gen. O'Neil as follows:

" *General:*—I am proud that Vermont has the honor of leading this advance. Ireland may depend upon us to do our duty."

Col. Brown, with a musket in his hands, then addressed that company and said " that he had been honored with the command of the

skirmish line. He knew the men were brave and all he asked of them was to keep cool and obey orders."

The advance was then resumed by the flank in the road, and just as Capt. Cronan's company passed Richards' house and were descending the little hill towards the line, which was about ten rods distant, and a skirmish line was forming, the fight commenced, the Canadians opening by a sharp volley from their concealed positions, and much nearer than the Fenians had supposed. Capt. Cronan's men immediately faced to the left and returned the fire. Gen. O'Neil was just in the rear partly sheltered by the house, but he immediately took an exposed position and began to survey the position of the enemy through his opera glass.

The two companies that were following became excited, and would have continued so, but their officers were cool, and in an instant the men became so, and moved forward in good order to the hillside on the left. The firing became general on both sides and continued for about an hour. It was said that Capt. Cronan crossed the line and then marched by the flank in a semicircle, back again and to a more advantageous position, a little farther to the left.

In the midst of the engagement a newspaper reporter received a bullet rather than a "brick" in his hat. The bullet being less congenial than the "brick," this reporter displayed more modesty and discretion than is usually displayed by reporters, and retired to the rear with others of his associates. Thereafter they reported the further proceedings of the battle from "information and belief."

Hence I shall be compelled to give the further proceedings of the day from a garbled account written, and a picture of the battle ground and the arrest of O'Neil given by an artist of the *Canadian Illustrated News,* "taken on the spot" as usual. He says the Fenians beginning to retreat after the first few volleys, Gen. O'Neil turned to rally them by the following speech, which I give, though it has never been produced in any American report of the battle:

"*Men of Ireland:*—I am ashamed of you. You have acted disgracefully, but you will have another chance of showing whether you are cravens or not. Comrades, we must not, we dare not, go back now with the stain of cowardice on us. Comrades, I will lead you again, and if you will not follow me, I will go with my officers and die in your front. I leave you now under command of Boyle O'Reilly."

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About this time the accounts agree that General O'Neil, under the mistaken apprehension that he was General Donnelly, as he was near Richards' house, was arrested by General Foster, United States marshal, and his deputy, Thomas Failey, who by a grand *coup de main* thrust the General into a close carriage in readiness, amidst the Fenian forces and flying bullets, and drove for some distance through numbers of approaching Fenians who little suspected that their chief was being carried from the field under arrest.

When General Foster first made his appearance within the Fenian lines he was ordered to halt, and after announcing his official character, he was placed under arrest and conducted to the Fenian headquarters, where he had an interview with O'Neil under the mistaken apprehension that it was Donnelly whom he was addressing, and in total ignorance as he says that O'Neil was there present. He then entered the Canadian lines and was there again placed under arrest by the guard and conducted into the presence of the officer of the day, who proved to be the chivalrous Captain Peter Smith with whom he was acquainted and by whom he was conducted to Colonel Smith in command. He then informed the Canadians that he had been taken by surprise as to the Fenians' movement and was without any warrants for their arrest, and was powerless to prevent the Fenian advance, and soon returned to the Fenian headquarters. Gen. Foster says that he never knew his prisoner was O'Neil until they had proceeded some distance towards St. Albans, when O'Neil made known the fact to him. These facts were obtained from Foster personally, shortly before his death.

Gen. Foster then told O'Neil that if he offered any resistance he might be shot, and he was hastily driven to St. Albans without warrant for his arrest and detention.

The Canadian accounts state that O'Reilly made another advance of the Fenians, and a straggling fire kept up for a time; but few casualties of a serious character occurred to the Fenians, and none at all to the Canadians who could scarcely be seen, and that in the afternoon three companies of Fenians occupied the roads opposite the Canadians, and for a time kept up a brisk and harmless fire.

Gen. Donnelly was in command a short time during the engagement after O'Neil's arrest, but was severely wounded. Hence O'Reilly must have held a subordinate command at the time of O'Neil's arrest.

The result of the battle was as follows: Killed, John Rowe of Co. A 1st Fenian Cavalry of Burlington, Vt., shot through the throat: M. O'Brien, Co. C 1st Fenian Cavalry, from Moriah, N. Y. Wounded, Gen. J. S. Donnelly of Utica, N. Y., chief of staff, shot in the thigh; Lieut. Edward Hope of the Meagher Rifles of Bridgeport, Conn., through the left thigh; Frank Carrigan of the same company dangerously wounded in the groin; E. Cronan of Bridgeport, Conn., in the leg; James Heenan of Fort Edward, N. Y., ankle; Edward Hallahan of Co. C, 1st Fenian Cavalry, in the arm; Private Charles Carleton of Cambridge, Vt., flesh wound in the leg; Daniel Ahearn of Winooski, Vt., bad wound in the hip; and another man, name unknown. The companies of Capts. Fitzpatrick and Conroy of Bridgeport, Conn., suffered the greatest loss.

A Fenian council of war was held on the night of the 25th and afterwards it was alleged that the demoralizing effect of the arrest of O'Neil and the rigid enforcement of the President's proclamation both conspired to dishearten the leaders, and they and the council decided to abandon the campaign. This proved to be a mere ruse to divert attention.

The manner of General O'Neil's arrest was immediately telegraphed to President Grant who pronounced it, under the circumstances, "one of the most ludicrous things he ever knew," as did many others, but they were unmindful of the fact that the supremacy of the law, after four years of fighting, had been so established even in the hands of a United States marshal, as to make it more potent than a Samson unshorn of his locks among the Philistines.

The Fenian General Spear, in command of a like expedition at St. Albans in the raid of 1866, with General Gleason, arrived in St. Albans at noon of the 26th, and urged the leaders to go to Malone and make an attack in the direction of Trout River. In the evening they held another council of war, at which General Spear was chosen commander-in-chief with some dissenting votes, and they started for Malone. Just before leaving Gleason received a dispatch from General O'Neil, in jail at Burlington, to the effect that he expected to be released on bail the following day, and expressing a wish that Spear be placed in command at St. Albans and Gleason at Malone, and that he (Gleason) had just received a private dispatch from Col. Leary, private secretary of the Fenian Council at New York, to the effect that large numbers of Fenians were being rapidly hurried to Malone.

Thus ended the "battle of Richards' farm," fought in Franklin, in the State of Vermont, where the killed and wounded were shot by the British firing across the line upon the territory of the United States. The place and circumstances of these trespasses upon our territory will ere long give this battle a prominence in history which but few can realize. The Canadian accounts all presuppose that the battle was fought in Canada, which has been accepted as the truth, and no international differences or correspondence have arisen. But the real facts are that all of the British accounts speak of "the battle of Richards' farm," which lies entirely within the territory of the United States, and the offense so far as the United States are concerned is as great as if they had planted a siege gun on the Canadian borders, under the circumstances, and fired upon the approaching Fenians, two miles away in Vermont.

The Canadians buried the body of the young Fenian, Rowe, upon whom was found a belt of one of the Burlington Fire Companies. He was buried under about two feet of soil, dressed as he was, in his Fenian uniform, and with his handkerchief spread across his face. About his grave the Canadians piled "a cairn," or heap of stones, fearing doubtless that the spirit of this young man might take wings and bring forth ghosts, or his ashes, like those of Napoleon at St. Helena, might bring forth crops of soldiers and again revive the Fenian cause. On Tuesday following Deputy Marshal Smalley crossed the line and asked Col. Smith for permission to remove Rowe's body, who replied that it would be given up to the friends of the deceased, but that no Fenian should be permitted to cross over for it. A short time thereafter an undertaker from St. Albans exhumed the body, placed the same in a coffin and carried it to St. Albans *en route* for Burlington for interment.

A Canadian Irish poet closed some verses on this battle as follows:

"The bloody day at length was done,
  The Faynians wanted dinner,
So over the line they bravely run
  Beneath their waving banner.

The mane Canadian crew were sold,
  They darstn't follow after,
But kept their drooping spirits up
  Wid raising shouts of laughter.

O'Neil's campaign so bravely fought
  Was gloriously inded,
The I. R. A. their courage proved,
  Their patriot cause defended.

And the Faynian bhoys, wid little noise,
  Retreated from the front,
As brave O'Neil, through prison bars,
  Saw Burlington, Vermont."

As the Fenians left the battle ground they sold their arms, or cast them away by the roadside, where they were seized by United States Deputy Marshal N. B. Flanagan, in behalf of the United States government. Their retreat was covered by the firing of a breech loading steel gun, about fifty yards west of Richards' farm, at about six o'clock P. M., which was taken by some boys after the Fenians had abandoned it and drawn across the line and sold to the Canadians, and which they claimed to have captured from the Fenians, and over which was displayed the usual bluster. During the afternoon and night of the battle and the morning of the 26th, the retreat on St. Albans continued, and that village was again the theater of military display and disappointed hopes. Many of the Fenians were again without food or the means of transportation. The former they must have, but the latter they could forego. Our citizens and authorities again gave them food and shelter, and the necessary means of transportation to their homes. Several of the order were taken prisoners even, as alleged, on Vermont soil, and were lodged in jail at Sweetsburgh, Canada; among them Thomas Murphy of St. Albans, James Hunt and Patrick McInally, who, by the intervention of friends and the aid of the United States government, were released, much dissatisfied with Canadian public boarding houses, kept on "the European plan."

The excitement attending the movement of the battle, and during the following summer and winter, was very great along our Canadian frontier, and throughout the Provinces of Canada, intensified no doubt by frequent anonymous dispatches from the newspaper reporters of St. Albans, who, like the immortal Washington, after he had plied that historical hatchet to the felling of that memorable tree in his father's orchard, "could not tell a lie." Nevertheless, "history" here "sleeps while fiction speaks," and the louder she speaks the more she is applauded.

These reporters were possessed of the Fenian secrets and a good deal more, and frequently delighted, in the extreme exuberance of their nature, in writing, by way of retaliation, inflammatory letters for the purpose, as the youth said when he tipped over the bee-hive, of "stirring up the inmates."

Generals Meade and McDowell and their staff officers were in St. Albans on the 28th of May, and left for Malone on the same day, looking after violations of the neutrality laws. About this time the battle of Trout River was fought, resulting in a repulse of the Fenians. These two battles were said to have been mere feints to draw the Canadian forces in those directions, and permit the main force of the Fenian army, said to have been about twenty thousand strong, as indicated by the number of guns distributed in the vicinity, to rendezvous at Ogdensburgh by steamer, rail and otherwise, then cross the St. Lawrence river and proceed thence by the Ottawa Railroad to the capital of Canada, cutting off all communication by rail after them. The main body did not come to time, probably by reason of the Stephens-O'Mahony disaffection, the result showing that "the best made plans of mice and men gang aft aglee."

A summary of this whole affair may be best illustrated by the witticism of the Irish hunter: Shooting a bird from a lofty tree it came tumbling down upon the rocks beneath. Running to him the hunter exclaimed, "O, fool that I was to waste me powder, the fall itself would have killed him." So of the Fenian movement—their divisions alone would have killed them.

To appease the wrath of Great Britain, no doubt, Colonel John H. Brown, Captain John J. Monahan, Hugh McGinnis, Captain Daniel Murphy and Generals O'Neil and Donnelly were arraigned before United States Commissioners Jasper Rand and Jacob Smalley, and held for trial. O'Neil and Brown were tried in the United States court of Vermont for breaches of neutrality laws, and sentenced to the Vermont State prison at Windsor, Vermont, whence, after formally serving out a short term, they were pardoned by President Grant. Many of our countrymen would sooner have seen the tongue cleave to the roof of the mouth of any judge, though in the discharge of his lawful duty, than to have had him pronounce sentence on these brave Union soldiers. Others would sooner have seen Great Britain first punish one of her own offenders—which she never did, though equally culpable—before yielding to her demands for vengeance towards a home-leaving, liberty-loving and liberty-saving people!

Irish weakness has always been England's strength. Irish characteristic disaffection has always been her weakness. Had the two wings of this great organization worked together in the true spirit of conciliation, and moved their entire forces upon Canada, striking hands with their numerous friends and sympathizers in the Provinces, the world might have seen a different result.

Their genial wit and humor; their proverbial eloquence and oratory; their natural heroism and bravery, and their intellectual power and enlightenment, should have disclosed to them their only element of weakness, and given them a higher and more independent nationality. On the other hand, this great movement served only to fill the ranks of the Union army; to expose to the world England's sham neutrality; to create disaffection and alarm on British territory; to engage her attention and resources in suppressing her own internal quarrels, and thereby to prevent her recognition of the so-called Southern Confederacy, and above all to contribute towards preserving the government of our fathers—wrested from the grasp of a common adversary and preserved in its integrity by the patriotic blood and heroic lives of brave and devoted Irishmen hand in hand with our own countrymen in a thousand hard fought battles. They too stood with our countrymen as sentinels on the watch towers of our Republic in the midst of war's deadly blasts, and saw the star of peace rise in all its effulgence over a free, emancipated people. From the battle of Bull Run to the surrender of Richmond these brave men were taught lessons of freedom, equality and liberty. While they could enjoy these blessings under our benign government, they naturally looked to their fatherland and its oppressed inhabitants with a yearning heart brim full of sympathy and compassion.

They expected that the American heart would at least respond in gratitude to their call for sympathy and non-intervention, and it did to a great extent. On the 27th of March, 1867, General Banks, in the House of Representatives, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, submitted the following, which was adopted:

"*Resolved,* That this House extends its sympathy to the people of Ireland and Canada in all their just efforts to maintain the independence of states, to elevate the people, and to extend and perpetuate the principles of liberty."

Mr. Seward also wrote Minister Adams on the 28th of March, 1867,

" I assume it to be possible that somewhere and at some time a seditious party in Ireland may proclaim an organized insurrection, with a show of delegated authority from some portions of the Irish people. Such a proceeding is intently expected by many citizens of the United States. That expectation excites a profound sympathy among adopted citizens of Irish birth and their descendants. It is equally manifest that the sympathy of the *whole* American people goes with such movements, for the reason that there is a habitual jealousy of British proximity across our northern border, and especially for the reason that this nation indulges a profound sense that it sustained great injury from the sympathy extended in Great Britain to the rebels during our civil war." Here is an open and avowed intimation that if union and harmony had existed among the Fenians, and thereby a proper stand had been made on Canadian soil, and an open and fair battle and victory won on that soil, the United States might have accorded belligerent rights to the so-called Irish Republic.

But, on the contrary, their divided ranks—their misconceived ideas of liberating Ireland on Irish soil, with the imperial power of the British army and navy almost surrounding them, as Webster said, " Whose morning drum beat, commencing with the sun and keeping company with the revolving hours, surrounds the whole earth with one continuous strain of the martial airs of England," and above all the demoralized situation of our own country and the exhausted condition of our resources and people, wisely prevented such a recognition at that time.

(*The late*) EDWARD A. SOWLES.

## THE PRACTICAL WORK OF THE S. A. R.

### I —THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY.

THIS is the largest and most active of the State societies, and has done a great deal of work towards rescuing historic buildings and marking sites; but not the least of its patriotic achievements has been the identifying and marking of the graves of Revolutionary soldiers. Through the influence of many of its members, and by the Society sending circulars of information to city and town officials, nearly four thousand graves in the State of Massachusetts have been marked, while this example has been followed by the societies of other States, so that the total is over six thousand five hundred, including the graves of various French officers in Paris and elsewhere.

While most of these thousands of graves are, of course, in cemeteries belonging to the churches in different towns, occasionally one is met with in some lonely and perhaps neglected " private burying-ground," such as are still found in use in some country districts of the Eastern States. Such a one is recorded in the Society's list, " Burying-ground in Lane, off Andover Turnpike (Mass.), where are buried two Revolutonary patriots—father and son—Nathaniel Pope and Nathaniel, Jr. A yet more pathetic entry is of John Nichols' lonely grave " in the pasture at Beaver Brook " (also in Massachusetts), and the five who lie in " the burying-ground, in the lower pasture " (Newbury, Mass.).

The Society would have justified its existence had it done nothing more than to mark these graves of the men who " made us a nation." Its action, as noticed, has inspired others, until as far away as Wisconsin and Iowa graves of patriots have been identified and marked; while in Chicago, the burial place of David Kennison, the last survivor of the " Boston Tea Party," who died there in 1851 at the patriarchal age of 115, was marked.

The Massachusetts Society was the first New England organization to recognize and advocate the desirability of abolishing " Fast Day," which had lost its original significance, and to substitute therefor " Patriots' Day," April 19, the anniversary of Lexington and Concord, which was accomplished in 1894.

The Society's chaplain, the late Rev. Carlton A. Staples, of Lexington, was the leader in the movement which saved from destruction the historic Clark-Hancock house in Lexington, and the Society contributed $200 towards its preservation. This is the house in which were sleeping Samuel Adams and John Hancock when awakened by Paul Revere.

It has also placed bronze tablets at the graves of Samuel Adams, James Otis, General John Greaton, of the "Boston Massacre" victims, and at those of the unknown Revolutionary soldiers in the Dorchester and West Roxbury cemeteries. Tablets have also been placd at the site of General John Brooks' house, Medford; in Chelsea, commemorating the battle of Chelsea, May 27, 1775; in Springfield, for the ending of Shays' Rebellion, and at West Springfield, where the "Convention troops" of Burgoyne were encamped. To the Paul Revere schoolhouse, Boston, it has affixed a plate inscribed: "To promote liberty and loyalty the portraits and busts in this room were given by the Society." It contributed towards the cost of memorial tablets on the Paul Jones schoolhouse, and to mark the shipyard site at Kittery, Me., where Paul Jones' famous *Ranger* was built. It contributed towards repairing the old North Church, Boston, on which the Revere signal lanterns were hung out, and to the tablets erected to the memory of Dracut and Malden soldiers of the Revolution; also, to the Prison-Ship Martyrs' Fund in New York, and towards the preservation of Paul Revere's house in Boston, and the historic Colonel Royall house in Medford.

It was the only one of the patriotic societies to observe the hundredth anniversary of Washington's death, December 14, 1899, by holding suitable services in Boston, and is further distinguished by the large number of "real sons" of the Revolution—men whose fathers took part in the struggle—admitted to its membership. Twelve of such are still living.*

(*Compiled by the* EDITOR, *from data furnished by Herbert W. Kimball, Boston, Registrar of the Society.*)

* At the outbreak of the Spanish War, it contributed towards equipping the *Bay State*, hospital ship for the Massachusetts Volunteer Aid Association.

# LIBERTY

## A POEM

(Lately found in a bundle of papers said to be written by a Hermit in New Jersey.)

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Whoever would give up *essential liberty* to purchase a little *temporary safety,* DESERVES neither liberty nor safety.—Message from the Pennsylvania Assembly to their Governor.

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Philadelphia: Printed by William Goddard, in Market Street, MDCCLXIX.

Offspring of Heav'n, O Liberty! whose name
In every generous breast lights up a flame
Ethereal and divine! O Goddess, deign
*One smile,* to animate my feeble strain!

And, O thou friend of Liberty and man,
With whose auspicious name my lays begin,
FRANKLIN, to whom these humble lays belong
Let thy acceptance consecrate my Song.

This unexhausted Theme, in every age
Has fired the Poet, Orator and Sage.
By sacred *Truth's* immortal voice inform'd
With every Sentiment of virtue warm'd,
They taught, harangu'd and sung in *Freedom's* cause;
And distant nations echoed their applause.

In such a Cause, *Stupidity* must feel;
And to inspire an active manly zeal
For *Liberty,* demands no subtle art;
It is the *joy*—or *wish* of every heart!
A cordial balm to sweeten every woe
That wretched mortals suffer here below!
Without it, every other joy is flown,
And Pain and Sorrow make us all their own!

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—The author was Rev. Jonathan Odell, for particulars and portrait of whom see the MAGAZINE for July, 1905.

Nor is it only what we *wish* to be,
For all men have a *title* to be free;
It is a privilege by *nature* given,
To which our claim is ratified in Heaven!

And yet—(Behold the curst effect of pride!)
Behold this *refuge* from *despair* denied
To more than half the world! Almighty God!
Whose eye surveys, and whose paternal nod
Controls the boundless Universe, ah why,
Why does thy Justice slumber? Rend the Sky,
Ye rapid Lightnings; blast each Tyrant's head,
And strike ambition Usurpation dead!

What have I said!—and shall a *mortal* dare
To mingle *imprecation* with his pray'r,
And tax ETERNAL JUSTICE?—Impious thought!
No—Reason contradicts what Passion taught.
Let man be active, rational and free,
The GOD OF NATURE said.—If then we see
*That* liberty destroy'd which NATURE gave,
The weaker by the Stronger made a Slave,
A haughty Tyrant's will become a law,
And *man* approaching *man* with trembling awe;
That vengeance *will* o'er take the villain's crime
We know—but of the *manner and the time,*
Let HIM alone be Judge, whose awful sway
*Wisdom* directs where *Goodness* leads the way!

What is it to be free? Is it to fly
From all *restraint,* disdaining *every tie*
That renders *man subordinate to man?*
To will *whate'er we please,* and, if we can
To *execute our will?* Then let the *strong*
Enslave the *weak,* let *right* give way to *wrong,*
And, *as he can,* his neighbor each annoy,
Till Liberty *herself* herself destroy!

Man was not made for this, nor was he plac'd
On Earth—as in a savage lawless waste;

But Heav'n ordain'd his dearest bliss to rise
From Order, duty, love and social ties.

Here then the Source of Liberty we see,
And to be *bound* by *law* is to be *free.*
Not—(curséd profanation of the name!)
Not where the Laws are only made—to tame
The *multitude* in favor of the *Few;*
But where the *General* Good is made the view,
The basis and the rule; and where the voice
Of *Legislation* is the *General Choice.*

Hail, Sacred majesty of *Righteous* Laws!
Guardian of Liberty! Thy Sceptre awes
The madness of the People, and restrains
The haughty Tyrant's will. Bars, Bolts and Chains,
The Sword of Justice, and the Rod of Pow'r,
By *thee* directed, wait not to *devour,*
But to *protect* and *succour* Innocence,
And plant round Liberty a sure defence!

Hence, Athens, Sparta, Rome, your glory rose,
The wonder, envy, terror of your foes!
And hence, O BRITAIN! Land of matchless fame!
The WORLD has envied, lov'd and fear'd thy name.
Hence, from oppression seeking a retreat,
The muses made thy favorite Isle their Seat;
And every Science, panting to be free,
As to a safe asylum, flew to thee.

Smiling at Death, disdaining all repose,
What ardor in thy *Sons of Freedom* glows—
To reap the harvest of the bloody plain,
And wield thy naval thunder o'er the plain,
Till at thy hand the WORLD solicit peace,
And Devastation, at thy mandate, cease!
*These* are thy honors!—Oh my bleeding heart-
These *were* thy honors, till the cursed art
Of shameless ministers had tried the way

To govern by a *lawless partial* sway!
Their own profession to support—they strove
To wean *America* from *Britain's* love!

Britain, Remember ROME! whose Eagle bore
Her awful name to each remotest Shore;
To whom *Thyself* wert once a *Province!* See
This EMPRESS OF THE WORLD now bend the knee,
And shrink beneath a *petty* Tyrant's hand!
*She murder'd Freedom*—and her weeping Land
Became a Desolation! Mark her fate,
O Britain, while it is not yet too late;
Lest, in thy turn, like her thou be defin'd,
The scorn, contempt and pity of mankind!

And thou, belov'd Country! O beware!
Trust not thy liberty to those who dare
With bold impatience and mistaken pride,
To irritate thy Parent, and divide
*America* from *Britain.* Fatal thought!
Big with perdition, and with horror fraught!
This were *alone* sufficient to undo
The wretched Parent and her Children too.
Like hungry vultures, just in act to fly,
See rival nations with each other vie,
Who first shall tear the vitals from our breast,
And with our bleeding Carcass cram their nest!

Yet, Britain, think not—*let what will befall,*
Think not to make us slaves! Behold, a small
But brave, intrepid People (shield them Heav'n!)
By tyrants' arts to desperation driven!
See CORSICA, that *little Spot!* the shame
Of modern ages and the boast of Fame!
See what *her* love of Liberty can do,
Though, leagu'd with Hell, FRANCE *labors* to subdue!

And shall *we* want the Spirit to be free?
That Spirit Britain, we derive from thee;
We are thy Offspring—and we'll sooner part
With every drop that flows around the heart—

Than tamely yield our Birthright! If it *must*
Let Ruin crush our Cities in the dust!
Let madness arm thy self-destroying hand
To drench with civil blood this peaceful Land,
Or make us fly, from Tyranny's control,
Beyond the limits of the frozen Pole!
*We are thy Offspring*—Heav'ns! how have we lov'd
Our mother's name! and with what ardor prov'd
Our duty and our love! and, were she still
But *kind* and *just,* how gladly wou'd we spill
That blood *for her* which *now,* at Freedom's call
*Perhaps* must turn to *bitterness and Gall!*

*Then,* Britain!—no— it cannot, *shall* not be!
Thy proud, ambitious Foes shall never see
Thy Realm disjointed by *black suicide,*
Nor Freedom fall a Sacrifice to pride!

Be this then, O my Countrymen, your care,
Let not your jealousy create despair!
With *truth* and *loyal modesty* make known
Your *just complaints;* approach your MONARCH's throne
With filial veneration, nor distrust
His Princely resolution—*to be just!*

But if the madness of a venal train,
A tribe whose only God is private gain,
Against the voice of truth, with conscious fear,
Shou'd bar the passage to the Royal ear;
And if—at last—*necessity* shall drive
Reluctant Loyalty to arm and strive
Against *remediless* oppression—*then*
Defend your Liberty or *die like men!*

But let this solemn truth in every breast
Be deeply fixt;—Though Liberty, that best
Supreme of blessings, may be still our lot,
Yet we ourselves, though other foes shou'd not,
We may *ourselves* our happiness destroy,
And madly forfeit what we now enjoy.

In every vice there lurks a deadly foe
To Liberty! nor can a blessing flow
From Heav'n to man, but this Destroyer may
Obstruct the tide, and turn the stream away!

The fool who squanders and the wretch who saves,
The Prodigal and miser both are Slaves;
The Debauchee, the Coward and the Knave,
Each is alike a miscreant and a Slave;
The villain, Serpent-like, who lays a Snare
To catch the artless unsuspecting Fair;
The proud, ambitious, selfish, insincere;
All Slaves to Passion, Interest, Lust or Fear!

*All such* Celestial LIBERTY disdains
And where *they* dwelt, *She* flies the guilty plains.

But—let the VIRTUES bear a *general* sway,
And banish Folly's impious herd away;
Let PUBLIC SPIRIT animate the whole
With one harmonious universal Soul;
And let BENEVOLENCE, with moisten'd eye,
Entwine round every heart, the social tie;
*Then* Heav'n itself shall patronize your cause,
Nor shall you fear *inequitable Laws!*

*Here* then the CHARTER of your freedom see—
Americans—" be *virtuous* and be free."

## THE BATTLEFIELD OF TIPPECANOE.

WE have dwelt for an August week on the banks of the upper Wabash, and one of our most interesting excursions was to the old battlefield of Tippecanoe, where, in 1811, William Henry Harrison broke the power of Tecumseh's confederacy, and gained that military renown which later won for him the Presidency.

It is very easy of access, this battleground, by a trolley from Lafayette, which is but seven miles distant. The route all the way is beside the rapidly rolling Wabash, turbid to-day from heavy rains along its upper tributaries. At the little battleground station we alight. Here the Indiana Methodists have a summer encampment. Directly across a side street from it lies the battleground. There is an iron fence around it, placed there by the State, which acquired it some years ago, and under the spread-eagle above the arched entrance is the single inscription, "Battle of Tippecanoe, November 7, 1811."

Indiana has recently appropriated money to erect a suitable monument here to commemorate the event. At present, save the iron fence, there is nothing to remind the visitor that here was fought the most decisive battle in the long series of the contest for supremacy between the Anglo-Saxon and the aborigine.

It is a charming retreat on a summer's day. Hoary old oaks that saw the battle cast a grateful shade over it. In area it does not much exceed ten acres, we estimate. No attempt has been made to improve it; there are no signs to keep off the grass; one is free to wander at will, or to sit on the board seats that circle the tree trunks, watch the brisk fox squirrels that scamper here, there, and everywhere, and dream a picture of the battle of nearly a hundred years ago.

The ground is almost exactly to-day as Harrison described it in his report of the battle—"a piece of dry oak land rising about ten feet above the level of a marshy prairie in front, toward the Prophet's Town, and nearly twice that height above a similar prairie in the rear, through which and near to this bank ran a small stream (Burnet's Creek) clothed with

willows and other brushwood. Toward the left flank this bench of land widened considerably, but became gradually narrower in the opposite direction and at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards from the right flank, terminated in an abrupt point."

It is all there to-day, the creek in the rear, clothed with brushwood, the abrupt point, the low ground in front, now cultivated, extending to the Wabash, nearly a mile distant, and through which runs the trolley line and the railroad tracks. It was admirably situated for an ambuscade, as the Prophet had noted when he selected it. The troops had marched up here from Vincennes, first on one bank of the Wabash and then on the other. Vincennes, to-day a busy and progressive city and a railroad center, was then a collection of log cabins and a fort. It was the capital of the new Indiana Territory of which William Henry Harrison was Governor. All through the summer of 1811 and before, his scouts were bringing in rumors of a great league or confederation of the Northwestern Indians being formed by two Shawnee brothers, born of a Creek woman at a birth, known as Tecumseh and the Prophet. Tecumseh this summer went south to enlist his mother's people, the Creeks and allied tribes, in his project, and his brother, the Prophet, a religious fanatic, proceeded to play the mischief with all his plans. Before these were ripe the latter gathered at the village, a short distance above the present battle ground, a body of Indians so large as to constitute in Harrison's opinion a menace to the Territory, and he marched up the river with 900 men to give them battle and disperse them. He had two battalions of regulars, the rest being volunteers from Ohio, Kentucky, and the Territory, but trained Indian fighters and well aware of what was at stake.

When he arrived here on the evening of November 6, the Prophet sent a message asking for a parley, which being granted, he proposed an armistice until next day, solemnly promising to take no advantage of it. Harrison consented and encamped for the night on this oak ridge, which had been pointed out by the Prophet as suitable for the purpose. But he was not a second Braddock to be caught by Indian wiles, and, suspecting treachery, ordered every man to sleep on his arms, and in such order that on springing up he would fall naturally into place in the ranks. A double line of sentinels was placed around the camp, and the army slept. The night was black as Erebus, and one may imagine the strain on the nerves of the lone sentinels pacing their beats, peering into the thickets, straining their ears to catch the faintest sounds—all the more alive to danger be-

cause they were veterans in Indian warfare and knew the habits of their dusky foes.

The Prophet meantime was not idle. As soon as night fell he called his men about him, brought out a pretended magic bowl and string of holy beans, and holding the latter in his right hand, and a flaming medicine torch in the other, he commanded every brave to come forward, touch the beans, and become invulnerable and invincible. This done he made them register a vow to exterminate the white man, frenzied them with war songs and dances, and launched them, a band of religious fanatics, on the sleeping foe.

They struck at four, the darkest hour just before dawn.

Stephen Mars, a sentinel on the northwest angle of the camp, heard a twig snap, the splash of a foot in Burnet's Creek, a smothered "Ugh" of a savage, fired his gun to alarm the camp, and started in under orders, but was overtaken and brained before reaching it, scores of the fleetest braves having been detailed to creep up on the sentinels and dispatch them before they could give the alarm. It was enough, however. The alarm had been given, and in an instant every man was on his feet and in his place. Then ensued a combat such as seldom had been seen before, for in a moment the savages were in the camp, and a hand to hand conflict began. The rangers fired at the flash of an enemy's gun, they went in with clubbed muskets when the foe could be distinguished in the dim light of the camp fire, and when two bodies came together in the darkness they plied the trusty hunting knife or tomahawk. Many a dusky soul that night went over to the happy hunting grounds in spite of holy beans and incantations. Not one that entered the camp got out alive. Many of the bravest of the brave among the white also bit the dust. For some time the issue was doubtful, but as soon as day broke the aim of the riflemen and the discipline of the regulars told, and the savages broke and fled, scattering in all directions. Harrison was drawing on his boots when the alarm came and at once made such dispositions and bore himself so well as to add greatly to the reputation he had already acquired in many a strenuous campaign.

Our friends showed us the sandstone cliff across the valley of Burnet's Creek, where the Prophet stood and chanted war songs to spur his men on during the battle.

The victory gave to the whites the whole vast region once called the

Northwest Territory, now comprising the States of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and the greater part of Ohio.

Tecumseh's powerful confederation fell like a house of cards. The Indian never made headway again to any alarming extent. He had learned his lesson.

The battle ground is an interesting relic. Indiana has done well to preserve it. She cannot rear too noble a monument to commemorate it. We took off our hats to it as we left, and yet as we walked back and took the trolley through cornfields and meadows, we were thankful after all that such strenuous days had not fallen to our lot.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

*Evening Post,* N. Y.

# VERMONT SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

IN accordance with a resolution adopted at the 1903 meeting of the Vermont Society, Sons of the American Revolution, which authorized attempt to ascertain as nearly as might be possible, the number of Revolutionary soldiers buried in this State, a request for information was made by the Secretary through the Vermont newspapers. Several hundred replies were received, not only from all parts of this State, but from nearly every section of the United States. Other names have been secured from Vermont gazetteers and histories.

Members of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution have taken a keen interest in this work, and from their replies and from the year-books of their society many names have been secured. The largest number of names, however, has been found in a very rare copy of a list of Vermont Revolutionary pensioners, published many years ago, and secured by Senator Redfield Proctor.

In all, 4,608 names have been compiled. Entire accuracy cannot safely be claimed for a list gathered from such miscellaneous sources, with little opportunity for verification. Some names may be credited to the wrong town. The names of others who afterward removed from the State may appear in the list. Care has been taken to make the compilation as accurate as possible, and in the main it will be found correct.

The pension list referred to is given by counties only, not by towns, and at the time of its compilation Lamoille County had not been organized.

Three divisions are given: First, a list of invalid pensioners; second, pensioners under the act of March 18, 1818; and third, pensioners under the act of June 7, 1832. A letter from the commissioner of pensions states that all the beneficiaries under the acts referred to were Revolutionary soldiers. The State in whose service each soldier enlisted is given, but not the regiment.

The names of 3,196 soldiers are given as pensioners. Windsor County leads with 546, while Rutland County is second with 479. Out

—Read before the Vermont Historical Society.

of the 3,196 pensioners mentioned, only 172, or a little more than 5 per cent., served in the Vermont militia. Nearly one-half—1,409, to be explicit—served in Massachusetts regiments; Connecticut contributed 701; New Hampshire, 444; Rhode Island, 104; New York, 75, and there were a few from other states, besides a number of naval veterans. These figures give an idea of the emigration into Vermont during the years immediately following the close of the Revolution.

There are, in the list compiled, the names of 2,221 soldiers who are accredited to the towns in which they lived and were buried. This number includes 809 names duplicated in the pension list. Deducting 809 names from the total pension list, there are left 2,387 names accredited only to counties, or a total of 4,608 soldiers of the Revolution who lived and died in Vermont.

Of the 246 towns and cities in the State, 192 are represented in the list. If the pension list given by counties could be given by towns, it is probable that nearly every town in the State would be found to contain the graves of Revolutionary soldiers.

Such a list, compiled nearly a century and a quarter after the close of the War for Independence, cannot possibly be complete. Some towns that naturally would be expected to furnish long lists send only a few names. If it is possible at this time to gather between 4,000 and 5,000 names, it is probable that nearly if not quite 6,000 soldiers of the Revolution found their last resting places within the borders of Vermont.

Manchester leads in the number of soldiers, reporting 241 names. Pawlet reports 71; Wilmington, 69; Barnard, 62; Dummerston, 49; Rutland, 49; Danby, 43; Newbury, 42; Pittsford, 41; Brattleboro, 38; Poultney, 34; Bennington, 31; Benson, 30; Fairfax, 29; Strafford, 30; Cornwall, 29; Randolph, 27; Reading, 26; Middletown Springs, 26; Middlebury, 25; Calais, 24; St. Albans, 23; New Haven, 23; Shoreham, 24; Salisbury, 22; Westminster, 41; Orwell, 21; Putney, 21; Clarendon, 21; Williamstown, 20; Barre, 20.

In prosecuting this investigation three real sons of the Revolution have been found in Vermont. Jonathan Babcock, of Stratton, aged 94 years, is the son of Robert Babcock, of Wardsboro, who died August 23, 1863, at the great age of 104 years and 6 months. Robert Babcock was one of forty picked men who aided Lieut. Col. William Barton, of the Rhode Island militia (later the founder of Barton, Vt.) to capture Gen-

eral Prescott, the British commander in Rhode Island. James C. Church, of Brookline, 85 years old, is the youngest of twenty children born to Charles Church, of Westminster, who enlisted as a soldier in the Revolutionary War when only 16 years old. Dr. C. A. Perry, of Readsboro, aged 66 years, must be one of the youngest real sons of the Revolution in the United States. His father, Micah Perry, of Concord, enlisted when 16 years old.

A few of the anecdotes related in the letters received by the Secretary may be of interest.

William Cox, of West Fairlee, Adam Beals, of St. Albans, and Lieut. John Wyman, of Dummerston, were present at, and had a part in, the famous "Bosten Tea Party," December 16, 1773.

Capt. Thomas White, of Windsor, Thomas Townsend, of Reading, Thomas Farnsworth, of Halifax, Peletiah Bliss, of Newbury, Thomas Savery, of Salisbury, Jonas Holden, of Mount Holly, Seth Oaks and Nathaniel Oaks, of Athens, Seth Ruggles, of Poultney, Capt. John Shumway, of Dorset, Lieut. Jonathan Farrar, of Rupert, and Ebenezer Allen, of Newfane, were among those who responded to the Lexington Alarm. The Ebenezer Allen mentioned was not the Colonel Ebenezer Allen prominent in the expeditions of the Vermont militia.

Stephen De Maranville, of Poultney, the youngest son of a noble Frenchman, served as a minute man. Jonathan Farrar, of Rupert, was a lieutenant of minute men at the time of the Lexington alarm. Thomas Mullen, of Newbury, responded to the Lexington alarm and saw service at Bunker Hill. Joseph Rann, of Poultney, was severely wounded at Bunker Hill, and to the day of his death carried a ball in his ankle received in that battle. Capt. Isaac Holden, of St. Albans, participated in the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill and had previously served in the French and Indian War.

Carlos Hawkins, of Reading, Capt. Daniel Manning, of Poultney, William Doe, Nehemiah Lovewell, and Peter Martin, of Newbury, Abraham Townsend, of Berlin, Jonathan Childs, of Wilmington, Seth Oaks, of Athens, and Lieutenant Beriah Sherman, of Waitsfield, fought in the battle of Bunker Hill. Jonas Holden, of Mount Holly, was wounded at Bunker Hill. Abiel Bugbee, of Pomfret, served in Israel Putnam's regiment at Bunker Hill.

It is related of William A. Hawkins, of Reading, that at the battle

of Bunker Hill he fired his gun until it was too hot to handle. He removed his coat, wrapped it around the gun, and continued firing. He was promoted to be an ensign for gallant conduct in that battle.

Ebenezer Wakefield, of Manchester, was at Bunker Hill and at the surrender of Burgoyne. Luther Fairbanks, of Pittsfield, was at Bunker Hill and at the siege of Quebec. Captain Elias Greene, of Cambridge, was at Bunker Hill, the surrender of Burgoyne, and at the surrender of Cornwallis.

Colonel Ephraim Doolittle, of Shoreham, who was with Amherst at the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point during the French and Indian War, commanded a regiment of minute men April 19-23, 1775.

Major Amos Morrill, of St. Albans, is said to have been at the taking of Ticonderoga and at Bunker Hill. Other names of men said to have been with Ethan Allen at the capture of Ticonderoga, and not given in the list published in the Burlington *Free Press* early in the present year by Robert O. Bascom, secretary of the New York State Historical Association, are: John Alexander, of Brattleboro, Ebenezer Andrews, of Mount Holly, Gershom Beach, of Salisbury, Enos Flanders, of Sheffield, Thomas Johnson, of Newbury, Noah Jones, of Shoreham, and Samuel Laughton, of Dummerston.

Enoch Cheney, of Washington, and James Eddy, of Clarendon, served as scouts. Ebenezer McIlvaine suffered the hardships of Valley Forge. Felix Benton, of Cornwall, wintered at Valley Forge and was on duty as a picket when Major André was executed. Hananiah Brooks, of St. Albans, was also at Valley Forge, and later saw Major André hanged. Simeon Chandler, of Wilmington, participated in the siege of Boston.

Jonathan Knight of Dummerston, was in the fight at the Westminster court house, March 13, 1775. Captain Benjamin Samson, of Roxbury, rang the church bell at Lexington, Mass., April 19, 1775, to rouse the minute men on the approach of the British troops.

John Chipman, of Middlebury, was with Ethan Allen during the spring of 1775, went to Canada with Seth Warner, and was at the capture of St. Johns and Montreal.

Stephen Holley, of Cornwall, was with Benedict Arnold on his terrible journey through Maine and Canada to Quebec. Nathaniel Sted-

man, of Newfane, and Samuel Viall, of Manchester, were at Burgoyne's surrender.

David Green, of Randolph, served three years under Washington, part of the time as his cook.

Joseph Allen, of Charlotte, was present at the capture of St. Johns and Montreal, and was with Benedict Arnold in his siege of Quebec.

Ebenezer Robinson, of Reading, was a captive on board the prison ship *Jersey* in New York harbor.

David Field, of Guilford, was commissary general under Stark at the battle of Bennington.

Thomas Johnson, of Newbury, was an aide on the staff of General Lincoln in 1777.

Nathan Jackson, of Cornwall, was a trusted messenger of Washington.

Benoni Gleason, of Benson, was present at the surrender of Cornwallis.

Jonathan Martin, of Springfield, previous to removing to Vermont, was a member of the first constitutional convention and of the first legislature of New Hampshire.

Solomon Bartlett, of Plainfield, was the youngest brother of Josiah Bartlett of New Hampshire, after John Hancock the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, and was at one time an aide on the staff of General Israel Putnam.

Captain John Warner and Truman Warner, of St. Albans, were brothers of Colonel Seth Warner.

Colonel Thomas Elmore obtained a charter for and gave his name to the town of Elmore.

Abel Amsden, of Reading, enlisted in Colonel William Prescott's regiment, May 20, 1775. He participated in the siege of Boston, and fought in some of the most important battles of the war. It is related that he paid $70 in Continental currency for a dinner of corn bread and milk at a tavern, and that the landlord did not consider that sum a fair price for the meal.

Colonel Samuel Brewer, of Orwell, was a lieutenant in a company of minute men raised in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, and took part in the siege of Boston.. In 1776 he was sent to Ticonderoga in command of a regiment. In the *Brewer Genealogy,* compiled by Prof. Fiske Parsons Brewer, a brother of Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, it is said that Colonel Brewer was " considered by Washington one of the biggest-sensed men he ever knew." Colonel Brewer moved to Vermont and built a brick mansion a mile and half southwest of Orwell village, which is still in an excellent state of preservation.

Nathaniel Bosworth, of Berlin, while serving in the Continental army, was taken prisoner by the British and confined on a prison ship at the mouth of the Delaware river. Conceiving the idea that they were being slowly poisoned, Bosworth and several of his fellow-prisoners planned to escape. Taking advantage of a time when the guards were sleeping, they slid down the ship's cable and swam ashore, although the water was very cold, the month being March. Proceeding a distance, Bosworth concealed himself in a large cask and fell asleep. He was awakened by the singing of a bird. A patriotic American woman gave him food and directions which enabled him to reach the American lines in safety.

Toward the end of the war, Thomas M. Wright, who had seen service as a private in the Massachusetts militia, emigrated to Vermont and setteld in Barnard, when that town was largely an unbroken wilderness. He built a log house and made a clearing. It was necessary to carry his grain on his back to Windsor, twenty-six miles, to get it ground, finding his way by marked trees and making the journey in a day. August 9, 1780, Mr. Wright, while working in the hay field, heard a scream, and looking up saw his wife pursued by twenty-five Indians. The house was stripped of its furnishings and Mr. Wright was taken as a prisoner to Canada, where he was sold to the British for eight dollars. With four companions Wright made his escape. The party was nine days in coming through the forests. The men had no food except the game they shot, and were nearly starved. One of the party was taken ill and his companions stayed with him as long as they dared. To remain longer meant that all would perish, so a bed of boughs was made by a running stream, a store of slippery elm bark and roots was gathered, and the man left to his fate. Strangely enough he recovered, and in eighteen days came out of the forest. Mrs. Wright had gone on horseback to her father's home in Hardwick, and there her husband found her.

Dr. Silas Hodges, of Clarendon, was a surgeon in Washington's army. Another Clarendon soldier was Theophilus Harrington, later a judge, whose demand of a bill of sale from the Almighty for a fugitive slave has made his name immortal.

Stephen Hall, of Calais, enlisted in the American army at the age of thirteen, and Asa Wilson, of Fairfield, at the age of fourteen. Samuel White, of East Montpelier, enlisted before he had reached his fourteenth birthday. Not being considered old enough to carry a musket, he was detailed as a servant for General Washington.

Joshua Johnson, of Albany, when a boy, ran away from home to enlist. Being refused, he shipped as a midshipman in the West India trade and later entered the army, serving until the close of the war. It is related that in later years he defeated Ira Allen as a candidate for the Vermont Legislature from Irasburgh.

William Hodgkins, of Grand Isle, was not tall enough to meet the requirements of the service when he enlisted. Later he presented himself again, having filled his shoes with paper, evidently believing that by taking thought he might add a cubit to his stature, notwithstanding Scriptural authority to the contrary. The deception was discovered and the case brought to the attention of the commanding officer, Baron Steuben, who laughingly said, " Pass him in. We will make a drummer of him."

One of the surprising facts brought out by this investigation is the great age attained by many Revolutionary soldiers in this State, a large number having lived to be well past ninety years.

Samuel McWaine, of Woodstock, who had seen service in the French and Indian War, and who served seven years during the Revolution, lived to be ninety-nine years and nine months old.

John Ellis, of Barnard rounded out a full century. Nathan Lounsbury, of Clarendon, lived to be 102 years old. Daniel Heald, of Chester, who had taken part in the battle of Concord, lived to be ninety-five years old, while John Joyal, of Swanton, according to the best information obtainable, lived to the almost unprecedented age of 113 years.

One colored man, John Linde, of Brookfield, was a Revolutionary soldier.

It may not be out of place in this paper, which, from its nature can-

not be expected to be a closely connected narrative, to refer briefly to a soldier who played an important part in the Revolution, who afterward emigrated to Vermont, where he attained considerable prominence, but who has been well nigh forgotten, Colonel Udny Hay.

The public papers of George Clinton, the first governor of New York, which cover the period of the Revolutionary War, contain a great amount of correspondence with Colonel Hay, regarding supplies of various kinds and the transportation of the same. In 1779 he was deputy quartermaster general for the army in New York State. His task was evidently one of great difficulty, as the collection and distribution of the needed supplies were attended by irritating indifference and aggravating delays. One item in his report tells of the purchase of 40,000 bushels of charcoal for the smith's department. When General Washington ordered the Hudson river craft repaired it was Colonel Hay who procured the lumber. General Lincoln wrote Hay asking his advice regarding the building of gunboats. He also wrote Generals Greene and Heath regarding the purchase of wheat. Apparently he had charge at times of certain prisoners and their effects.

In June, 1780, Colonel Hay was appointed agent for New York to supply the State's quota of provisions for the use of the army, and he writes: "Much of the business of transportation in this State may probably come under my direction during the campaign." Again he writes Governor Clinton: "The army look to me for the transportation of supplies of every sort," and later the governor refers to the multiplicity of affairs which engage Hay's attention. He aids in reinforcing West Point, forwards supplies to Washington's army, and obtains from the New York Legislature the passage of certain acts to aid him in collecting supplies. Appointed deputy commissary general of purchases for New York, he recommends the establishment of a magazine of 40,000 barrels of flour for the army.

Sept. 18, 1780, he writes Governor Clinton: "I have been with the Gentlemen of the New Hampshire Grants at Bennington who have desired me to meet them again next Friday at the same place where they are to call a council for the purpose of giving me every assistance in their power, which I now apprehend will be but little, not from want of inclination, but want of ability to put any of their acts in execution."

According to a statement in "Governor and Council," Colonel Hay

had visited Bennington on a similar errand early in 1778. This authority further states that Colonel Hay was descended from an eminent family in Scotland, and was highly educated. January 9, 1777, the Continental Congress resolved that Udny Hay, Esq., be appointed a lieutenant colonel by brevet and assistant deputy quartermaster general, and stationed at Ticonderoga. Later he was made deputy commissary general of purchase for the northern division of the army. Soon after the close of the war he came to Underhill, where he acquired large tracts of land. He represented the town in the legislature from 1798 to 1804, and at the time of his death was a member of the Council of Censors. He is said to have been opposed to the Constitution and to the administrations of Washington and Adams.

An obituary notice in the Burlington Sentinel tells of Colonel Hay's death Sept. 6, 1806, in his sixty-seventh year. A note in "Governor and Council" states that he lived and died in Underhill, but the Sentinel declares that his death "took place in this town (Burlington) * * * after a very short illness * * * The next day (Sept. 7th) his remains were conveyed to the meeting house, where an appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. President Sanders and attended to the grave by a numerous and respectable procession of his friends from this and the neighboring towns with uncommon manifestations of regard for his character and sorrow at his death."

The obituary notice further says: "Col. Hay came to America without education, without property or friends. During our Revolutionary war he soon and long distinguished himself in the department where he was stationed as an active, enterprising and able officer. And since the establishment of our State, his influence in our public councils for a considerable number of years has been predominant beyond a parallel." It will be noticed that there are discrepancies between the two accounts of Colonel Hay's career, as given in the *Sentinel* and in "Governor and Council." It appears from a further item in the *Sentinel* that Colonel Hay's estate was insolvent.

If Colonel Hay's grave can be found it should be marked in some suitable way. It would appear from the *Sentinel* account that he was buried in Burlington, but the list of Revolutionary soldiers kept by the Burlington Grand Army Post does not contain his name.

One of the principal objects in the attempts to compile a list of Ver-

mont's Revolutionary soldiers, is the hope that as many as possible of the graves of these heroes may be marked and their memories saved from oblivion.

The government will furnish headstones for such graves and ship them to the nearest railway station, but will not set them. Here is a work, not only for the patriotic societies, but for public-spirited citizens in all towns and cities where Revolutionary soldiers are buried,—the work of taking the proper steps to secure such headstones and then setting them after they are obtained. These soldiers of the Revolution were the builders of our State and of our Nation. The very least we can do in return for their sacrifices is to see to it that their names are not forgotten. Any work that is to be done along this line must be done speedily. No great outlay of time or money is required—only that patriotic public spirit that gives promise of a noble future because of its jealous care in preserving the memory of the great deeds of the past.

WALTER H. CROCKETT.

## A SKETCH OF THE McINTOSH FAMILY

THE sobriquet of "the fighting McIntoshes" is a name well applied to this ancient family, who have taken their part in many a stormy scene and been thoroughly identified with many stirring events in different periods of history, both in Scotland and America, and who descend from an ancient line in Scotland of both Royal and gentle lineage. Their career is so well known in Scotland that it is needless to dwell upon it and, in America—well, history can scarcely be written without the name of McIntosh being mentioned.

John Mhor (or More) McIntosh, an adherent of the cause of the old Pretender, being deprived of all of his estate by the British Government decided to accompany Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, to the new Colony, and therefore with a band of one hundred and thirty Highlanders, sailed with kinsmen and friends, of the best blood of the Highlands, and arrived in the province about 1735. Well was it for Georgia that she had this sturdy band of Scots, for the young Colony was in need of men who could defend her against the savage and the Spaniard, and as she acted as a barrier to the South against the invasion by the foe, it was a safeguard to the other provinces to have true and tried men as a bulwark for them.

John More McIntosh was of the younger branch of McIntosh of Borlum and chief of the Georgia contingent. He became President of one of the two divisions of Georgia and also Member of the Provincial Congress and took part in the invasion of Florida against the Spaniards.

Among the illustrious members of this family, the following may be mentioned: His sons, Col. William McIntosh and the gallant Gen. Lachlan McIntosh, and his grandson Col. John McIntosh of the Revolutionary War, who was first Captain then Lieutenant-Colonel and afterwards General in the War of 1812, and also Capt. Lachlan McIntosh of the Revolution whose son was Commodore James McKay McIntosh of the United States Navy, and also a grandson of the former, Maj. Lachlan McIntosh.

Gen. John McIntosh, son of Col. William McIntosh, was the father of Maj. William Jackson McIntosh, Maj. John Nash McIntosh and Col. James Simmons McIntosh of the United States Army and Mexican War, whose sons were Capt. Leonidas McIntosh of Mexican War and

Gen. John Baillie McIntosh of the Federal Army, who lost a leg at the battle of Gettysburg, and his brother Gen. James McQueen McIntosh of the Confederate Army, killed at Oak Ridge, and Judge McQueen McIntosh of the United States District Court, whose line is now entitled to the Chieftainship of Borlum, son of Maj. William Jackson McIntosh.

Besides all these gallant men, we may mention the well known author Maria McIntosh, the daughter of Capt. Lachlan McIntosh of the Revolution.

It is through Hester McIntosh, a daughter of Col. William McIntosh, that the late Capt. John McIntosh Kell descended, the well known Commander of the Confederate States Navy, subsequently made Adjutant-General of Georgia in appreciation of his services. Also from George McIntosh, son of John More McIntosh, who married Ann, daughter of Sir Patrick Houstoun, whose son John Houstoun McIntosh, married Eliza Bayard and had among others, George McIntosh, Minister to France from the Republic of Texas, also Eliza Bayard McIntosh, who married Gen. Duncan L. Clinch, ancestor of that well known family, one of whose daughters, Eliza Bayard Clinch, married Major Robert Anderson of Fort Sumter fame. We may also mention John Houstoun McIntosh of the Confederate Army, killed at Sailors' Creek.

Hon. John E. Ward, a lawyer of New York, formerly minister to China, was son of William Ward and Anne, daughter of Capt. Lachlan (not Gen. Lachlan) McIntosh and the honorable family of Spalding of Georgia descends from Marjory McIntosh, daughter of Col. William McIntosh, who married James Spalding of Ashantilly; and also from a branch of this ancient family descends that William McIntosh of Indian blood whose mother was a Creek woman and who has descendants living in the new State of Oklahoma; also George McIntosh Troup, former Governor of Georgia, and also Duncan Clinch Heyward, the late Governor of South Carolina, who was a son of Barnwell Heyward and Catherine M. Clinch, daughter of Gen. Duncan L. Clinch and Eliza Bayard McIntosh. We thus see this old Georgia family taking part in all important events and leaving on the pages of history names of descendants who have done credit to this ancient name. The following is the descent of John More McIntosh whose descendant, McQueen McIntosh, Esq., is now entitled to the Chieftainship of the Borlum branch of McIntoshes:

Shaw married Helena, daughter of the Thane of Calder and had:

Ferquhard who married Mora, daughter of Angus Og of Isla and had: Angus who married Eva, daughter of the Clan Chattan, and had: William who married Margaret, daughter of Ruari McLeod of the Lewis, and had: Malcom Beg McIntosh who married Mora, daughter of McDonald of Moidart, and had: Lachlan who subsequently succeeded and who married Catherine, daughter of Sir Duncan Grant of Freuchie, and had: Lachlan Beg, who succeeded and who married Jean Gordon, daughter of Alexander Gordon of Lochinvar, and had: William McIntosh who married Margaret, daughter of Alexander Ogilvie of Deskford and Findlater and had: (besides others) Lachlan More, who married Agnes McKenzie of Kintail and had: William McIntosh, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Innes of Innermarkie of Royal descent, and had: Lachlan McIntosh, married Helen Gordon, and had: (besides others William McIntosh who married Mary, daughter of William Baillie of Dunain and Elizabeth Forbes, descendant of Lord Forbes, and had, besides others, William McIntosh, the celebrated Brigadier, and Lachlan McIntosh of Knocknagael who married Mary Lockhart, daughter of John Lockhart Bailie of Inverness and had: an elder son John More McIntosh, who married at Dores, 1725, Marjory, daughter of Fraser of Garthmore and had:

I. William McIntosh, Colonel in Revolutionary War, married Mary Mackay.
II. Lachlan McIntosh, famous General of Revolutionary War, married Sarah Threadcraft and left issue.
III. John McIntosh.
IV. George McIntosh, married Ann, daughter of Sir Patrick Houston, Baronet.
V. Ann McIntosh, married Robert Baillie of Culter Allers, from whom descended the late J. W. Baillie and his nephew, Robert Baillie of Scotland. Robert Baillie and Ann McIntosh had besides others, Anna McIntosh Baillie, who married Judge Davies of Savannah, whose descendants are the Harrises of Upper Georgia.
VI. Barbara McIntosh.

Colonel William McIntosh, oldest son of John Mhor McIntosh, married Mary Mackay and had issue:

1. John McIntosh, Lieut. Colonel Revolutionary War. General, War of 1812; married Sarah Swinton.

2. William McIntosh, married and had William.
3.* Lachlan McIntosh (Captain), married (1st) his first cousin, Miss Baillie (ancestor of Major Lachlan McIntosh).
4. George McIntosh.
5. Marjory McIntosh, married James Spalding, from whom descended the Georgia families of Spalding, Kenan, Wyllys and others of Darien, Georgia.
6. Hester McIntosh, married Alexander Baillie, brother of Robert Baillie, who married Ann McIntosh.
7. Barbara McIntosh married her cousin, William McIntosh of "Mala," nephew of Rory McIntosh.

J. G. B. BULLOCH, M. D.

WASHINGTON.

* Captain Lachlan McIntosh married at least three times: 1st Miss Baillie, 2d Mrs. Mary Nash, relict of Capt. Clement Nash, 3d Mary Persiana Maxwell, and had issue apparently by the last two. This was father of Maria McIntosh, Commodore James Mackay McIntosh, and also Mrs. Ward, mother of Hon. John E. Ward, former minister to China. General Lachlan McIntosh, uncle of the above Captain McIntosh, has issue now living in female line only, namely the Winstons of Chicago and the Mells of Georgia.

# ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.

## COLONEL WILLIAM CAMPBELL TO REV. CHARLES CUMMINGS

(From the original manuscript in the New York Public Library).

ASPEN-VILLE, 28th March, 1781.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: I got home last Monday Evening in good health from my Excursion into No. Carolina, and had the Happiness to find my little Family well

I imagine you have already heard the particulars of the Action at Whitsill's Mill on the sixth Instant and make no doubt but those of the Action near Guilford Court House, will be satisfactory to you. General Greene having collected an Army of 4,500 Men at the High Rock Ford of Haw River began his march from that place, in quest of the Enemy, on Monday the 12th Inst, and determined to give them Battle the first Opportunity. General Cornwallis lay at that time within two or three miles of Guilford Court House on a Branch called Buffaloe, and upon General Greene's advancing toward him, he retired into a Fork of Deep-River about eight Miles above the Courthouse. Our Army got up to Guilford C. House in the Evening of the 14th, and encamped about a Mile above it that Night Myself and Colo. Lynch who had the Command of the Corps of Riflemen, with Colonels Washington and Lee of the light Dragoons were advanced about a Mile in Front of the Army and about seven miles from the Enemy. Early next morning we had Intelligence of the Enemy being in Motion and marching towards us, upon which Colo. Lee with his Legion, and about 30 of my Riflemen under the Command of Captain Fata of the Augusta Militia, went out to meet them, while the rest of the Riflemen, and Colo. Washington's Horse, formed at our Encampment to Support them in their Retreat back. They met with the Van of the Enemy about two Miles from where we were formed, and immediately began to Skirmish with them, and continued retreating and fighting with them near half an hour, which disconcerted and retarded the Enemy very Considerably In the mean time the main Body of our Army was formed about three quarters of a Mile in rear of us, and upon

the Legions reinforcing us, we were ordered back to take our Position in the Line of Battle We had not been formed there above ten Minutes before the Canonade began in the Center, which lasted about 15 Minutes in which time the Enemy were forming by filing off to the right & Left and then immediately advanced upon our Troops, upon which the firing of the small Arms began The Virginia Regulars & Militia, with the first Maryland Regt behaved with the greatest Bravery, and the Riflemen who acted upon the Wings have done themselves honor: But unhappily a whole Brigade of the No. Carolina Militia, of about 1000 Men abandoned their Post upon the first onset; many of them never fired their Guns, and almost the whole of them threw away their Arms and fled with the greatest Precipitation To this Misfortune is attributed our being obliged to quit the Field, tho the Battle was maintained long and obstinately; all agree that it lasted two hours & a half, and I think myself it was considerably more. The Enemy followed us no farther than the Heights just above Guilford C. House, and our Army retreated in good Order to Speedwell Furnace which is about ten Miles below, there the most of the Troops who were dispersed in the Action assembled next day. The Enemy lay at Guilford Court House from thursday till Sunday 12 oClock (being employ'd in burying their dead and taking care of their wounded), and that Evening retreated to New-Garden Meeting House where they left a Number of their wounded and wrote to General Greene requesting they might not be ill treated by the Americans. The next day (Monday) they continued their Retreat to Centre Meeting House, and next morning I left Camp & have not had any certain Intelligence from them since, tho' I make no doubt but there has been another Battle, as I have every Reason to believe that General Greene intended a pursuit.

The Return of our kill'd and wounded does not amount to more than 250 Men; that of the Enemy is said from the last Accounts to be near 1000, among whom are some of their principal Officers—Colo. Loveless * & Major Stuart of the Regiment of Guards are killed, General O'Hara mortally wounded, and the favorite Tarleton shot through the Hand. We have no Officer higher than a Major killed, and only one of that Rank; General Stephen was shot through the thigh.

* This was Lieut. Colonel Webster. O'Hara was Lieutenant, brother of the General. The writer of the letter was Campbell of King's Mountain. He was killed at the battle of Eutaw Springs.—Ed.

Tho we lost the Battle, our Army is now as formidable as at the first, and such another victory must ruin the Enemy. Their Numbers after the last Action were not more than 1700 effective Men, and I could not learn they had any Expectation of a Reinforcement. Our Affairs, in my Opinion, are in a more favorable train to the Southward, than they have been since the reduction of Charles Town, and I flatter myself the destruction of the British Army to the Southward is at hand, which will, and that alone, restore peace to all the Southern department.

Before I conclude you will please to give me leave, just to hint to you, that I purpose to offer myself a Candidate at the ensuing Election for Representatives of this County in General Assembly, and if I am not so unhappy as to have forfeited your Confidence and Esteem you will permit me to request your Interest on that Occasion. I have resigned my Commission as Colo. of Washington County, as I thought I could not hold it longer with honor, but I esteem the People, and wish to devote every faculty I am possessed of to their service, wherein I can do it with Credit

I am, with perfect Respect and Esteem dear Sir

Yours most obdt and very hble Serv.

WM. CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Campbell gives her best Compliments to Yourself and Mrs. Cummins; You will please to make mine agreeable to her. W. C.

To the Reverend Mr. Charles Cummings, Wolf Hill.

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JOHN HANCOCK TO THE VIRGINIA AUTHORITIES.

Philada, Nov. 15th, 1776.

Gentlemen, Since dispatching the express yesterday, with Intelligence that a fleet of above one hundred Vessels, had left New York, the Congress has received a Letter from General Greene, containing further Accounts; a Copy of which, in Obedience to their Commands, I now inclose.

It appears from this Information, that Lord Dunmore is to take the Command of a Fleet, bound to the Southward, and said to be for South Carolina. But as it is by no Means certain, against which of the Southern States, the expedition is designed, it is highly necessary you should be on your Guard. I shall now detain the express, only to add that you will make such use of this Intelligence, as the Importance of it requires.

I have the Honour to be,
Gentlemen,
your most obedt.
and very hble. Sev't
JOHN HANCOCK, Presd't.

## LETTER OF GOVERNOR WILLIAM LIVINGSTON TO COLONEL MARINUS WILLETT

TRENTON, March 8, 1781

SIR:

Your letter of the 15th Feby I never received till this afternoon, and immediately on the receipt of it, directed my Permit for your Chest to the commanding officer at Elizabeth Town, inclosed in a letter to Mr. Adam Deputy Commissioner of Prisoners at that place, desiring his care of it until he can acquaint you of its arrival. I have expressed myself to both in the warmest terms respecting your undoubted veracity & political character, & I question not Mr. Adam will be obliging enough to take the custody of it. I should be exceedingly mortified at having your effects confiscated

All the world knows the merit of our Army, and how much our officers have suffered in the cause; but there have unfortunately been instances thro' the negligence or corruption of some and the rapacity of others, of the greatest villains importing goods from the Enemy's lines in the way of trade, and the most worthy and innocent citizens falling a sacrifice.

I shall think myself happy to be instrumental in saving your chest from undeserved depredation.

But considering how long your Letter has been on its passage to me, I am apprehensive that it may have arrived or will arrive before my pass comes to the officer's hands—& in that case it will be no protection, as the property will be previously vested in the person making the seizure; after which, having no authority in the matter, it would be inofficial, and therefore improper, for me to interfere. I am

Sir,

Your humble servant

WIL. LIVINGSTON

P. S.—I shall be much obliged to you for forwarding the inclos'd Letter to my Brother by the first safe opportunity.

To

Coll. Marinus Willett
of the New York Line,
at New Windsor,

## NEW JERSEY ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

[Resolutions of Congress addressed to the Convention of New Jersey, in relation to the raising of troops for the Revolutionary Army. Written and signed by Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress, and signed by John Hancock. October 9, 1775.]

On motion made, Resolved:

That it be recommended to the Convention of New Jersey that they immediately raise at the expence of the continent two battalions consisting of eight companies each, and each company of sixty-eight privates, and officered with one captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, four sergeants and four corporals.

That the privates be enlisted for a year at the rate of five dollars per calendar month, liable to be discharged at any time on allowing them one month's pay extraordinary.

That each of the privates be allowed instead of a bounty, a felt hat, a pair of yarn stockings, and a pair of shoes, the men to find their own arms.

That the pay of the officers for the present be the same as that of the officers in the present continental army, and in case the pay of the officers is augmented the pay of the officers in these battalions shall be in like manner augmented from the time of their engaging in the force.

Oct. 12, 1775.

Resolved:

That each captain and other commissioned officer, while in the recruiting service of this continent or on their march to join the Army, shall be allowed two dollars & two-thirds of a dollars p. week for their subsistence, and that the men who enlist, shall each of them, whilst in quarters, be allowed one dollar p. week and one dollar and one-third of a dollar when on their march to join the army for the same purpose.

That the president transmit to the Convention of New Jersey blank commissions to be filled up by the said convention to the captains and subaltern officers in the said two battalions, and that the appointments of the field-officers be for the present suspended until the Congress shall take order on that matter.

The form of enlistment to be in the following words:

I ——— have this day voluntarily enlisted myself as a soldier in the American Continental army, for one year unless sooner discharged—and do bind myself to conform in all instances to such rules and regulations as are or shall be established for the government of the said army.

A true copy from the minutes.

JOHN HANCOCK, *Pres't.*
CHAS. THOMSON, *Sec'y.*

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LETTER OF WILLIAM WHIPPLE, THE "SIGNER," TO MESHECH WEARE, PRESIDENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Gen Whipple was in command of a New Hampshire brigade, and after the surrender of Burgoyne, signed the articles of capitulation on behalf of Gates. (A copy of the Articles of Capitulation in Gen. Gates' handwriting is in possession of the N. Y. Historical Society).

ALBANY 21 Oct 1777

SIR:

I did myself the pleasure to advise you a few days ago, that a Capitulation was negotiating between Gen[l] Gates and General Burgoyne. This business was happily concluded the 16th Inst., and on ye 17th the British Army marched out of their Encampment and laid down their Arms. I beg leave most heartily to Congratulate you and my Country on this happy Event. General Gates has given the Volunteers of New Hampshire an honorable dismission, the two Regiments who engaged till ye last of November still remain here—I am directed by the General to attend Mr. Burgoyne to Boston. Nothing could have been more seasonable than our success over Burgoyne.

An Army of 3 or 4000 men from New York [1] are endeavoring to make their way up this River, their design being to re-inforce Burgoyne—but fortunately for us they are too late, and if the weather does not prevent General Gates getting his Heavy Artillery down, I am in great hopes Mr. Vaughn, who commands the Plunderers from New York, will soon be in the same situation with Mr. Burgoyne.

Measures are taking [to] if possible prevent his retreat, which no doubt he will endeavor to effect as soon as he hears of Burgoyne's fate.

[1] Clinton's effort to succor Burgoyne, which resulted in the capture of Forts Clinton and Montgomery.

I expect to start out to-morrow, but as I shall Escort Mr. B. to Boston it may be 10 or 12 days before I get home.

The great hurry the Army has been in since Mr. B's capitulation has prevented my getting an Exact Return of the Military Stores—but such as I have been able to obtain, I do myself the honour to Enclose you. Col. Langdon who set out ye 17th Inst. took with him a Copy of the Capitulation, which no doubt he will send you before this comes to your hand.

I have the honor to be with Every sentiment of Respect, Sir
Your most Obed. Servt,

To HON. MESHECH WEARE. WM. WHIPPLE.

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LETTER OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS TO E. O. PERRIN

For many years Clerk of the Court of Appeals of New York. This letter recalls *Josh Billings'* famous saying, "Never prophesy unless you know." The "Little Giant's" anticipations of victory over the Abolitionists in 1860 were ended by the election of Abraham Lincoln, at whose inauguration Douglas held his victorious opponent's hat while the inauguration address was read.

CHICAGO, ILL., NOV. 10, '58.

*My Dear Sir:*

Accept my thanks for your kind letter of the 10th of Oct., which arrived here during my absence from the city, and pardon any delay in acknowledging its receipt, owing to the multiplicity of my engagements. We have achieved a complete triumph, as you have doubtless learned through the newspapers, giving a death-blow to Abolitionism, and securing the permanent ascendency of sound constitutional Democratic principles in this State. If wise and patriotic counsels now prevail, the Democracy will achieve a glorious triumph in 1860.

Very truly
Your friend,
STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

E. O. PERRIN, Esq., New York.

# MINOR TOPICS

## A HISTORIC WAR SONG

It is curious to reflect how many of our popular songs and poems have, at some time or other, been claimed by persons not their authors. Careless journalism—the desire to print anything that may excite talk—helps on to this amusing and multitudinous paternity of American verse. Half the songs in the United States have, in one or another newspaper, been attributed to persons who did not write them. One of them is "Sherman's March to the Sea." Only the other day a leading eastern magazine stated that it was written by one "L. Melott." I was a little bit astonished, for I had always thought myself the author; perhaps too, I was a little pleased that someone had thought it good enough to steal (literary thieves are, as a rule, quite particular).

At that moment I received an invitation to talk to you, and at first I did not know what to talk about, but as I thought of "Melott," the "author" of my song, it occurred to me to tell you the story of my song; how and where is was written, and all about it. It was not composed at any such banquet as this, let me say as an introduction. There were no good coats or gold badges here. I was going on an empty stomach in those days—miserable prison days in Columbia, South Carolina.

True, there are more important things in the world than the authorship of a song; yet who has not dwelt with some pleasure, even a melancholy pleasure at times, on the story of "Home Sweet Home," "The Watch on the Rhine," the "Marseillaise," or the "Star Spangled Banner"? All like scores of others that have stirred our hearts to a new joy, or exalted us to higher patriotism, have a story of their own. The "Star Spangled Banner" was written by a prisoner of war—so was "Sherman's March to the Sea." Some are here to-night who could corroborate my story if it were necessary. In the battle of Missionary Ridge eighty of the 15th Iowa were captured; myself among them. Seven months in Libby Prison were followed by seven others—Macon, Savannah, Charleston—finally Columbia. All the time we were dimly hearing how Sherman had fought a hundred days between Chattanooga and Atlanta; how he had cut loose from his base of supplies, and with sixty thousand men was heading for the Atlantic. Getting news was difficult—more, it was

—Read before the Iowa Loyal Legion.

dangerous. One night, while keeping warm by pacing up and down the prison and cogitating on the wonderful success of Sherman's campaign, I wondered what they would call it. It was not a battle only, I reflected, but a march as well—and a march to the sea. Instantly the thought struck me of a song. With these words for a title, walking about in the darkness, I composed a little. When daylight came I crept into the little tent, covered myself up in the straw, and finished the song. I read it first to Major Marshall, of my regiment, and he asked to show it to a friend, Lieutenant Rockwell, member of the prison glee club, which was led by Major Isett. (There were good voices in that club, I tell you! The "swells" of Columbia used to come, and climb upon the prison platform "to hear the Yankees sing.") One afternoon, my song was announced. Lieutenant Rockwell, without my knowledge, had written music for my verses. Everybody listened, everybody cheered—and then the embarrassed author, standing in his rags under a little persimmon tree, was seized and dragged to the front—he had become a hero in an hour! It doesn't take much to make heroes among prisoners perhaps—but from that hour every prisoner was my friend. The song was sung daily. Who will say it did not cheer us? It had given a name to a great campaign. Lieutenant Tower (a prisoner who had a wooden leg—and that leg hollow) was sent through the lines North. In that leg he carried my song to Sherman's army and in a week it was as popular there as among the prisoners. It was sung, first to this music and then to that; and none was very good. On February 17, 1865, I escaped—and when I reached the North I found all the soldiers singing my song, and Henry C. Work's "Marching Through Georgia." A music journal said that nearly a million copies of my song had been sold by 1866. It has been selling ever since, to some extent.

I gave the song to H. M. Higgins of Chicago, for publication, "If it turns out well you will hear from me," he said. I had not much money in those days, and I went home wandering what I should do with all my expected wealth when I should hear from him! I heard at last and he sent me just *five dollars!* His excuse was that all the other publishers had stolen the song, and set it to all sorts of music, and that he had made no money from it. I think he may have told the truth—for thirteen different publishers printed it in one or another form.

None of the various settings seemed popular; the words go as well to the air of "The Red, White and Blue," as to anything else.

The song appeared in many books of the war, and in most news-

papers. Rossiter Johnson included it in his collection of "Single Famous Poems," and General Sherman put it in his "Memoirs." When he captured Columbia he found me, an escaped prisoner, secreted in a negro's hut. That night I witnessed the burning of Columbia. In his "Memoirs" the General tells how a prison comrade of mine gave him a copy of the song as he rode nto Columbia. He liked the verses, sent for me, and gave me a provisional position on his staff. In a few days he sent me to Washington, recommended my appointment to the regular army, and later he urged my appointment to the Consular Service. You know the rest. If I have pride in the past success of the song, it is not for the song itself so much as for the fact that it was my fortune to give a name to the most picturesque campaign of the great war.

S. H. M. Byers.

Des Moines, Iowa.

(We have room for but one verse.)

Our camp fires shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe—
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

### Pike's Documents

An important discovery was made in the City of Mexico, in December, by Herbert E. Beeton, of the Carnegie Institute, Washington.

The twenty-one documents which the Spanish soldiers took from Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike in 1806, when he was visiting the Osage and Comanche Indians, have been lost to sight ever since. Mr. Beeton has found all but three of them, and their publication will be awaited with interest.

### Captain Kidd's Treasure Once More

Two well-known Bath men believe that they have discovered the whereabouts of the legendary hidden gold of the famous buccaneer and pirate, Captain Kidd. They are Captain E. W. Neal of the New Meadows Steamboat Company and Captain Isaac M. Trufant. Tradition has it that this treasure of Kidd's was buried on an island in the New Meadows River, and for years searching parties have made efforts to discover the location of the millions in gold and silver supposed to have been stowed away by that bold, bad man. One well-known Brunswick man, now dead and gone, came into possession of what purported to be a map of the locality where the treasure was buried, and regularly once a year used to search for it, without avail, however. According to mysterious signs on this map, the search in order to be successful had to be undertaken at a certain time of the year, and under certain conditions. The old Brunswick gentleman faithfully and patiently carried out these to the minutets detail and went to his grave firm in his belief that during the next year he would have found the treasure chest. Neal and Trufant are not telling where they believe the treasure to be, but think that they have a line on it, and would have found it this week had they had the necessary tools with them to break the frozen ground. They have carefully marked the location so they will be able to find it again, and plan to soon go down the river fully prepared to make a systematic search for the marvellous wealth that the earth has so long kept in close confinement.—*Kennebec Journal.*

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### SYBRANDT BEGINS TO ACT INSTEAD OF THINK

AFTER resting one night at Fort George, they proceeded in boats arrived at Ticonderoga. Here Sir William turned over the rein- which were waiting for them down the lake, and in good time forcement he had brought with him to its proper division, and himself took command of the provincials and Indian allies; the latter consisting of the warriors of the Five Nations. The situation of Ticonderoga, or *Old Ti,* as it is familiarly called, enables it to command the best route between Canada and New York, and consequently it had always been a bone of contention between the French and English, while the former possessed the Canadas and the latter the United States. At the period of which I am now speaking here was assembled the finest army that had hitherto been collected in one body in the New World, as to numbers, discipline and appointments.

The commander was a brave, experienced, and capable officer; but he knew little of the nature of an irregular warfare in the wilderness against savages and woodsmen, and, what was far worse, was too proud to learn. He might have found in Colonel Vancour and Sir William Johnson most able and efficient instructors; but he could not brook the idea of being schooled by *provincials,* and gloomy were the forebodings of these two experienced gentlemen, during their last conference, that the obstinacy of the commanding general in applying the tactics of Europe to this warfare of the woods, would be fatal to the expedition, and occasion the defeat, if not the destruction, of this fine army.

Sir William was not a man to be idle in such stirring times, or indeed at any time, and he determined that Sybrandt should have little leisure for devouring his own heart in idleness and disappointment. He accordingly detached him on various services; sometimes to gain information of the motions of the enemy, who were said to be advancing in force; sometimes with parties down Lake George to the fort of that name, which was a principal depôt of supplies from Albany; and at others to scour the

woods in search of vagrant parties of hostile Indians, of whom large numbers were attached to the army of the enemy. In all these services Sybrandt acquitted himself with courage and discretion. "Bravo," would Sir William exclaim; "you were made for a soldier—to command, not to obey—to lead men, not to be led by a woman. I see I shall make something of you. To-night I shall put you to the test, and try your metal to the utmost."

"I am ready," answered Sybrandt.

"Listen then," replied Sir William. "Our general is a good soldier and an able officer, so far as mere bravery and an acquaintance with European tactics go. But he is not fit to command here; he is not the Moses to lead armies through the wilderness. He is ignorant of his enemy, and undervalues him; bad, both bad. He has not the least conception that an army of savages may be within twenty feet of him, and he neither see nor hear them. He cannot divest himself of the absurd notion that they must have baggage-wagons, and horses for their artillery, and depôts of provisions and all the paraphernalia of a regular army on the plains of Flanders. He does not know that an army of savages are neither heard nor seen till they are felt, that they travel like the wind, and with as little encumbrance as the wind. He will consequently be taken by surprise and cut to pieces, unless I and my provincials and redskins make up for his careless folly by our wise vigilance. Now to the point:

"From various indications, which none but an Indian or a backwoodsman can comprehend, I am fully satisfied that the enemy is in much greater force than he chooses to have believed; and this is what I want to be certain of before to-morrow morning, because I have been apprized by the general, that he considers it disgraceful to his Majesty's arms to be cooped up in a fort by an inferior enemy. He means to march out in battle array to-morrow, with drums beating, colours flying, and every other device to apprize the enemy of his motions. If he does, it requires not the spirit of prophecy to predict that he will sacrifice not only the interests of his country, but the lives of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of brave men. The service is perilous; why should I disguise it? it is almost certain death; but you are no common man; nay, I don't flatter you. I would pledge my life on your marching up to the cannon's mouth without winking an eye, if it were necessary. I would go myself on this service, but my rank and the command I hold makes it impossible."

"Name the service, Sir William. Life is of little value to me, and if——"

"Pish!" exclaimed the knight, impatiently. "Disgust of life is an ignoble impulse to heroic actions. I wish you to be animated by the love of your country and the desire of glory. Such motives are alone worthy of the man who risks his life in undertakings of extreme peril.

"Sir William Johnson," replied Sybrandt, proudly, "you are my superior in rank and in merit, if you please, but this gives you no right to insult my feelings, nor am I inclined to submit to it. As a soldier, do with me as you please."

"You are right, young man, and I beg your pardon. Well then, let your motive be what you please; if not ambition, love; both are equally powerful if not equally noble. If your mistress is true, she will rejoice in your success; if she is false, the most noble revenge you can take will be to make her regret having lost the opportunity of participating in your fame. Give me your hand; are we friends again?"

Sybrandt received it with an acknowledgment of grateful and affectionate respect.

"What escort am I to have?" asked he.

"None; an escort would inevitably betray you. A boat and a single man to row it is all I can allow you."

"As you please; I am satisfied."

Sir William then proceeded to instruct him in the course he was to pursue. To go on this expedition by land would subject him to inevitable discovery. He was therefore to be furnished with an Indian canoe with a single man to paddle it, and under cover of the night, which promised to be sufficiently dark, proceed silently down the narrow strait into Lake Champlain, only so far as that he could return with certainty before daylight. He was enjoined not to neglect this, for the narrowness of the strait, lined as it was without doubt by parties of skulking Indians, would expose him to certain death if once seen.

"Should you discover the position of the enemy," continued he, "you must depend upon your own sagacity, and that of Timothy Weasel for the direction of your subsequent conduct."

"Timothy Weasel! Who is he?"

"What! Have you never heard of Timothy Weasel, the Varmounter, as he calls himself?"

"Never."

"Well then, I must give you a sketch of his story before I introduce him. He was born in New Hampshire, as he says, and in due time, as is customary in those parts, married and took possession, by right of discovery I suppose, of a tract of land in what was at that time called the New Hampshire Grants. Others followed him, and in the course of a few years a little settlement was formed of real 'cute Yankees, as Timothy calls them, to the amount of sixty or seventy men, women and children. They were gradually growing in wealth and numbers, when one night, in the dead of winter, they were set upon by a party of Indians from Canada, and every soul of them, except Timothy, either consumed in the flames or massacred in the attempt to escape. I have witnessed in the course of my life many scenes of horror, but nothing like that which he describes, in which his wife and eight children perished. Timothy was left for dead by the savages, who, as is their custom, departed at the dawn for fear the news of this massacre might rouse some of the neighboring settlements in time to overtake them before they reached home. When all was silent, Timothy, who, though severely wounded in a dozen places, had, as he says, only been 'playing 'possum,' raised himself up and looked around him. The smoking ruins, mangled limbs, blood-stained snow and the whole scene, as he describes it with quaint pathos, is enough to make one's blood run cold. He managed to raise himself upright, and, by dint of incredible exertions to reach a neighbouring settlement, distant about forty miles, where he told his story and then was put to bed, where he lay for some weeks. In the meantime the people of the settlement had gone and buried the remains of his unfortunate family and neighbours. When Timothy got well he visited the spot, and while viewing the ruins of the houses, and pondering over the graves of all that were dear to him, solemnly devoted the remainder of his life to revenge. He accordingly buried himself in the woods, and built a cabin about twelve miles from hence, in a situation the most favourable to killing the 'critters,' as he calls the savages. From that time until now he has waged a perpetual war against them, and according to his own account, sacrificed almost a hecatomb to the *manes* of his wife and children. His intrepidity is wonderful, and his sagacity in the pursuit of this grand object of his life beyond all belief. I am half a savage myself, but I have heard this man

relate stories of his adventures and escapes which make me feel myself, in the language of the red skins, 'a woman' in comparison with this strange compound of cunning and simplicity. It is inconceivable with what avidity he will hunt an Indian; and the keenest sportsman does not feel a hundredth part of the delight in bringing down his game that Timothy does in witnessing the mortal pangs of one of the 'critters.' It is a horrible propensity: but to lose all in one night, and to wake the next morning and see nothing but the mangled remains of wife, children, all that man holds most close to his inmost heart, is no trifle. If ever man had motive for revenge, it is Timothy. Such as he is I employ him, and find his services highly useful. He is a compound of the two races, and combines all the qualities essential to the species of warfare in which we are now engaged. I have sent for him, and expect him here every moment."

As Sir William concluded Sybrandt heard a long dry sort of "H-e-e-m-m," ejaculated just outside of the door. "That's he," exclaimed Sir William; "I know the sound. It is his usual expression of satisfaction at the prospect of being employed against his old enemies the 'critters.' Come in, Timothy."

Timothy accordingly made his appearance, forgot his bow, and said nothing. Sybrandt eyed his associate with close attention. He was a tall, wind-dried man, with extremely sharp, angular features, and a complexion of course bronzed by the exposure to which he had been subjected for so many years. His scanty head of hair was of a sort of sunburnt color; his beard of a month's growth at least, and his eye of sprightly blue never rested a moment in its socket. It glanced from side to side, and up and down, and here and there, with indescribable rapidity, as though in search of some object of interest, or apprehensive of sudden danger. It was a perpetual silent alarum.

"Timothy," said Sir William, "I want to employ you to-night."

"H-e-e-m," answered Timothy.

"Are you at leisure to depart immediately?"

"What, right off?"

"Ay, in less than no time."

"I guess I am."

"Very well—that means you are certain."

"I'm always sartin of my mark."

"Have you your gun with you?"

"The critter is just outside the door."

"And plenty of ammunition?"

"Why, what under the sun should I do with a gun and no ammunition?"

"Can you paddle a canoe so that nobody can hear you?"

"Can't I? h-e-e-m-m!"

"And you are all ready?"

"I 'spect so. I knew you didn't want me for nothing, and so got everything to hand."

"Have you any thing to eat by the way?"

"No; if I only stay out two or three days I shan't want any thing."

"But you are to have a companion."

Timothy here manufactured a sort of linsey-woolsey grunt, betokening disapprobation.

"I'd rather go alone."

"But it is necessary you should have a companion; this young gentleman will go with you."

Timothy hereupon subjected Sybrandt to a rigid scrutiny of those busy eyes of his, that seemed to run over him as quick as lightning.

"I'd rather go by myself," said he again.

"That is out of the question, so say no more about it. Are you ready to go now—this minute?"

"Yes."

Sir William then explained the object of the expedition to Timothy much in the same manner he had previously done to Sybrandt.

"But mayn't I shoot one of these tarnal critters if he comes in my way?" said Timothy, in a tone of great interest.

"No; you are not to fire a gun, nor attempt any hostility whatever, unless it is neck or nothing with you."

"Well, that's what I call hard; but maybe it will please God to put our lives in danger—that's some comfort."

The knight now produced two Indian dresses, which he directed them to put on, somewhat against the inclinations of friend Timothy, who observed that if he happened to see his shadow in the water he should certainly mistake it for one of the tarnal critters, and shoot himself. Sir William then with his own hand painted the face of Sybrandt so as to resemble that of an Indian—an operation not at all necessary to Timothy; his toilet was already made; his complexion required no embellishment. This done, the night having now set in, Sir William, motioning silence, led the way cautiously to one of the gates of Ticonderoga, which was opened by the sentinel, and they proceeded swiftly and silently to the high bank which hung over the narrow strait in front of the fort. A little bark canoe lay moored at the foot, in which Sybrandt and Timothy placed themselves flat on the bottom, each with his musket and accoutrements at his side, and a paddle in his hand.

"Now," said Sir William, almost in a whisper,—"now, luck be with you, boys; remember, you are to return before daylight without fail."

"But, Sir William," said Timothy, coaxingly, "now, *mayn't* I take a pop at one of the tarnal critters, if I meet 'em?"

"I tell you, No!" replied the other; "unless you wish to be popped out of the world when you come back. Away with you, my boys."

Each seized his paddle; and the light feather of a boat darted away with the swiftness of a bubble in a whirlpool.

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(*To be continued*)

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WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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# NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN AT THE CONCORD FIGHT

WHEN I accepted an invitation to make an address on the subject of "The Men of New Hampshire in the Concord Fight," it was in the hope of finding out something about it. I was then in perfect darkness on this question,—"How could any man from New Hampshire take a part in a sunrise engagement twenty miles from your province border, when the Massachusetts men who fought there had to get up at three o'clock in the morning to do it?" For weeks I sought in vain the answer to this conundrum. The books throw no light on it; those chroniclers of the unknown and unknowable, the New York dailies, had nothing to invent about it; and I was all but ready to give up my engagement, as the British did theirs on that eventful day, and take refuge in Boston from the incensed antiquarians whom I had deceived with false hopes.

But we have in old Concord, near the scene of that running fight, an accomplished native antiquarian, Mr. George Tolman, who had long been studying our historical affair, and in my despair I appealed to him. It was a forlorn hope, but it was not disappointed. He placed in my hands the printed story of "The Remarkable Military Life of Major Thompson Maxwell," a New Hampshire warrior, born 160 years ago, and still living for aught that appears to the contrary in that document. But I have reason to think that he died and was buried near Detroit some time before he reached his hundredth year. The story, which is truly remarkable and very illustrative of New Hampshire qualities, was published in October, 1891, in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, that useful quarterly which we all revere, and upon whose high authority the celebrated and corrosive "higher criticism" has made no successful attack. It was written down some seventy years earlier by Benjamin Gleason of Charlestown, Mass., who had married a kinswoman of Major Maxwell, and it was dictated to him by the hero himself, then

—Read before the N. H. S. A. R.

on a visit from Michigan to his relatives near Boston, where he was himself born.

Thompson Maxwell, however, was but the youngest son of a stalwart family which had emigrated from Ireland (Tyrone county and Winterburn parish), in 1733, ten years, almost, before this lively lad was born. His father, Hugh Maxwell, born in 1699, married in Ireland a wife named Corbett, and their three oldest children (out of seven) were born in Ireland. The most distinguished of the sons was Colonel Hugh Maxwell, one of the founders of the town of Heath in northwestern Massachusetts, and a brave and useful officer all through the Revolutionary war. He was nine years older than his brother Thompson, and enlisted earlier (in 1754) in the French and Indian war which preceded our Revolution, and trained many of our soldiers to military life. Hugh Maxwell served through five campaigns in the Lake George region and in Canada, and was one of those entrapped and surrendered at Fort William Henry in 1756; but he escaped and was promoted to be ensign before the surrender of Quebec. At the age of fifteen his brother Thompson (born in his mother's fiftieth year) ran away from his home in Bedford, near Concord, where he was born September 22, 1742, and enlisted in a company of "Provisional Rangers," commanded by Captain Nehemiah Lovell of Dunstable, the border town of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, which is now Nashua on your side on the line. It is hinted by the descendants of the elder children of the Maxwells that Thompson was a ne'er-do-well and could not be kept under family discipline very well, hence his early military experiences. Be that as it may, you will see that he was an effective soldier, and in every war that his country had from his fifteenth year to his seventy-fifth. The Rangers whom he joined were an unattached company of those extraordinary Rangers of Rogers and Stark, whose prowess makes a proud chapter in the history of that dragging war. In all, these rangers numbered some 700, and distinguished themselves greatly by their fights against both French and Indians. Recalling the deeds of his youth, more than sixty years after, Thompson Maxwell said:

"Active and patriotic, our march under Capt. Lovell was to Pennycook, now Concord,—thence to Pigwacket Pond in Fryeburg, Maine. Thence we scoured the woods for Indians to the Connecticut River near White River, Vt. From there we reconnoitered down river to Number Four, now Charlestown, N. H., which was burned by Indians three days

before we got there. Thence southward to Hinsdale; then northward to Brattleboro, and to Black River, one day's march above No. 4; then to White River, Connecticut River, and back to Number Four again. Twenty or twenty-five of us finally returned, via Walpole, Keene, and Swanzey, to Winchendon, Fitchburg, Groton, etc., and so home."

In copying this record I have inserted a few connecting links in the rapid narrative of our octogenarian, who may have been drawn aside a little from the accepted course of history by the fervor of his patriotism or the activity of his vivid memory. Not yet sixteen when discharged from this first expedition, Maxwell soon thirsted for war again, and in April, 1758, he enlisted once more in Captain Lovell's company, which now seems to have joined the Rangers of the celebrated Robert Rogers. They rendezvoused at what Maxwell calls "Fort Edward," which I suppose to have been in the Connecticut valley near Deerfield. And now I follow Maxwell's narrative again verbatim:

"Thence to Deerfield; up Deerfield river to Rice's fort in Charlemont; over the mountains to Adams and Williamstown, to Fort Hawkes. Maj. Hawkes and his whole party prisoners. Get provisions: up the Hoosac river to within 10 miles of Bennington; cross to Troy, to Half-Moon fort (now Waterford) on Mohawk river. To Fort Edward again,—Gen. Abercrombie in command (strict and severe) with 4,000 British, 3,000 provincials and 700 rangers, besides Fraser's Scotch regiments with their kilts, plaids, etc. We reconnoiter from Fort Edward to Fort George, and east of Lake George to the bluffs, 15 miles; when the Indians attack, the first day in a body, second day scatteringly, and the third day are dispersed. We then arrive at Fort Anne. While Maj. Rogers' party are shooting at a mark, after breakfast, Maj. (Israel) Putnam with his battalion moves for Fort Edward. At two miles advance we are ambushed, and fight hard for six hours from 10 till 4 o'clock. The brave Maj. Putnam (was) made prisoner, suffering greatly after his capture; 58 men were killed, 84 wounded in the conflict. The firing is heard at Fort Edward. In the evening recruits came with carts to bear off the dead, and the wounded are borne on the back or biers to the fort. We remained ten days at Fort Edward, and the army then moves to Fort George.

In August we crossed Lake George to Sabbath Day Point; Sunday had an action; the boats returned to Fort George, the army advance to Ticonderoga. Lord Howe and Gen. Abercrombie order a reconnoiter

along the Indian trails. A sergeant, a corporal, and three or four men of our scouting party, arranged six or eight rods apart, directed by occasional whistling, move cautiously through the woods; but the Indians waylay watchfully, and, unseen, fire upon us, killing the corporal and file leader; and we are obliged to retreat. Hurrying over a hill I am met abruptly by two Indians, who give chase for a mile; when, at a breathing pause, with deliberate aim, I kill one and leave the other logged. Then, meeting the sergeant, he swims the outlet with me holding on by his shoulders, and we arrive safely at the fort. September the attack: Ticonderoga stormed; loss 1500. October at Fort Edward, December, home."

Thus concisely does the young warrior describe the disastrous events which in Parkman's history occupy many pages; the adventures of Putnam, Rogers, and Stark; the rash attack on Montcalm at Ticonderoga and the victory of the French. The next year, 1759, he is off again,—this time under Capt. Samuel Brewer of Waltham, enlisted for eight months, and again ordered to Fort Edward. In June he writes: "In an action at Rogers' Rock, 400 feet high, west of Lake George, we lose 30 men; retreat to Fort George, and have a hard fight at landing." (This, I think, was one of Stark's engagements.) "To Ticonderoga, and thence to Crown Point: find both evacuated. December to St. Francis, Rogers commanding; lose all our blankets, etc. Massacre and burning; surprisals frequent by the enemy. Seventy of us under Gen. Stark, to Number Four; realize great suffering. Thirty-seven die; the rest surviving various hardships, get safely home at last."

Here ended the second campaign. But still unsatisfied with war, in 1760, after Wolfe's capture of Quebec, Maxwell enlisted again, this time under Captain Barnes of Chelmsford. The men marched to Chambly, St. John, Montreal, and after wintering in Canada went on to Detroit and to Mackinaw, occupying 1761 and 1762 in garrison duty in the new possessions of England. In the spring of 1763 Maxwell was at the point where Chicago now stands, and in the summer he was near Detroit during the conspiracy of Pontiac, which he briefly describes. This was his longest campaign as a youth; but he soon engaged in a longer one, that of matrimony. Returning to Massachusetts late in 1763 he married Sibyl Wyman, "being then 22 years old and she 27; we lived together 38½ years." And now Maxwell began to be a New Hampshire man. He moved to Milford, N. H., in 1764, then to Amherst and continued farming, teaming, etc., in New Hampshire, with frequent trips to Boston,

until the Revolution began in 1775. But do not imagine that his residence in Hillsborough county kept him away from the scene of activity in Boston, for in the early winter of 1773-'74 he was concerned in a famous affair, which he thus records:

"1773, December 16, was in Boston, when the tea was thrown overboard. Seventy-three spirited citizen volunteers, in the costume of Indians, in defiance of royal authority, accomplished the daring exploit. John Hancock was then a merchant. My team was loaded at his store for Amherst, N. H., and put up, to meet in consultation at his house at 2 p. m. The business was soon planned and executed. The patriots triumphed."

Without claiming to have been one of the seventy-three spirited citizens, Maxwell leaves us to infer that he was "thar or tharabout" as the backwoods preacher said of Abraham when the Ark was building. And now we come to the immediate subject of my story, the fight at Concord, all which Maxwell saw, and a part of which he was. The account goes on:

"1775, April 18. Happened at Boston with my team, and that evening to Bedford, at Capt. Wilson's (my brother-in-law) and concluded to stay. The team was sent home to Amherst, N. H. Messrs. Hancock and Sam Adams at Lexington. Lieut. Col. Smith and Maj. Pitcairn, with 900 British regulars, met the alarmed colonists at Lexington, 19th, and then to Concord, destroying stores, arms, etc. At the bridge opposed by Capts. Davis, Buttrick, Wilson, etc., with about 500 men. The British retreat, and are met by Lord Percy's recruit of 400 or 500 British, with two field pieces, at Lexington; the Americans following them to Charlestown. This day Capt. Wilson killed. The report of Americans killed, 50, and wounded, 70; of the British, 65 killed, 180 wounded, 25 prisoners; probably a much larger number. Our company from Amherst arrive under Capt. Crosby. My rank is lieutenant. Soon 2,000 troops are assembled at Cambridge, Gen. Ward commanding.

It must not be supposed that the Amherst company, in which Thompson Maxwell was ensign or second lieutenant, got to Concord in time to help drive the redcoats back to Boston; their arrival was a few days later, and it is probable that New Hampshire's one known soldier in the Concord fight went back to Amherst before the Bunker Hill fight occurred, two months later. But by the time his older brother, Hugh Maxwell,

who had settled in what is now the town of Heath, on the Vermont border, in Western Massachusetts, had come down from his hill-farm with a company of Hampshire county soldiers, of which he was made captain, three weeks before Bunker Hill, he found the Amherst lieutenant there, in Colonel Reed's regiment, Hugh Maxwell himself being in Colonel Prescott's regiment, and detailed the night before the battle to aid in fortifying the hill. Thompson's account of the battle is brief; he had seen so many battles before he told his story in 1821 that he had not a great deal of space for each one. He says:

"June 16, 1775. Col. Reed's regiment was stationed at Charlestown Neck, Prescott and others on Bunker Hill. In the evening I walk on the Hill with Captain Reed. My brother, Captain, afterwards Colonel Hugh Maxwell, an engineer, and about 1,000 men were at work there. I drive some stakes. June 17, I engage in the action, and then retreat to Winter Hill, General Sullivan of New Hampshire there commanding."

Hugh Maxwell had a more prominent share in the fight. One of his company, Aaron Barr of Rowe, near Heath, was the first man wounded in the action, and was carried back to Cambridge. His captain remained in the redoubt which he had helped build until the British grenadiers came swarming over the low mound. One of them aimed at Hugh Maxwell and wounded him in the shoulder, making his right arm powerless. Prescott then ordered a retreat, which General Stark covered with his New Hampshire marksmen, and Captain Maxwell picked up his coat with his left hand,—he had thrown it off in the heat of action,—and fell back with his men to the Neck and to Cambridge, where his wound was dressed. It proved serious, and it was not till September that he was able to join his family in Heath and provide for them in the coming winter, while he returned to the army besieging Boston. Meanwhile General Washington had reached Boston and taken command, and Thompson Maxwell thus proceeds with his account:

"July 3, 1775, Gen. Washington arrived at Cambridge. The last of August I went with a select number of volunteers to Hog Island, and brought off cattle, sheep, horses, etc. Soon after, a British sloop of war got aground in Mystic River, having 12 guns and a guard of 16 men. A small part of us made an attack on them; ten of the 16 escaped in the boat, but we took the other six prisoners and burned the vessel. Gen. Putnam was now commanding at Winter Hill, with about 5,000 men."

It was about this time that Elkanah Watson of Plymouth, whose schoolmaster had been Alexander Scammell, a New Hampshire officer of distinction afterwards, visited Washington's army from Providence, escorting a ton and a half of powder which his employer, John Brown, the rich merchant, had just imported. He found Washington "in the act of admonishing a militia colonel with some animation," and was sent with his welcome supply to store it at Mystic, two miles northward. He adds these details, which are characteristic of the early months of the war:

"Whilst delivering my load at the powder-house, I observed to the young officer who escorted me, 'Sir, I am happy to see so many barrels of powder here already,' He whispered a secret in my ear, with an indiscretion that marked the novice in military affairs: 'These barrels are filled with sand to deceive the enemy, should any spy by chance look in.' While passing through the camp I overheard a dialogue between a captain and one of his privates which forcibly illustrated the character and condition of this army: 'Bill' said the captain, 'go and bring a pail of water for the mess.' 'I shan't; it is your turn now, Cap'n, I got the last one.'"

The siege went on to success, and Thompson Maxwell and his brother went to join the army in New York and along the Hudson. This is briefly stated thus:

"March 17, 1776. Boston is evacuated by the British. The 20th we march to Boston, the 22nd to Mendon, and the 24th to Providence; and so on to New Haven, and in vessels to New York. April 11th we arrive there; our number 4,000 troops. April 18, with Gen. Sullivan's brigade of these 4,000 men, I leave New York City for Albany."

These dates are no doubt exact, and show the ordinary rate of travel for our New Hampshire soldiers when brigaded. Twenty days were occupied in marching and sailing to New York from captured Boston. In the muster for the siege of Boston, the year before, after the general alarming of the country by the invasion of Lexington and Concord, the movements of individual soldiers were, of course, more rapid; but I hardly think any man from New Hampshire took part in the chase of the redcoats from Concord to Charlestown, April 19, 1775, unless, like Thompson Maxwell, he had a brother-in-law near the scene of action, and was spending the night there. Very likely there were other New Hampshire teamsters from Rockingham, Strafford, or Cheshire counties,

who had settled in what is now the town of Heath, on the Vermont border, in Western Massachusetts, had come down from his hill-farm with a company of Hampshire county soldiers, of which he was made captain, three weeks before Bunker Hill, he found the Amherst lieutenant there, in Colonel Reed's regiment, Hugh Maxwell himself being in Colonel Prescott's regiment, and detailed the night before the battle to aid in fortifying the hill. Thompson's account of the battle is brief; he had seen so many battles before he told his story in 1821 that he had not a great deal of space for each one. He says:

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who happened also to be near Boston that April day, and who took a hand in the encounter, but if any such there were, I have not learned their names. Could the place of invasion have been known even twenty-four hours before hand, no doubt a thousand New Hampshire marksmen would have been there, or on the road when our "embattled farmers" "fired the shot heard round the world."

They have ever been quick to resist invasion and slow to invade the rights of others. This is Flag Day, your announcement tells me, the anniversary, that is, of the first display of the flag of the United States. I could wish it were the anniversary of that running up of the old state flag of New Hampshire, for which provision was made by our legislature in June, 1786, when a committee of the general court, sitting here at Concord, and having for its function "to devise Standards" reported thus:

"That the field of the New Hampshire Flag be a dark purple on a white ground, an oval shield in the middle, encircled with laurel, within which is to be the following device, viz.: A man armed at all points in a posture of defence, his hand on his sword, the sword half drawn; the motto, Freedom, not Conquest: thirteen silver stars dispersed over the field of the Standard, and properly arranged so as to encircle the device and motto."

How this looked, or would have looked, artistically, if ever wrought in silk and silver, I cannot say, for it was soon superseded by the flag of the Union under the constitution of Washington, Franklin, and Madison, adopted in 1787. The "man armed at all points" no longer carries a sword either drawn or half-drawn "in a posture of defence"; he uses, as the brave Boers did so effectively, in their long resistance to British conquest, the long-range rifle, which has put even the bayonet out of countenance. But that noble motto—"Freedom, not Conquest,"—I could wish had been engraved among the increasing stars of our national standard, to check that lust of invasion taken at second-hand from European empires, which cannot be indulged in a free republic, however powerful, without endangering the whole fabric of democracy. I am addressing you to-day in commemoration of one of those shining points in the world's history, the running fight from Concord to Boston, which takes rank with Marathon and Salamis in illustration of this happy device and motto of our old state flag. They were victories over conquest, by freedom, defeats of invasion by sturdy defenders of their own homes,

who were free-men armed at all points against the hosts of despotism. Though restricted to a single point, my subject admits a more ample treatment.

I have been able to find only this one hero from New Hampshire who assisted the men of Massachusetts at Lexington and Concord; but I must ask you to notice that he was so early and so often in the field of war that he has the effect of a whole platoon, if not of an entire regiment. Think of a warrior who fought under Stark, Putnam, and Lord Howe in 1758; who helped suppress Pontiac's Indian conspiracy in 1763, was in the Boston Tea-Party of 1773, and who saw his kinsman shot down by his side in April, 1775. These were ancient wars; but I know a lady of Plymouth who has heard Priscilla Cotton, the sister of Elkanah Watson whom I just cited, tell how she saw Indians rush down School street to cast the tea overboard, and recite the stirring verses describing the affair at the time:

As near beauteous Boston lying
  On a gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pennant flying,
  Three ill-fated tea-ships rode,
Just as glorious Sol was setting,
  On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,
  Suddenly appeared in view.

O'er their heads in lofty mid-sky
  Three bright angels there were seen;
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
  And fair Liberty between.
Quick as thought, without delay,
  Axes, hammers were displayed;
Spades and shovels in array;
  What a glorious crash they made!

But our hero went on to aid Prescott in fortifying his hill, and Stark in destroying his foemen on the 17th of June; he was foremost with Sullivan in the surprise of Trenton that dismal December night, and he assisted at the capture of Princeton and the defeat of Burgoyne. Then he left New Hampshire for the new settlements in the Deerfield valley, rep-

resented Buckland in the constitutional convention of 1788, after taking the field along with his brother, the colonel, to put down Shays' insurrection; and, when the hills became to thick with farms and houses, migrated to Ohio and became a pioneer in that great state. There he served under General Harrison at Tippecanoe, and might perhaps have put in a claim that he, and not Colonel Johnson, killed Tecumseh. The war with England came on a year later, and Thompson Maxwell joined the army of Cass and Hull at Detroit, only to be surrendered in that unlucky expedition. Republics are proverbially ungrateful, and he was mobbed in Ohio by fellow-citizens whose rights he had defended before they were born, because he was unfortunate enough to be included in Hull's surrender. When exchanged as a prisoner he joined the northern army again, and, falling in with a more fortunate commander, our Peterborough hero Colonel Miller, Maxwell fought more successfully in Canada, but was wounded and again taken prisoner when seventy-two years old; and the peace of Ghent found him in confinement at Quebec. Being released he returned to the military service, which he finally left at the age of seventy-five, receiving a captain's pension with the rank of major. If any of the Revolutionary pensioners had a more extended record I have not heard of them.

Meeting the other day in Ohio with the Historical Society of that state, I sought to find the record of Thompson Maxwell there; but his memory had not come down to the present generation. So much the more need that we should perpetuate it, along with that of his brother Hugh, whose grave-monument I have read on the green hills of Heath. He, too, was one of the "embattled farmers," though he did not fight at Concord. While I am on this subject, I may as well correct an error in date for the singing of Emerson's hymn at the battle-ground by the Bridge, which the poet himself never corrected, and which appears in every edition of his poem that I have seen. It stands printed therein, "Sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836," but it was not really sung there until July 4, 1837, and for the sufficient reason that the monument was not completed until early in 1837, though it had been intended to dedicate it at the date given by Emerson, and doubtless the verses were written before April 19, 1836. I ascertained this curious fact by searching through the local newspaper, the *Yeoman's Gazette,* of April, 1836, and the following year, to find an account of the celebration, and the earliest printing of the poem. I was unable to find it until the first week in July, 1837, when a brief account of the dedi-

cation was printed, with a copy of the hymn. I had learned long before that the Concord choir sang it to the tune of "Old Hundred," and that Thoreau was one of the singers, he being then a senior in his college vacation, unless he was a junior passing his examinations in Italian and Spanish. The poem itself has become almost as memorable as the battle, and, though familiar, I may well recite it here. No New Hampshire man could have written it in 1836 or earlier; but that great orator from our state, Daniel Webster, could have given its equal in his stately prose.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
  And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
  Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
  Down the dark stream that seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
  We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
  When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit! that made those heroes dare
  To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
  The shaft we raise to them and thee.

This simple and imperishable tribute, which will outlast the shaft and defy time, because it conforms to nature, is known to all. But there is another poem of Emerson's, less known, which deals no less grandly with the conflict of which you honor the memory to-day. It was written years afterward in remembrance of his eloquent brother, Edward Emerson, the friend and disciple of Webster, who died in Porto Rico before the Concord monument had been erected, but who had taken part in the early celebration of 1825, when Lafayette was visiting America, and who afterward was the guest of Lafayette at his French chateau of La Grange. Speaking of the fight at the bridge, Emerson wrote:

I mourn upon this battle-field,
But not for those who perished here:
Behold the river bank
Whither the angry farmers came,
In sloven dress and broken rank,
Nor thought of fame.
Their deed of blood all mankind praise;
Even the serene Reason says
It was well done.
The wise and simple have one glance
To greet yon stern headstone,
Which more of pride than pity gave
To mark the Briton's friendless grave.

* * * * * * *

Ah, brother of the brief but blazing star!
What hast thou to do with these,
Haunting this bank's historic trees?
Thou born for noblest life, for action's field,
for victor's car,—
Thou living champion of the right!
To these their penalty belonged;
I grudge not these their bed of death,—
But thine to thee, who never wronged
The poorest that drew breath.

* * * * * * *

What matters how, or from what ground
The freed soul its Creator found?
Alike thy memory embalms
That orange grove, that isle of palms,
And these loved banks, whose oak-boughs bold
Root in the blood of heroes old.

Here is asserted the imperishable truth upon which the honor of the slain soldier is founded; he must have been a living champion of the right; if he was not, we must say of him and his comrades,

To these their penalty belonged,
I grudge not these their bed of death.

It is not given to every man to say that

He never wronged
The poorest that drew breath.

But it is allowed to all of us to put ourselves on the side of the poor, the weak, the oppressed, and the invaded; and he who fights and dies for their cause is the man whose memory is honored so long as his name is remembered. The men of New Hamphsire who rushed to repel the British invader, whether at Concord, at Bunker Hill, at Bennington, or at New Orleans, had this good cause for their justification; and though we may not learn all their names, we give them all, the known and the unknown, the praise that righteous valor deserves. Unhappy indeed is the soldier who goes, willing or unwilling, to fight against the defender of his home and his country, who exacts the penalty of death for what he knows to be in itself a virtue. Such was the misfortune of the Englishmen who fell at Lexington and Concord, and in the dreadful slaughter wrought by Stark at Bunker Hill; such must be the misfortune of all who take the sword or perish by the sword in any but a righteous cause.

F. B. SANBORN.

CONCORD, MASS.

# THE ANTI-RENT WAR OF DUTCHESS COUNTY, N. Y.

WHILE the "Anti-rent War" of 1840-45 in New York is a matter of history, the fact that a similar though only local outbreak occurred in 1766, is hardly known outside of Dutchess County. It arose from the same cause—the feudal tenure of vast tracts of land in the hands of a few wealthy proprietors who would rent, but not sell; and the seed sown by William Prendergast was destined to bear fruit three-quarters of a century later.

We believe this is the first time the story has been told in detail.

Twenty-five years ago, before the older Quakers on Quaker Hill * had so largely passed away, a lad trained in the traditions of Indian wars and revolutionary days from a New England ancestry, found himself on Quaker Hill. The quiet annals of the Quakers did not appeal to him, but the revolutionary memories of the Hill did. Before long his Puritan scent for combat had taken up the trail of the Prendergast revolt. Here was a little war of which he had never before heard. He felt all the joy of a discoverer; and he began trying to trace the tradition, but with little success. Finally he was referred to one of the beautiful older Quaker women then on the Hill.

"I do not know the story well," she replied to his inquiries, "and I do not think thee will find many who do. The Prendergast family moved west long ago, and thee knows Friends are not fond of keeping memory of wars and fightings, so I fear that not much tradition is left about it. There is a little printed, but thee will not find the full story anywhere. And thee will find almost as little in the minds of the people about here. I know, because I have always been attracted by that story of Mehitable Wing. When only a girl I got some inkling of it, and began to inquire about the story. It fascinated me. But very soon my father noticed that I was asking about it. I still remember his rebuke. 'Daughter,' he said, 'if thee wants to inquire into the past thee can find something more profitable than wars and rumors of wars.' So after that I was less urgent in my inquiries; perhaps because of what my father said; but perhaps partly because I found that inquiries were of little avail. But the figure of Mehitable Wing still continued to haunt my fancy, and

* Near Pawling, Dutchess County, N. Y.

has all these years. The Friends don't like to acknowledge it, but often we have a good deal of fighting blood in us after all. I suppose it is what the world's people call heredity, and it is the same thing our people call the Old Adam. Does thee remember the Quaker in *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* who helped George and Eliza to escape, who was so anxious that the fugitives should have their pistols in good condition, and who prayed that he himself might not be tempted to shoot, but if he was tempted too much—why let them look out? That is the fighting blood of the Quaker, and I think thee will admit that just a little of it is a good thing. Anyway, I have always thought so; and I could never make it seem wrong to rejoice in the memory of Mehitable Wing. Once when I was a girl, I had occasion to pass the house where it is said she lived at the time of the battle. I was riding alone. It was just after dusk, and I slipped off the horse and sat down on the bank and stayed there as long as I dared. I went over it all in my mind—how she must have felt in those days when William was preparing for the conflict and then how the day of the battle must have been a day of strain. I think I know how she felt. She must have been in favor of his going on with his plans of resistance. No man, even if he did have such a long name as Prendergast, could have done what he did under the disapproval of a wife like Mehitable. People need not think that Quaker women are meek little things. No, indeed! Especially not when we are built like Mehitable. I am afraid that was why I liked her. Thee knows that they say William was Irish. I have always thought that the persistence of Quaker passive resistance and the fire of the Irish temperament would make a very explosive compound, There is no doubt in my mind that William took his musket with at least the quiet encouragement of his wife. But, all the same, those days between the plan to resist and the capture of William must have been very sad days. Thee knows that women stay behind and do a great deal of quiet thinking while men go out and blunder around without always having thought very much anyway. Many a time Mehitable must have had misgivings about the way things would turn out. Thee knows how to this day, good republicans though we all are, there is a sort of solemnity about the phrase, 'The King's troops.' It must have been still more so then. And I can't but think that the words of the Master, 'Resist not evil' with all the emphasis that had so often been laid on them at the meeting-house, must have often and often come to her mind in those lonely days. Not that they were idle days—there were the cows and the horses to take care of, and all the farm work as well as the house work to attend to.

And after that was done, she went to spinning with more vigor than ever. Such a women as that could not be idle. Besides, *if*—that great *if*. I don't think she ever finished the sentence, only she spun faster, for it might be she would soon stand in sore need of money from all the yarn she could sell. Then—hark—there was a hoof-beat. Was it news? And out she went, bareheaded, to stand at the roadside and question the passer-by. Had he heard anything of the company? One man had seen them. 'And they looked fine, too,' he added. 'They was a marchin' north, and they all had good horses and guns. There was about fifty of 'em a-goin' along a-singin', and there is more to jine. There ain't no British troops will stand afore them fellers.' But the messengers were not always so enthusiastic. One said that ten men from up north had sneaked out and gone home again. Another reported that the big 'renters,' upon whom they had relied, would have nothing to do with them. That was a heavy blow, and it was a very sad heart that Mehitable took back to her spinning. From that time on she had a presentiment of evil. And so she gathered up the reports, one after the other, and wove their conflicting statements together as best she could. It did not seem to her to be going right. By and by, when she went out at the sound of still another hoof-beat, she found it was an old neighbor from Quaker Hill. And when she asked him, he only looked solemnly at her and said sternly, 'Mehitable, thee is beginning to see the fruits of thy sowing when thee married out of meeting. Only beginning to see, Mehitable. Those that take the sword shall perish by the sword,' and he went on. Mehitable fled back into the house, and burst into a passion of tears. The old Quaker had echoed the voice of her own conscience. She felt as though God and man had both forsaken her. But soon she dried her tears, though her heart was not the less heavy. Here was all the work to do, and other messengers might ride past at any time. Soon she began to hear reports of the British troops. One boy, riding rapidly, with big eyes and excited manner, said that the troops and William's band were already fighting. He had heard the reports of guns off to the west of him.

"Oh, I thought it all out as I sat there on the bank. Girl-fashion, I was completely carried away with it. I had brought it, in my fancy, to William's capture, and was living through it so thoroughly that it was a relief to my emotions when my horse moved and called me back to myself.

"Well, that evening only made my fancy stronger. Thee knows that we Quaker young people did not have fiction as young people do

now. We had to make our own fiction. I was quite grown up before I ceased to always have a story in my mind. I called it my story, and I carried it along in my head day after day, or, more properly, night after night. I used to think myself to sleep about it. Sometimes a story lasted me for months, and then I would lay it aside for another. I suppose that is what people called day-dreaming. The story of Mehitable always came back to me, when others failed, like the continued stories in the monthly magazines now. And especially that trip she made to New York to see the Governor. I used to lie awake at night and go over that trip with her again and again. I could fairly hear the footfalls of her horse upon the road. I think I have been over every inch of the ground with her, from the time she shut the door of the house till she got back with the Governor's reprieve in her pocket. Sometimes the weather would be pleasant when I went with her, fine fall days, with the colored maple leaves dropping on her as she rode under the trees. Sometimes it was stormy and the rain beat her in the face. Then—it is funny how a comic element will intrude itself into the midst of the most serious things—then I always had a vivid sense of her anxiety not to get those clothes she had borrowed from her sister all spotted with mud. I used to find myself actually tired out trying to get that borrowed dress all tucked up out of the wet. Some corner of it always would get blown out and spattered with mud. Sometimes I would really cry with vexation. If Mehitable had only thought far enough to wear her big kitchen apron over her dress, it would have been all right. But I was sure she didn't! I knew she didn't, and that best dress of her sister's would get all wet and muddy. And then the straits she went through before she could get to see the Governor! I fancied all sorts of ways of getting her into his presence. Sometimes she rode up to his residence and the dignity of her bearing overcame the soldiers—I always placed a guard of soldiers at the gate—and she was ushered straight into his presence. But the next time I went over it, like enough it would be totally different. I think I had some sense of humor as a girl, and if I brought her to the Governor's door in a storm, all bedraggled and wet, and then tried to take her into his presence with a great deal of dignity, it would seem so incongruous that I would just laugh out loud. And yet I never could make Mehitable go down on her knees and cry and 'take on' just like a common woman. She wouldn't do it for me. If she had, I could have aroused the Governor's pity for a poor, miserable woman; but she wouldn't. I just knew that Mehitable Wing never got down on her knees to any human being. And when she landed at the Governor's in a storm, the trouble I had to

get her into his presence properly used to keep me awake nights. I never wrote a story. I never dreamed of doing such a thing; but I think I know all about the troubles of a story-writer, and how he has to work to make things fit in.

"But after the reprieve had once been won, the next was easy. It was a very jubilant woman that came back up the roads, hurrying her horse in the joy of her journey. It was always pleasant weather then, and hour after hour she rode through the glorious autumn fields and forests. Now and then she would break into speech. 'Praise ye the Lord' she said, 'Praise him in the highest.' Thee knows we Quakers have no music, but I think Mehitable's horse-hoofs made as good music on the road as any one could ever wish to hear.

"But when she had herself taken the reprieve to Poughkeepsie, and had seen William and got back home again, then she took up the burden that she had been putting off all this time. The reprieve was not sufficient, it was only the first step. It only held the execution till a petition had been laid before the King. The Governor had been very explicit in urging that no delay should be made in sending the petition. 'The King objects to feeding dead men,' he had said. And so there was the petition to be made. She had scarcely left her husband's presence before she began to frame it in her mind. Some women might have gone to a lawyer, but I know Mehitable Wing did not. This was her own matter, and she would carry it through herself. She would get the best penman of the county to engross the petition, but she would first write it with her own pen.

"The first night at home, after she had herself seen that the cattle and the pigs and the poultry had not suffered while she was gone, and after the candles were lit, she got her goose quills, made a new pen, and sat down to write. Now writing, thee knows, was not so common a practice in those days, and not to be undertaken without serious thought. People sat down to pen and paper almost as reverently as they sat in the meeting-house. She unfolded the big sheet of paper she had brought from New York, dipped her goose-quill into the ink, and began with firm strokes, 'Fredericksburg.' Then the date. Then the formula of opening, which she copied from provincial petitions that she had seen:

"'To his Majesty, the King:'
"'Your humble petitioner showeth,'

"The next few words were easy: 'that her husband, your Majesty's

most loyal subject, William Prendergast,' and then she came to a pause. How could she tell the whole story on paper? How could she put in proper form that her William and the other farmers had been unjustly treated; that anyway it was not William that had been really to blame, but that scamp who had absconded and who ought to be in William's place to-day? If she could only go to the King and talk it out! Her tongue had never failed her yet, and she didn't believe it would before the King himself. But to write it for the King to sit down and read—for it never occurred to her but that the King would himself read it—that was another matter.

"The trouble I had with that petition! I never got it written. Night after night Mehitable came back to it, and she and I struggled along somehow, but we never got through; which shows that I wasn't any help to her, for thee knows that she *did* write the petition, and all the neighbors signed it, and the great men of the county too, and it went across the water to the King, and the answer came back—'Of his gracious mercy, his Majesty, the King, pardoneth William Prendergast, yeoman.'

"Well, I am afraid thee won't be interested in an old woman's fancies. It has been years since I have thought very much of Mehitable. But really, I don't know that there is any more interesting story in this whole region than hers. I wish some of the great writers would put it into a form that is worthy of it. When thee gets older, my boy, thee must write it out."

When, twenty-five years later, the boy did write it out, he could find no more fitting form in which to tell it than the beautiful old Quaker lady's tale of the day dreams of her girlhood.

IRVING F. WOOD.

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NOTE.—The disappointment of his failure, and the stigma of a sentence to death seem to have weighed on William Prendergast; and he, with all his family, emigrated westward; traveling with thirty horses and seventeen vehicles, first northward, then southward, and finally, after visiting several States, to their permanent residence on the shore of Chautauqua Lake. There and in nearby towns their descendants have been of great influence. James, son of William, was the founder of Jamestown, N. Y., and the Prendergast Library commemorates his branch of the family, now represented by no living member. (William Prendergast was born in Waterford, Ireland, 1727; married Mehitable Wing, of Beekman, N. Y.; settled in Chautauqua, where he died, 1811.—*Centennial History of Chautauqua County*, 1904.)

## KENTUCKY COUNTY NAMES

KENTUCKY was organized as a county of Virginia in the autumn of 1776, the year following the first permanent settlement within her borders. The two leading settlements, Boonesborough and Harrodsburg, founded about the same time (1775), were, in a measure, representative of two rival and antagonistic forces; the North Carolina, or Transylvania, and the Virginia faction each eager to dominate in this new tramontary world.

We cannot here enter upon the romantic story of Richard Henderson and his North Carolina company, and their efforts to establish the new and independent colony of "Transylvania" west of the Alleghanies; that story is part of that border-land dream of an independent nation west of the mountains, which flitted through so many daring heads in those early days, and took definite form in such political creations as Azalia, Transylvania, and Aaron Burr's wild phantasm of a Mississippi empire with its capital at New Orleans, his accomplished daughter Theodosia as its queen, and himself as its regent.

Boonesborough was the center of the Transylvania, or Henderson, faction; and Harrodsburg of the Virginia settlers. With the erection of "Kentucky" County in 1776, Harrodsburg became the county site; and the death blow was dealt to Henderson's Transylvania dream. Harrodsburg began to assume political importance in the Colony, while Boonesborough never rose from its rank as a mere village and a fort for repelling hostile savages.

In 1780 Kentucky County disappeared from the map, having been divided in that year into the three counties: Jefferson, Fayette and Lincoln, named in honor of Revolutionary heroes, whose respective stories need not be told.

Nelson, Kentucky's fourth county, was created by the Virginia legislature in 1784, and named in honor of Thomas Nelson, a former governor of Virginia, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

1785 witnessed the formation of three new counties: Bourbon,

named for the reigning dynasty of France; Mercer, in memoriam to the patriot general who fell at Princeton, and Madison, named for the future President, but who was then prominent in the councils of the new and struggling nation.

Mason and Woodford counties were formed in 1788, and named, the former in honor of George Mason, the distinguished Virginia statesman, the compeer of Jefferson and Henry; the latter in memory of Gen. William Woodford, of the Revolutionary Army, who was wounded at the battle of Brandywine; was captured at Charleston in 1780, and died in prison.

1792, the year of Kentucky's admission to the Union, saw also seven new counties carved out of her territory. Of these seven additions to the family of counties, five were christened with the names of great actors in the Revolutionary drama, George Washington, Charles Scott, Isaac Shelby, George Rogers Clark, and Nathaniel Greene, whose histories need not be rcounted to students of American annals. The other two, Cols. Benjamin Logan and John Hardin, were not less well known to the pioneer records of the "Dark and Bloody Ground." Benjamin Logan, a farmer on the Holston, had been captivated by the stories of the rich cane lands. He migrated to the new Canaan, built a fort near the site of the present town of Stanford, and was thenceforward a leading figure in the State's military and political history. Colonel John Hardin was one of the best specimens of the border clansmen that even Kentucky has ever produced. It is said that he was in every expedition save one made by the pioneers against the hostiles, and he was accounted the most skillful of hunters in a land where all were hunters. He was at last murdered by the Ohio Indians to whom he had been sent on a mission of peace.

The seven counties just named were the first created by a Kentucky legislature. The nine older counties were all the legislative offspring of the "Old Dominion." We are surprised that the "Mother of Presidents" had not attached the name of her greatest son—the Father of his country—to one of the new counties of this paradise of the West. She had bestowed on these the names of men much less known, none of whom had ever dwelt in the new commonwealth or had been identified with her interests. We may justly suspect the existence of some feeling of jealousy in his native State toward the greatest of all her sons. It remained for the new commonwealth to repair the slight thus put upon

[illegible] its name to the first county formed by her [illegible]

[illegible] County, was formed in 1793, and named [illegible] Jefferson, a citizen of Bourbon County, and the [illegible] who had yet been honored with county name-[illegible]

[illegible] was lengthened by the addition of two new [illegible] Campbell. The former was of course called [illegible] great statesman-philosopher; the latter was named [illegible] Campbell—a somewhat prominent citizen of Jefferson [illegible]

[illegible] Montgomery, Bracken, Warren, Garrard were [illegible] in the legislature of 1796. Two of these, Mont- [illegible] were called for the two distinguished Revolutionary [illegible] Montgomery and Joseph Warren, both of them early [illegible] Liberty. Hon. James Garrard, at that time [illegible] of the State, was honored in the naming of one of the [illegible] was bestowed upon Alexander Scott Bullitt, [illegible] of the Kentucky Senate, and later the first [illegible] Bracken County received its name from two creeks [illegible] Bracken—which water the county, and these in turn [illegible] pioneer, William Bracken, an early settler in [illegible] by the Indians. A like death befell (1786) [illegible] for whom Christian County was called. He [illegible] Braddock's Defeat, and had served gallantly through [illegible] of the Virginia line. He emigrated to Ken- [illegible] the year before his death.

[illegible] was the most prolific year in county-making of Kentucky's [illegible] these sub-commonwealths came into being during [illegible] of the new county names were heirlooms from our [illegible]—names familiar to all intelligent readers, viz.: [illegible] Robert R.), Henry (Patrick), Gallatin (Albert), [illegible] Peter),—while Edmund Pendleton a prominent Vir- [illegible] of that era, was also honored with one of these county names. [illegible] received its appellation from Colonel John Fleming, its [illegible] pioneer settler, who died at Fleming's Station in 1794.

[illegible] of the new counties—Cumberland and Ohio—received names

from the two great rivers which drain most of the State's area; and the latter (Ohio) is the only Indian name preserved by Kentucky's counties; while Jessamine is the only county named in honor of a woman. Jessamine Douglass was the beautiful daughter of an early (Scotch) settler. One day while sitting, all unconscious of danger, upon a rock overhanging a stream near her home, a savage stealthily approached from behind and buried his tomahawk in her head. The stream was named "Jessamine" for her and later, the new county received the same appelation. Barren County received its designation from the "barrens," or treeless plains, which in the State's pioneer days, embraced a wide area of its surface. The remaining two counties—Boone and Henderson—commemorate the names of the great pioneer, Daniel Boone, and of the hardly less famous Richard Henderson, founder of that dream republic "Transylvania," whose short-lived capital was Boonesboro, the namesake of the old pioneer.

It seems to us strange that the Blue Grass commonwealth should have been so tardy in recognizing her debt to her greatest pioneer, for "Boone" was the *thirtieth* on the roll of her counties; and before its formation the old hero had left the State never to return, and was a wanderer on the banks of the Missouri, and a subject of the King of Spain.

It seems probable that the Virginia jealousy of old Transylvania and of Henderson, Boone, and other "promoters" of that visionary State, may have had much to do with the injustice which finally drove Boone from the beautiful "Cane Land" of his early love.

Breckenridge, Floyd, Knox, and Nicholas were the legislative product of 1799. One of these counties—Knox—was in honor of General Henry Knox, Washington's great compeer in the Revolutionary army. Floyd bears the name of Colonel John Floyd, founder of Floyd's Station, near the Falls of the Ohio, and later a victim of Indian assassination. Colonel George Nicholas, a gallant patriot of the War of Independence, who came to Kentucky from Virginia in 1788, and was regarded as the leading jurist of the new commonwealth at the time of his death (1799), left his name to another of these new counties; while his compeer, John Breckenridge, the first of that prominent family in the State, and at this period specially prominent as the promoter and author of the famous "Kentucky-Virginia Resolutions," left his name also to another of the new county creations.

Wayne County, bearing its name from "Mad Anthony," was the only county formed during the first year of the new century, as Adair was the only county marked out in 1801. General John Adair (b. 1757; d. 1840) was a South Carolinian who came to Kentucky in 1787, and was thenceforward an active participant in the wars and politics of the West. He commanded the Kentucky troops at New Orleans (1814-15), and was elected governor in 1820.

Greenup County, formed in 1803, was another Kentucky tribute to her Virginia ancestry; for Christopher Greenup, a patriot of the Revolution, who migrated to Kentucky directly after the war and became governor in 1804, was honored in the naming of the forty-fifth county.

The legislature in 1806 added four to the county offspring: Casey, named from the pioneer, Colonel William Casey, who came from Virginia to Kentucky about 1780, and established a fort in the Green River country; Clay, in honor of General Green Clay, also a Virginia Kentuckian, prominent in the war of 1812; Lewis, in honor of the great explorer of the West, Meriwether Lewis, who with Clark penetrated the continent to the Pacific in 1803-6; and Hopkins, named for General Samuel Hopkins, a Virginia officer of the Revolutionary army, who came to Kentucky in 1797, settled on Green River, and was thereafter prominently identified with the State's military and political history.

Estill County was named in 1808 for Captain James Estill, a pioneer who commanded the Kentuckians in the sanguinary battle of Little Mountain (1782), near the present Mt. Sterling, in which both whites and Indians were nearly exterminated.

Caldwell County (1809) was named for General John Caldwell, who came to Kentucky in 1781, settled near Danville, became lieutenant-governor in 1804, but died shortly after his inauguration.

Rockcastle, Butler, Grayson, the triplet birth of 1810, received their christening: the first from the Rockcastle River, whose name was suggested by its giant palisades and boulders of rocks; the second, from General Richard Butler, a gallant Revolutionary officer, who fell in St. Clair's defeat (1781); and the third, in honor of Colonel William Grayson, a Virginia politician and statesman.

Union and Bath Counties were organized in 1811; the former is supposed to have been named from the unanimity of its people for sepa-

ration from the mother county, Henderson, while the latter received its name from the number of mineral springs within its borders.

Allen and Daviess, Kentucky's twin offspring for 1815, were called for the two talented patriot lawyers, Colonel John Allen, who fell with nearly half of his regiment at the disastrous battle of the River Raisin; and Colonel Joseph Hamilton Daviess, the prosecutor of Aaron Burr, who fell at Tippecanoe. Friends in life, they were hardly divided in their deaths.

Whitley, the fifty-ninth of the county brood, was organized in 1818, and called from William Whitley, a Virginia pioneer of 1775, who built a station in Lincoln County, near Logan's Station, St. Asaph's.

Harlan, Hart, Owen, Simpson, and Todd were carved out of different and distant former counties by the legislature of 1819. Four of these county-names were in memory of fallen heroes: Major Silas Harlan and Colonel John Todd both were slain by the Indians in the disastrous battle of the Blue Licks (1782) which was Kentucky's Wyoming; Captain John Simpson fell at the River Raisin, and Colonel Abraham Owen with Joseph Hamilton Daviess, was of the fallen at Tippecanoe. The first two battles—Blue Licks and the River Raisin—brought more of sorrow to Kentucky homes than all other conflicts prior to our great Civil War. Nathaniel G. T. Hart, whose name is perpetuated in one of these county names, was a son of Thomas Hart, one of the leading spirits in the founding of "Transylvania."

Monroe, Trigg, Grant and Perry Counties date their legal birth to an act of 1820. Two of them, Monroe and Perry, were called in honor respectively, of James Monroe, then President, and Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie; while another of these names was a tribute to Colonel Stephen Trigg, also a victim to the tomahawk at the fatal battle of the Blue Licks. As to Grant County's name, there has long been doubt as to whether it was derived from Colonel John Grant who founded a station in Fayette County in 1799, or from his nephew, Samuel Grant who was killed by the Indians in 1794.

Lawrence, Pike and Hickman were the legislative offspring of 1821, and they are three more witnesses to Kentucky's admiration for military glory, in the persons of Captain James Lawrence, the famed commander of the *Chesapeake;* Captain Zebulon M. Pike, a gallant officer of the "late" war with Great Britain, and the discoverer of Pike's Peak;

and Captain Paschal Hickman, another Kentucky victim of the melancholy River Raisin.

Calloway and Morgan Counties were created in 1822; the former having its name from Colonel Richard Calloway, the comrade of Boone in the building of Boonesborough; the latter from General Daniel Morgan, commander of the famous riflemen corps of the Revolutionary army, many of which body finally settled in Kentucky.

Oldham, Graves and Meade, formed in 1823, are three more tributes to heroes dead: Colonel William Oldham, a gallant officer of the Revolution, and in 1779 an immigrant to Kentucky, fell under the tomahawk at St. Clair's defeat (1791); while Captain Benjamin Graves and Captain James Meade were two more of Kentucky's sacrifices by the "dark-flowing" Raisin (1812).

Spencer and McCracken, created in 1824, commemorate with their names the patriotism of two young Kentucky captains whose lives were given for their country. Captain Spencer fell at Tippecanoe with Daviess, Owen and many of Kentucky's chivalry; while Captain Virgil McCracken, at the head of his company of riflemen, perished with most of Allen's regiment at the Raisin.

Edmonson, Laurel and Russell were the yield of 1825. The first was named for Captain John Edmonson, another Kentucky sacrifice by the ill-omened Raisin; the second received its name from the Laurel River, and that from the profuse laurel shrub growing on its banks; while the third was in honor of Colonel William Russell of the Revolutionary army who came to Kentucky in 1780, fought at Tippecanoe, afterwards commanded the north-western frontier. This had been an era of county-making. In the six years, 1819-1825, twenty-two members had been added to the roll of State sub-divisions—an increase out of all proportion to the increase in population. Henceforth the lengthening of the list proceeded at a more moderate rate, though still rapidly enough for all practical purposes.

Anderson County was the single birth of 1827, and received its appelative from Hon. Richard C. Anderson, a prominent politician of the earlier part of the nineteenth century. He died in 1826 while on his way, under President Monroe's appointment as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Congress at Panama during the South American revolution.

Hancock County was marked out in 1829, and called from the Revolutionary patriot, John Hancock.

Marion was legislated into existence in 1834, and named for Francis Marion, the famous "Swamp Fox" of the Pedee.

Clinton, a memorial to DeWitt Clinton of New York, was established by an Act of 1835.

Trimble County, created in 1836, received its name from Judge John Trimble, one of the judges of the first Court of Appeals of Kentucky.

Carroll and Carter came into being in 1838, the former being named for him of Carrollton, one of the "Signers"; the latter for Colonel William G. Carter, a politician of some prominence at the time of the county's birth.

Breathitt. 1839 witnessed the creation of this, perhaps the most *famous* (?) of Kentucky's sub-divisions. It was named for John Breathitt, who was elected governor of the commonwealth in 1832, but died before his term of office had expired.

Kenton, Kentucky's *ninetieth* county, was a tardy recognition of the eminent services of her second greatest pioneer. Many names which, but for their linking with the State's sub-divisions, would have been lost, had been preferred before that of Simon Kenton; and many tricksters had cheated him out of his just inheritance, and had driven him an exile and in poverty from that *Dark and Bloody Ground* which he had done so much to win; and not until several years after his death was his name perpetuated in a permanent memorial by the State he had served so well.

A fresh spasm of county-making now seized the legislature, almost rivalling that of twenty years before. Henceforth Kentucky politicians were to have almost a monopoly in the *god-fathering* of new counties.

Crittenden, Marshall, Ballard, Boyle and Letcher were created by Act of 1842. The names of the first two are from men of national renown: John J. Crittenden and Chief Justice John Marshall. Boyle County was named for John Boyle, Chief Justice of the commonwealth; and Letcher from Robert P. Letcher, a former governor of the State; while Ballard County is commemorative of the pioneer hero Bland Ballard who was one of the most prominent of the State's Indian fighters.

Owsley, Johnson and Larue. Three counties were added by the legislature of 1843. The first of these was named in honor of William Owsley, the fourteenth governor of the State; while the second received its name from Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President with Van Buren, and the reputed slayer of Tecumseh. Larue County perpetuates the memory of John Larue, a pioneer settler within the county's borders. In this county is the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

Fulton County, named for Robert Fulton, the great inventor, was organized in 1845.

Taylor County was formed in 1848, the year of General Zachary Taylor's election to the presidency, and called in his honor.

Powell County, organized in 1852, was chistened in honor of Lazarus W. Powell, then governor of the commonwealth, and the first Democratic governor since the division of parties under the names of Whigs and Democrats.

Lyon and McLean were the twin offspring of 1854; the former was named for Chittenden Lyon, a somewhat brawny politician of the early days, of Irish stock, and as ready to clinch an argument with his fist as with his logic. McLean County was set off and named for Judge Alney McLean, a prominent politician of the Henry Clay school.

Rowan County, laid off in 1856, honored in its name the memory of John Rowan, one of the early judges of the Court of Appeals, and later a United States senator from Kentucky.

Jackson was carved out of several counties by the legislature of 1858, and named for "Old Hickory." Kentucky had been steadily a Henry Clay State, and it was not until the final downfall of the Whig party that such recognition could be given to the old lion of the Hermitage.

1860 witnessed the birth of five counties, only one of which—Webster—bore a name of a specially national character. Two of the others—Metcalfe and Magoffin—were named for chief executives of the commonwealth: Thomas Metcalfe and Beriah Magoffin, the latter the "War Governor" at the outbreak of the Civil War. Hon. Linn Boyd, for whom one of the counties was called, was elected lieutenant-governor in 1859 on the ticket with Magoffin, but died almost immediately after his inauguration. Wolfe County took its name from Hon. Nat. Wolfe, a member of the legislature when the county was formed.

Henceforth the carving of counties, with the exception of "Carlisle," was confined to the mountain districts. Political reasons seem to have been at the bottom of the work.

Robertson and Bell. These twins were born in 1867, and were named, the one for Chief Justice George Robertson; the other for Hon. Joshua F. Bell, one of the most prominent politicians of the commonwealth. The latter county was at first called "Josh. Bell," but the legislature afterwards abbreviated the name to "Bell."

Two years later (1869) the commonwealth again created twin counties, christened "Menifee" and "Elliot"; the former in honor of Richard H. Menifee, a brilliant young statesman who entered Congress at the age of twenty-seven, but died when only thirty-one. Judge John M. Elliot furnished the name for the other twin of this legislature.

The next year the prolific Blue Grass State brought forth another pair of twins; the former called Lee in honor of the famous Confederate General Robert E. Lee; the second was in honor of Colonel John P. Martin, a prominent politician of the *ante-bellum* period.

Knott County was carved out of mountain territory in 1884, and named in honor of J. Proctor Knott, a former Congressman, afterwards governor of the State, widely known for his famous "Duluth" speech.

Carlisle brings up the rear of Kentucky's counties, and is named in honor of John G. Carlisle, whose national reputation relieves us from the need of further description. The county is in Jackson Purchase, that little nook of the State which lies between the Tennessee and the Mississippi rivers, and which was the latest territory to be included in the State's bounds.

The very close connection between Virginia and Kentucky is shown by the naming of Kentucky's counties. Nearly one-half of the whole one hundred and eighteen bear names of men native to the Old Dominion even though many of them became residents of the Dark and Bloody Ground. Comparatively few names are drawn from other commonwealths. This Virginia trend helps to account for the long delay—oft-times the total neglect—in recognizing the services of many Revolutionary heroes, as well as of many deserving pioneers born elsewhere than under "*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*" Kentucky was the first-born and the favorite child of the "Mother of Presidents."

We are surprised to find in this, the red man's favorite hunting ground, so few local names to attest his former presence here. Only one of Kentucky's counties bears an Indian name. Hardly any of her towns, rivers, hills, mountains, "licks," mounds, or other locals, bear witness to the Indian's former residence in this, the most hotly contested of all his former homes—a marked contrast to the States further south where Indian names abound. This is to be accounted for by the fact that the Indian had no habitation in his beloved "Cane-land" when the pale faces were first seen here. More than twenty years before that time the last of the aboriginal dwellers here had been driven beyond the Ohio by their southern rivals, and their transient abodes were but nameless rubbish heaps before the invaders' eyes. In Kentucky alone of all the States, there was never concord, nor even armistice, between the two races; never for even a day did thy dwell in amity side by side. The status between them was always of war; there was no friendly intercourse, no trading, no mingling of blood in a new race; there were no half-breeds. Consequently there was no opportunity—no inclination, doubtless—on the part of the whites to even learn, much less to perpetuate, the Indian local names in the beautiful "Cane-land."

We wish now that it were otherwise. How gladly would we substitute the soft, flowing, expressive Indian names of many a hill, river, valley, mountain-pass, mound, cave, or fountain, for the inexpressive, malapropos cognomen of some settler, or of some local politician whose claims to such distinction are of the least deserving.

Such was the work—*tanta molis*—to found and to *name* the subdivisions of the beautiful Blue Grass commonwealth.

H. A. SCOMP.

PARKSVILLE, KY.

# PRACTICAL WORK OF THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

## I. IN NEW YORK

THE Sons of the Revolution, a society formed to perpetuate the memory of the men who by their acts or counsel achieved American Independence; to promote and assist in the proper celebration of the anniversary of Washington's Birthday and other prominent events connected with the War of the Revolution; to collect records and other documents of that war and to inspire a patriotic spirit: has in carrying out these principles, placed tablets, erected statues and preserved historical buildings. Some of the most important of its achievements are the following: A bronze tablet placed on the building at the northwest corner of John and William Streets, New York, to commemorate the conflict there between British troops and the "Sons of Liberty," January 18, 1770. This locality was then known as "Golden Hill," and the tablet thus represents the site of the actual collision and bloodshed following the various efforts of the soldiers to destroy the Liberty Pole in the City Hall Park.

As the "battle of Golden Hill" is generally considered the first resistance to British authority immediately preceding the outbreak of the Revolution, it was eminently fitting that this should be the first memorial erected (1892) by the society.

The second memorial is a large bronze tablet, placed on the front wall of the building at the northwest corner of Broad and Beaver Streets. It commemorates the resolute act of Marinus Willett (subsequently colonel of New York troops, brigadier general, Mayor of New York, etc., whose Revolutionary services are too well-known to need recapitulation here). On June 6, 1775, as the British troops were leaving for Boston, marching down Broad Street, Willett and a few of his associates among the Sons of Liberty stopped the first cart accompanied by the soldiers, and loaded with the spare muskets of the force. All the carts were thus seized, and the loads deposited at John Street and Broadway, to be afterwards used in arming New York's first troops for the Revolution.

A tablet was placed in 1893 at the foot of Laight Street on the North River, to mark the spot where Washington landed on his way from Philadelphia to assume command of the American army at Boston in June, 1775. The Philadelphia "City Troop" had escorted him to the Jersey side of the river.

A second tablet, to commemorate the reading of the Declaration of Independence before the American troops on the parade ground (now the City Hall Park) July 9, 1776, was placed on the south wall of the City Hall, in 1893.

Tablet to commemorate the destruction of the equestrian statue of King George III in the Bowling Green, on the night of July 9, 1776, by the citizens of New York. This tablet was placed on the Washington Building, No. 1 Broadway, in 1893, and is also intended to mark the site of the Kennedy House, once occupied by Washington, Putnam and other generals as their headquarters, and by Sir Henry Clinton afterwards. Here also Major André was a frequent visitor.

A tablet marks the spot where Washington, Putnam and other officers met to stem the tide of panic which seized the American soldiers on September 15, 1776, when New York City was abandoned to the enemy. It was erected November 25, 1893, on the west side of Broadway, between 43d and 44th Streets.

The bronze statue of Captain Nathan Hale, the martyr-spy of the Revolution, facing Broadway in the City Hall Park, designed by the sculptor MacMonnies, unveiled November 25, 1893. Of this memorial, so familiar to all, it only needs to be said that it was accepted at once by our people as an ornament to the City and an honor to the patriotic society that erected it.

An elaborate tablet to commemorate the Battle of Long Island, fought August 27, 1776, was placed in 1895, on the wall of a building at the junction of Flatbush Avenue and Fulton Street in Brooklyn, on the line of the American defensive works.

The work of the society has not been entirely confined to the city of New York, for in 1898 it erected and dedicated a handsome marble monument to the memory of General Seth Pomeroy, at Peekskill, N. Y., near the spot where he was buried with the honors of war, in 1777. The veteran's grave had never before been marked.

Another spot marked by a bronze tablet is the spring of water, from which the village of Cold Spring, Putnam County, N. Y., takes its name, and which Washington used.

A handsome tablet with a bas-relief showing the "Action at Tarrytown," which took place July 15, 1781, between the Continental and British forces, was placed on the New York Central and Hudson River R. R. station at Tarrytown, N. Y., and was dedicated July 15, 1899.

On what remains of the wall of the officers' quarters at old Fort Ticonderoga, near the spot where Captain Delaplace surrendered to Ethan Allen, the society has placed a tablet, which was unveiled June 14, 1900.

The bronze memorial at Columbia College, New York, to commemorate the battle and victory of Harlem Heights, September 16, 1776, was placed by the society. This tablet is one of the largest and most elaborate in the country, and in its reliefs is perpetuated the life and spirit which animated the Revolutionary soldier on the occasion.

A tablet in St. Paul's Church, New York City, was placed by the Sons of the Revolution and the Society of the Cincinnati, to commemorate the centennial anniversary of the death of Washington, on December 14, 1899.

A tablet at New York University, Morris Heights, New York City, to mark the site of Revolutionary forts, was unveiled June 4, 1906, and another at the College of the City of New York, 138th Street and St. Nicholas Terrace, on the site where the American troops were encamped at various times during the Revolution and where several skirmishes occurred. The New York Society of the Sons of the Revolution also took an active part in securing and presenting to the Connecticut Society of the Sons of the Revolution the Nathan Hale schoolhouse at East Haddam, Conn., where Hale served as teacher.

A tablet at 153d Street and the Boulevard, New York City, to mark the site of Revolutionary camping grounds, was also placed by the society.

The latest work of the society is the purchase and restoration, as near as possible, to its original appearance in 1783, of the historic "Fraunces' Tavern," at the corner of Broad and Pearl Streets, New

York. The society now occupies it as its headquarters, and has restored the "Long Room," where Washington bid farewell to his officers, to its presumably original condition. It is a matter of public importance that this, one of the oldest buildings in the city, and the one most intimately connected with the Revolution, should thus be saved from destruction and be preserved, most appropriately, by a society numbering among its members many persons who are descended from the officers who gathered there on that memorable fourth of December, 1783, to take leave of the Father of his Country.

HENRY R. DROWNE.

NEW YORK.

# LINCOLN'S OFFER TO GARIBALDI

AT a recent meeting of an Historical Congress held at Perugia, Italy, in September, Mr. H. Nelson Gay, an American now resident in Rome, submitted an interesting paper, being a part of a work upon which he is engaged, entitled "Le relazioni fra l'Italia e gli Stati Uniti." This paper was based upon original material which Mr. Gay had unearthed in the archives of the American legation at Brussels, and related to an offer of a high command in the Army of the United States made to Garibaldi during the summer of 1861, shortly after the disgraceful rout known as the first Battle of Bull Run. Henry Shelton Sanford, of Connecticut, was then the United States Minister at Brussels, and the material in question was part of Mr. Sanford's official correspondence.

Subsequently Mr. Gay put this material into the form of a paper entitled "Lincoln's Offer of a Command to Garibaldi—light on a disputed point of history," which appeared in the last November (1907) issue of *The Century*.[1] He there gives the history of this offer which, now forgotten, at the time caused some discussion; but the details connected with it are now for the first time revealed. It will be remembered that Garibaldi, in 1861, was living in retirement. The present kingdom of Italy, under the rule of Victor Emanuel, had been brought into existence as the result of the operations in which Garibaldi had taken so famous and prominent a part in the summer of 1860, but did not yet include the Papal temporality. The seat of government of the newly united Italy had been established at Florence; but Garibaldi was looking forward to the occupation of Rome as the capital of the kingdom. His fame was, of course, world-wide. Mr. Gay now makes public a correspondence which passed at the time, and in which Mr. Sanford took a prominent part. As is well known, nothing resulted from the most ill-considered move to which it relates; but none the less it has an historical interest, and moreover it conveys a lesson. The correspondence took place during the earlier months of my father's seven years of diplomatic service in England, he having reached London during the previous May. He knew

—Read before the Massachusetts Historical Society.

[1] LXXV. (No. 1), 63-74.

nothing of it until it was over; but I find in his diary the following entry, under date of Friday, September 20, 1861, which has a certain significance in connection with Mr. Gay's article in the *Century*. I reproduce it in full:

> Had visits also from Mr. Sanford and Mr. Motley, both of whom came to dine with me. The former seemed very anxious to explain to both of us his agency in the invitation extended to Garibaldi to go to America. This matter has given occasion to a good deal of unpleasant remark in Europe, as indicating that we did not feel competent to manage our business, with our own officers. I had been consulted about it by Mr. Lucas, who wished authority to contradict it, which I could not give him excepting in so far as the story affirmed that the supreme command had been offered to [Garibaldi]. I gave him on Tuesday my version of the matter, which was this: That probably some irresponsible individual had first sounded [Garibaldi] as to his disposition to go. Then that the government on receiving information of this had authorized an offer of a command:—That Garibaldi had demanded a general power, which could not be admitted, and the negotiation had gone off on this issue. My conjecture proved in the main correct, though there were material additions in the narrative of Mr. Sanford. It seems that one James W. Quiggle, officiating as consul at Antwerp, some time since whilst travelling in Italy made acquaintance enough with Garibaldi to induce him to volunteer a letter of enquiry as to his feeling on the American question. The reply was of such a kind as to induce Mr. Quiggle to send a copy to the Department of State. This had brought a letter of instructions to Mr. Sanford to go and make Garibaldi an offer of a position of Major General, *being the highest army rank* in the gift of the President. At the same time it eulogized Mr. Quiggle, and directed Mr. Sanford to offer him any place under the General that he might prefer. Sanford, professing to be well aware of the responsibility resting on him, and desirous of keeping the control of the matter in his hands, yet posts off first of all to Mr. Quiggle and reads him the instruction as well as the compliment to himself. Quiggle insists upon seeing and reading it, is cunning enough to take a copy, and then on the strength of it anticipated poor Sanford by writing at once to Garibaldi to apprise him that the government had forwarded him a formal invitation to *take the supreme command* in America, of which he would receive due

notice presently. Finding this misconception fastened on the mind of Garibaldi by this folly of his own, his next task was to remedy the evil in the best way he could. Accordingly he goes to Turin, where he finds a friend of Garibaldi who has come from him to notify the King of Sardinia that he is ready to go to America, if his services are not wanted in Italy. In other words, he threatens to withdraw the aid of his popularity to the King if he refuses to advance forthwith upon Rome. The King is too wary to be drawn into the trap; so, with great professions of good will, reluctantly grants his consent to the chief's departure. It follows that Garibaldi, mortified at the failure of his scheme, has no resource but to execute his threat. But here again Mr. Sanford is compelled to intervene to protect the American Government from the effects of Garibaldi's misconception. To that end he pays him a visit and discloses to him the fact that he can have a command, but not the supreme control. This of course changes his views again. He cannot think of going to America without having the power of a Dictator, and the contingent right to proclaim emancipation to the slaves. On this point the negotiation went off. A strange medley of blunders. Garibaldi however felt so awkwardly placed by his failure to carry the King off his feet, that he still clung to the idea of paying a visit to America as a private citizen. Mr. Sanford offered him every facility to go out as a guest, but he declined it all, and finished by saying that if he decided to go it should be in his own way. This seems to me a lucky escape; for our officers have too much sense of honor not to feel that the introduction of a foreigner to do their work is a lasting discredit to themselves. At best it is little more than a clap-trap. Mr. Seward is unquestionably a statesman of large and comprehensive views, but in his management of his office he betrays two defects. One a want of systematic and dignified operation in the opinion of the world—the other, an admixture of that earthly taint which comes from early training in the school of New York State politics. The first show itself in a somewhat brusque and ungracious manner towards the representatives of foreign nations. The second, in a rather indiscriminate appliance of means to ends. Mr. Sanford evidently felt that he had not gained much in this melée, but I made no remark beyond expressing a fear of the effect upon Generals Scott and McClellan.

This distinctly humiliating foot-note, for it amounts to that, in the

early history of our War of Secession, is curiously suggestive of a very similar episode which had occurred some eighty years before, during the progress of our War of Independence. My attention has been recently drawn to the similarity of the experiences while reading Sir George Otto Trevelyan's last volume of his work entitled "The American Revolution."

In there recounting the operations of the third year (1778) of the war, he refers to the strange antics of Silas Deane, then established at Paris in the anomalous position described as "business agent of the Revolutionary government." "Silas Deane, with ineffable folly," he proceeds to remind us, "was at this time (1778) scheming to get the Commander-in-Chief of the American army superseded, and his functions transferred to the Comte de Broglie,—a restless, and not very successful, diplomatist, and a fifth-rate general."[1] "Mr. Deane's mad contract with Monsieur du Coudray and his hundred officers" is also referred to,[2] and the fact that a wretched French adventurer, as ignorant of both American conditions and character as of the English language, was actually contracted with on terms which would have led to his superseding General Knox in command of Washington's artillery. Naturally, such an appointment led to a tender of resignation on the part of Greene, Knox and Sullivan, who all found themselves outranked and felt humiliated. And so in 1861 history repeated itself, the earlier page of 1778 being quite forgotten; though it is only fair to bear in mind the fact, in a degree redeeming, that Garibaldi was not a Comte de Broglie, nor Sanford a Silas Deane. Even this much, however, cannot be said of the personage designated as "one James W. Quiggle, officiating (in 1861) as consul at Antwerp." But, no matter how charitably viewed, the more recent episode of the two, seen through the perspective of nearly half a century, is, it must be conceded, far from being in strict accordance with a proper sense of national self-respect.

The two incidents, separated by more than three-fourths of a century, are, indeed, suggestive of a certain element of provincialism and lack of self-confidence, so to speak, paradoxical as it sounds, in the American people. We seem never to have quite got over the colonial, or rather the provincial, feeling that, somehow or in some way, the old countries of Europe contain material of which we ourselves are more or less barren. For instance, in the *Boston Herald* for February 11, there is an editorial entitled "A Prophet and his Prophecy." In this article a "distinguished

[1] "The American Revolution," Part III, 42.
[2] *Ibid.* 40.

French journalist" now visiting this country—whose name, however, does not appear—is quoted as saying that, in case of a war between Japan and this country, as the result of earlier successes on the part of the Asiatic nation, "American money will be inducing soldiers of fortune from all lands to join the forces of the United States. Then the United States will win." The quotation is suggestive of that most illuminating paper of James Russell Lowell, written in 1869, shortly after the close of our War of Secession, entitled "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." That condescension we seem actually through both the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to have gone out to seek. We invited it; and at no time in our history do we seem to have been more prone to this tacit self-confession of foreign superiority than during the years which immediately preceded the War of Secession. As Mr. Lowell, writing in 1869,[1] says:

> Before our war we were to Europe but a huge mob of adventurers and shop-keepers. Leigh Hunt expressed it well enough when he said that he could never think of America without seeing a gigantic counter stretched all along the seaboard.

Mr. Lowell then goes on:

> Democracy had been hitherto only a ludicrous effort to reverse the laws of nature by thrusting Cleon into the place of Pericles. But a democracy that could fight for an abstraction, whose members held life and goods cheap compared with that larger life we call country, was not merely unheard-of, but portentous.

None the less, Mr. Gay's paper in "The Century Magazine" reminds us how in the early stages of that struggle we advertised to the world through our highest officials—the President and Secretary of State—our lack of self-confidence, and went forth to invite a manifestation of "condescension in foreigners." But it is curious now to consider what might have occurred had the offer to Garibaldi been accepted. At best, from a military point of view, a daring partisan leader, the probabilities are great that the liberator of the two Sicilies would have sustained a lamentable loss of prestige.

He, it is true was exceptional; but in the "Reminiscences" of Carl

[1] "My Study Windows," 76, 77.

Schurz, recently published, there is a most suggestive passage bearing upon these foreign military adventurers taken as a whole,—"soldiers of fortune," as they were called,—who came under Mr. Schurz's own observation. He says that, after his return (1862) from his mission to Spain, and when he had himself been offered a brigadier-generalship in our army by President Lincoln:

> While I was waiting in Washington for my confirmation and assignment, I had again to undergo the tribulations of persons who are supposed to be men of "influence." The news had gone abroad that in America there was a great demand for officers of military training and experience. This demand could not fail to attract from all parts of the globe adventurous characters who had, or pretended to have, seen military service in one country or another, and who believed that there was a chance for prompt employment and rapid promotion. Washington at that period fairly swarmed with them. Some were very respectable persons, who came here well recommended, and subsequently made a praiseworthy record. Others belonged to the class of adventurers who traded on their good looks or on the fine stories they had concocted of their own virtues and achievements [ii. 338].

Mr. Schurz then goes on to specify instances:

> A young man, calling himself Count von Schweinitz, presented himself to me neatly attired in the uniform of an Austrian officer of Uhlans. He was very glib of tongue, and exhibited papers which had an authentic look, and seemed to sustain his pretensions. But there were occasional smartnesses in his conversation which made me suspicious. He may have noticed that I hesitated to trust him, for suddenly he ceased to press me with his suit. I learned afterwards that he had succeeded in obtaining some appointment, and also in borrowing considerable sums of money from two foreign Ministers. Finally it turned out that his mother was a washerwoman, that he had served an Austrian officer of Uhlans as a valet, and that as such he had possessed himself of his uniform and his master's papers [ii. 339].

Recalling these somewhat unsavory reminiscences, it is not without interest to ask ourselves whether this state of affairs will ever wholly

cease to be: whether the time will at last indeed come when we Americans will look upon the older European nations as otherwise than in some way superior; or, on the other hand, whether those nations will ever approach us without a certain sense of that condescension of the foreigner upon which Mr. Lowell animadverted half a century ago. At present it seems to have assumed a most unsavory phase, but one which is perhaps the natural result of the rapid accumulation of vast wealth in the hands of the self-made individual,—the purchase of titles, always encumbered by a man, by American young women, or for American young women by their families, who wish in this way to identify themselves with an aristocracy. It is, in fact, difficult to-day to take up a newspaper without coming across a reference to such cases, usually in the divorce courts,—an Italian prince, an English duke or earl, or a French count, more or less, as the evidence shows, a degenerate, married to a rich Americaness. It is the same old weakness; but, whether studied in the pages of Trevelyan, in Mr. Gay's paper, or in the scandal-mongering columns of to-day's society journals, it is not inspiring; and I confess to a certain sense of satisfaction in thus putting on record the evidence that, with sturdy Americanism, Mr. Adams, when he heard of the Seward-Garibaldi incident of 1861, saw the thing in its true light, and most properly, as well as correctly, characterized it.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

BOSTON.

## GENEALOGICAL

### FOUR REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS, WITH REFERENCES TO THEIR ANCESTRY

### I. Captain Peter Dumont (1744-1821).

PETER H. DUMONT, a descendant of Wallerand Dumont, French Huguenot, who emigrated to America in 1657, resided in Hillsboro township, Somerset County, New Jersey, during the war of the American Revolution, in which he took an active part. He was undoubtedly identical with the Peter Dumont, Captain Second Battalion, Somerset. Tradition recites that General Washington called him from the field to become the commissary in charge of army-supplies at Van Ness' Mills, and, in fact, one of his descendants possesses his original commissary record-book. He was, as "Peter H. Dumont," designated by Congress, in 1777, a member of a Committee of Safety for Hillsboro township, "to act in behalf of the county when necessary." His son, Colonel John Dumont, was the father of General Ebenezer Dumont of Indiana, who did valiant work for the Union during the War of the Rebellion. The history of the Dumont family in America is given in the works below enumerated:

"Documents relating to the Colonial history of the State of New Jersey," vol. xxii., ("Marriage Records, 1665-1800") page 111; Paterson, N. J. 1900.

"Calendar of Wills in New York, 1626-1836," edited by Berthold Fernow; New York, 1896.

"Officers and Men of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War," by W. S. Stryker; page 389.

*New York Genealogical and Biographical Record,* vol. xxix., 103-109; 161-164; 237-240, vol. xxx., p. 36-40; vol. xxxvii., p. 34.

"Tales of Our Forefathers," Albany, New York, 1898.

### II. Captain Moses Guest (1755-1828).

Moses Guest, son of Henry Guest, an American patriot, was born in

New Brunswick, New Jersey, 7 November, 1755. While following the sea he had an interesting interview with Henry Laurens at Charleston, South Carolina. Subsequently, having sold his vessel, he engaged in the fur-trading business and made a journey to Montreal and Quebec. He was an Ensign in Captain Voorhees' Company, Third Middlesex Regiment, New Jersey militia, on 8 Sept., 1777, and afterwards Captain in the Second Middlesex Regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. Simcoe, commander of the Queen's Rangers, was captured by Capt. Guest, 26 October, 1779. The latter died at Cincinnati, in 1828. His ancestry is said to be traceable to the Guests of Birmingham, England. The principal facts concerning the family are to be found in the works mentioned below:

"The Registers of St. Martin's, Birmingham, England," 1903, vol. ii.

"Officers and Men of New Jersey," by W. S. Stryker, 1872.

"Tales of Our Forefathers," Albany, New York, 1898.

Private manuscript collections possessed by Robert C. Moon, M. D., 618 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Penn.

III. "Captain" James McPike (1751(?)-1825).

James McPike (whose mother is believed to have been closely related to the family of Dr. Edmond Halley, the second Astronomer-Royal of England) migrated, *circa* 1772, to Baltimore, Maryland, where he acted as a recruiting sergeant. He served in the American military forces throughout the Revolution, under Colonel John Eager Howard of Baltimore, General Lafayette and others, and participated in several battles including the storming of Stony Point. Therefore, he was probably identical with the James McPike, sergeant in Captain Benjamin Fishbourne's company, Fourth Pennsylvania Line, William Butler, Lieutenant-Colonel.

One James McPike served as a private in Captain John Brisbane's company, Third Pennsylvania Regiment, commanded by Colonel Joseph Wood. His name appears on a roll dated April 1, 1777, with remark: "enlisted Jan. 16, 1777."

The name of James McPike is again entered, as a private in Captain Benjamin Burd's company, Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, commanded by Colonel Lambert Cadwalader. He enlisted February 1, 1777, and was promoted to sergeant March 1, 1778.

The published "Pennsylvania Archives" contains several references to the surname "McPike," during the period *circa* 1780; a list thereof was printed in *The Celtic Monthly,* Glasgow, vol. 14, page 170.

Robert McPike enlisted Feb. 5, 1776, as private in Captain James Taylor's company of Colonel Wayne's Pennsylvania Battalion, according to the "Records of the Revolutionary War," by W. T. R. Saffell, page 202; New York, 1858.

The chief sources of additional data concerning the families of Halley, Pike, Pyke and McPike, are mentioned below:

*New York Genealogical and Biographical Record,* vol. 34, page 55; *ibid.* vol. 37, page 237.

"Pennsylvania Archives," second series, vol. x., page 495.

"Tales of Our Forefathers," Albany, N. Y., 1898.

*The "Old Northwest" Genealogical Quarterly,* vol. 7, pages 267-270.

*Notes and Queries,* London, England, ninth series, vol. xi., pp. 205-206; *ibid.* tenth series, vol. vii., pp. 263-264; vol. viii., pp. 44-45.

"Remarks on Dr. Edmond Halley" (British Museum, press-mark 10882 k. 25).

*Magazine of History,* New York, 1906-1907. ("Extracts from British Archives.")

Unpublished manuscripts in the Museum of the Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois; catalogue No. 89030; case No. II., 31-2.

Unpublished letter from the Record and Pension Office, War Department, Washington, D. C., dated Feb. 26, 1900.

IV. Isaiah Lyon (1743-1813).

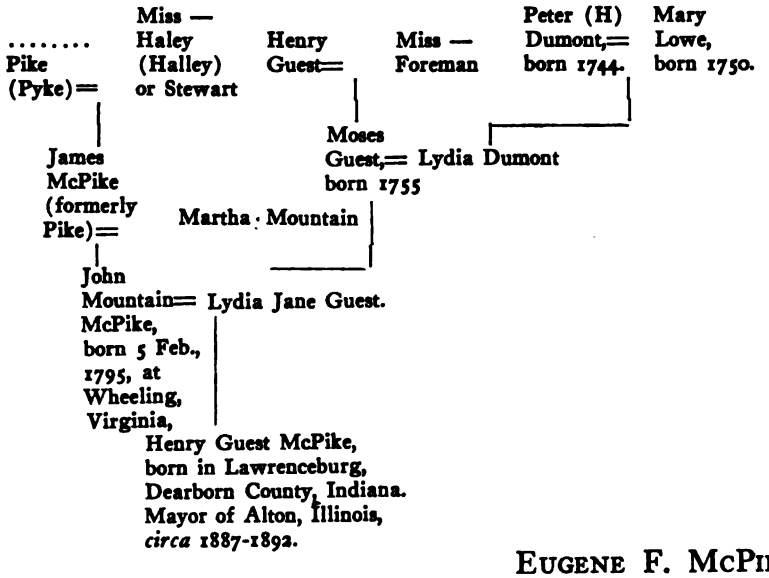
Isaiah Lyon appears as a private in Captain Samuel McClellan's company, of Woodstock ("36 horses rode") during the Lexington alarm in April, 1775. A Hessian gun that once belonged to him is in the possession of a descendant. He was probably a brother of Ephraim Lyon, whose grandson, General Nathaniel Lyon fell at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri. Isaiah Lyon's grandson, Luther Wells Lyon, Jun., (1802-1885) always claimed to be a third cousin of General Lyon. Their

respective paternal grandfathers may have been first cousins instead of brothers. A large amount of information concerning the Lyon family of Connecticut can be found in the two works cited below:

"Lyon Memorial," edited by Dr. A. B. Lyons; Detroit, Mich., 1905.

*New York Genealogical and Biographical Record,* vol. 28, pp. 75-79; vol. 28, pp. 235-237; vol. 29, pp. 98-100.

FAMILY RECORD




EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

# THREE EARLY WASHINGTON MONUMENTS

AMONG many places and objects seen during the past summer, let me speak of three in England that have a distinctly American connection and interest. Each of them is far out of the busy world of to-day, and each is reached by a delightful ride in a most serviceable motor-carriage. Our first excursion was from Leamington to Sulgrave. No one whom we could find knew anything about Sulgrave, and we had no map. Sulgrave is ignored by small maps as I have found them. Any one who thinks that there is no research involved in such a hunt for historic evidence should inquire and find the way over the five and twenty or thirty miles of country between the two places. We headed for Banbury, somewhere beyond which was our destination, and we reached that interesting old town, perhaps two-thirds of our way, before we gained definite information. Then we had a clue from sign-boards bearing the name, and in good time we reached the end of our journey.

Sulgrave is a small, very secluded, and quiet village. On slightly rising ground stands its little old church, from which gently slopes its one street lined by irregularly placed low gray houses. At the farther end, to the right and back from the streets, stands the manor house, long ago the home of the Washingtons. It is irregularly square, with two stories and gables, built of small stones, with quoins of larger stones now gray except on what might be called the front, which is yellowish rough-cast. At the left of this front is a projecting part with a Tudor-arched door, and a gable in the apex of which, dimly seen, are the Washington arms, covered by glass and put out of harm's way and acquisitive reach. It has been proved that there is need enough of precaution. The roof of the house is of flat stones, dark and lichenous.

Adjoining the house, to the right, enclosed by an old stone wall, is a garden with vegetables and flowers. Most of the side of the house toward it is mantled with ivy. On the opposite side of the house, and also adjoining it, is a barnyard. The building, indeed, is now a farmhouse, of an estate of one hundred and ninety-three acres. All

—Read before the Massachusetts Historical Society.

around, and on two sides reaching the house, are fields; and farther back is rural prospect. In the lower story, with windows on the garden side and the front, is a square room with a flat ceiling crossed at right angles by two very dark beams that thus form a cross. On the inner side is a large fireplace; on another is a four-bay, square-headed window. It is a simple, good-sized comfortable room, quaint but not fine. Over it is a square chamber, even plainer, with the ceiling rising part way on the slope of the roof, and with a floor of old wide boards, now dark. In this room, we were told, Lawrence, ancestor of George Washington, was born.

The lineage of Lawrence Washington in America was for a long time known distinct to the sea, but the English connection was not found until 1884 or 1885, when Mr. Henry F. Waters, in his important researches, discovered it, a successful close being reached, he tells us, on June 3, 1889.[1] The result is the more notable since the name, as he also shows us, is found in nineteen counties that he mentions. From President George Washington the line seems clearly traced through Augustine and Lawrence to John, who came to Virginia in 1633 or 1634, and from him to Lawrence of Sulgrave and Brington, son of Robert, son of Lawrence, grantee of Sulgrave, who died 19th of February, 26th of Elizabeth, 1584. Robert "of Sulgrave Esq.," jointly with Lawrence (son), sold Sulgrave "8 Jac." (1611).

Visiting Sulgrave, we are impressed both by its characteristics and its wide contrast with Mount Vernon, and also by certain transmitted qualities. Sulgrave, in size and style not one of the lordly rural English class, not the seat of high rank and fortune, but the home of a substantial squire, is solid and enduring, centuries old and yet strong enough to last through more. On its low, secluded site, it has none of the lordly, commanding position and aspect of the house that overlooks the broad green slopes and the wide sweep of the Potomac. Yet, if well cared for, its endurance may fully match that of the American mansion. Each of the houses was the home of solid worth and of good old English qualities. At Sulgrave we are impressed by the wonder that from it, secluded and quiet as it is and always must have been, grew the life and the name now a continental household word and a world-wide glory.

There is something else to see in this small village. It is the small church, mentioned above, built of small gray stones, with a low and

[1] Henry F. Waters, "Genealogical Gleanings in England," 364.

stout tower at its western end, that internally is open to a nave of four bays with aisles, and a chancel. The roofs are of dark, open-timber work. At the eastern end of the south aisle, in the floor, is the Washington memorial,—no modern thing, but old evidence that the Washingtons worshipped there.

In his will, proved January 3, 1620, Robert "of Souldgrave" states that he is "to be buried in the South Aisle of the church before my seat where I usually sit, under the same stone that my father lieth buried."[1] The stone, a large one, now bears a brass with three long lines of inscription in small black letter including the date 1564 (?). Other and important brass plates, the sockets for which are seen, have disappeared. There were six plates let into the stone, one of them with figures of four sons, and another of four daughters. On or about August 10, 1889, two strangers "in gentlemanly attire" visited the church, and then they and most of the brasses disappeared.[2] Two thieves escaped. Not all of the barbarians were active during the decline of the Roman Empire.

It may be added that during our long drive of some fifty-five miles we passed hardly a village, and few houses for a central part of a densely inhabited country, and also few vehicles. The one exceptional place was Banbury, a large and interesting town, with a tall and elegant Gothic cross, restored and in good order. The country traversed is rural, undulating, moderately wooded, with some considerable hills where the winding road has really long ascents and descents. Everywhere is old English rural beauty.

Our next drive to a Washington monument was from Cheltenham, and was even more varied and beautiful. Crossing the northerly part of the Cleve hills, that commands a wide and magnificent view of lowlands and of the Malvern and Welsh hills,—all far higher and bolder than our Blue hills,—we thence dove into a deep valley and passed through the picturesque and very old English town of Winchcombe, long, stone-built, and gray. Sixteen miles of drive brought us to Broadway, a village with an unusually wide street that may have given the name, or that may have come from the Broadways, an old family of this region. The street is lined by stone or rough-cast houses, midway among which is the Lygon Arms, originally the "Whyte Harte," ranking among the very old, quaint, and good English inns. It has two stories, built of cut stone,

[1] Henry F. Waters, "Genealogical Gleanings in England," 377.
[2] *Ibid*, 397.

with four gables, and a Jacobean style of stone doorway dated 1620. In the days of the Pilgrim Fathers it was flourishing, and it is also to-day in the era of the motor, that has revived or maintained not a few of the out-of-the-way houses; and there is pleasant life in its well-kept, oak-lined, and oak-ceiled rooms, that were probably known to some of the Washingtons. From there we drove a few miles to Wickhamford, which has a Washington monument.

Wickhamford is a small and very retired hamlet of small brick houses, a few of them modern, others old and thatched. At one side stands the manor house of brick, with gables, and now washed a yellowish color. Adjoining it is the churchyard, and in that the church, rough-cast on the outside, which is small, built of smoothly cut stones, now gray, with a small, square west tower, and a south porch, also small, as are the nave and chancel. Internally the nave has a double-pitch framed roof, and the chancel a three-faced plastered ceiling. This is where the Washingtons of the Sulgrave line also worshiped. Along the north side of the chancel are two canopied tombs of a sort that surprise us in out-of-the-way places in England. They are in elaborate Jacobean style. Each has two recumbent figures of members of the Sandys family; their dates are 1629 and 1680. The great object of interest is, however, a large oblong slab of slate, the foot of which touches the eastern wall of the chancel under the altar table. At its top are cut the Washington arms, a suggestion of the American flag,—three stars above two bars, or bands. Under these is a long inscription, beginning:

M. S.
PENELOPES
Filiæ perillustris & militari virtute clarissimi
Hendrici Washington collonelli
Gulielmo Washington ex agro Northanton.
Milite prognati.

Nineteen lines follow, in the last of which is the date of the lady's death, "Feb. 27, 1697." She was unmarried, daughter of Henry, colonel in the Royalist army, son of Sir William, who was son of Lawrence of Sulgrave, who died on December 13, 1616.[1]

Here again we find an example of the rural seclusion, as well as good position, in which members of George Washington's family lived

[1] Henry F. Waters, "Genealogical Gleanings in England," 385.

in England, and of places with which they were familiar that remain substantially unchanged to our time. It is a pleasure to search old records or printed leaves to learn more about persons and things past; and it is, perhaps, an even greater pleasure to search for and visit the monumental, visible records of the valued past. Many facts are, or only can be, preserved by written or printed statement. It would, however, be a rare written or printed account that would, for instance, give as clear evidence of the life of the early Washingtons as is given by the old house at Sulgrave.

JAMES F. HUNNEWELL.

BOSTON.

# ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

## LETTER OF COL. THEODORICK BLAND TO THOMAS JEFFERSON

[Letter of Col. Theodorick Bland, Virginia delegate to the Old Congress, to Thomas Jefferson (also signed by Joseph Jones. Really an official letter of the Virginia House of Delegates to Jefferson as Governor of the State.)

An important historical letter, giving news of the war, and describing naval and military movements. It is dated June, 1781. At this time La Fayette was watching and following Cornwallis in Virginia and every effort was making to raise militia for his reinforcement.]

DEAR SIR:—We enclose you a copy of a Bill sent me by Mr. Braxton [1] for the balance of the warrant he received from me last December —this payment is ab. £1000 short of the true balance, and was by agreement with Mr. Jones to have been made the last week in April. We presented the Bill to the (illegible) who told us they would accept it and pay it in the (illegible)—the Bill requires payment either in old continental money or of the new emission, but your Excellency knows that if paid in the first the State will be a considerable loser, and if in any of the new emissions, unless of this State, the money will be wholly useless to us—we have therefore, great as our distress is for supplies, declined taking an acceptance, and expect Mr. Braxton will take some course to remit us the value of the money.—the latter end of April, or account with the State for it upon just and equitable principles. We thought it proper to give you this communication, that the Assembly might know we have not received the whole of the warrant obtained by Mr. Jones in December for the use of the Delegates, and that if Mr. Braxton is present some immediate course may be taken by him to render us value or restore the value to the State.

The public letter will give your Excellency information of the proposed mediation of the two Imperial Courts. We may add that we have received information of the arrival at Martinique of the Count de Grasse with the French Fleet, and the day of his arrival engaging the British Fleet and forcing them to run into port. It is also said four ships of war (their force uncertain) with some transports having troops on board left the Grand fleet for the continent. If it be true they must be arrived by

[1] Probably Carter Braxton, Signer of the Declaration.

this time, and although not so considerable an aid as we had reason to expect, will, we hope be sufficient to enable the Fleet of our Ally to go to Sea upon equal if not advantageous terms.

The Delegates have done all they could to hasten (illegible) as well as to forward other assistance to our . . . foreseeing what occasion you would have for aid; but can only get the . . . Under march very lately, and a resolution a few days past to send forward some militia from this State and our neighbor Maryland.[2] Your situation no doubt you have communicated to the Com'r in Chief, and must refer you to him for such consolations he has in prospect—the Delegates' endeavour to second your efforts in that quarter have not been wanting and we have no doubt the General will do all in his Power.

We are with great respect your Excellency's obdt Servts

JOS. JONES

THED'K BLAND.

[2] Seven battalions of militia Infantry, including 160 horse.

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## EXTRACTS FROM THE VALLEY FORGE ORDERLY BOOK KEPT BY MAJOR PRESLEY NEVILLE.

Major Presley Neville was Aide to Lafayette in 1778. He was taken prisoner at Charleston, May 12, 1780; was on parole until exchanged in 1781, and served to the close of the war as brigade inspector. Died Dec. 1, 1818.

This highly interesting orderly book, or relic of Valley Forge, May 4th to 13th, 1778, written immediately after the hard and memorable winter of 1778, which was the most severe experienced by the Continental Army, gives the full and very interesting orders of General Washington, in reference to administering the oath of allegiance to his small, but tried and true, army. The following officers were designated to administer the oath:

Majr. Genl. Ld. Stirling to ye Officers of late Conway's Brigade.
Majr. Genl. Marquis de la Fayette to those of Woodford's and Scott's.
Majr. Genl. Baron de Kalb to those of Glover's and Learned's Brigades.
Brig. Genl. Maxwell to those of his own Brigade.
Brig. Genl. Knox to those of the Artillery in Camp and Military Stores.
Brig. Genl. Poor to those of his own Brigade.
Brig. Genl. Varnum to those of his own and Huntington's Brigades.
Brig. Genl. Paterson to those of his own Brigade.
Brig. Genl. Wayne to the 1st and 2d Pens. Brigade. Etc.

Probably the most interesting feature of the book is the orders to the army as to their duties and position in the parade to be made in honor of the Treaty of Alliance between the United States and France. The first page of this has been lost, but enough remains to make it of great importance. We quote a portion:

"A third Signal will be given upon which there will be a discharge of thirteen Canon, when the 13th is fired running Fire of the Infantry will begin in the 2d of Woodford's, and continue throughout the whole front line, it will then be taken upon the left of the second Line and continue to the 2d, upon a signal given the whole Army will Huzza LONG LIVE THE KING OF FRANCE. The Artillery then begins again & fires thirteen rounds, this will be received by a second general discharge of Musqetery in running Fire, Huzza and long live the Friendly European Powers, then the last discharge of 13 Pieces will be given followed by a general running fire and Huzza to the American States. There will be no Exercise in the Morning and the Guards of the day will not parade till the Fire de Joy is finished when the Brig. Majr. will march them out to the grand Parade the Adjt. then tell off their Battalion into 8 Plattoons & the Comd. Officers conduct them to their Camps marching by the left.—Maj. Genl. Lord Stirling will comd. the rt. M. G. the Marquis de la Fayette the Left, and Baron de Kalb the 2d Line, each M. Gen. will conduct the first Brigade of his Command to its grounds." Etc.

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## EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THOMAS RODNEY, COLONEL IN THE REVOLUTION, JURIST, AND MEMBER OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

This journal, August 16, 1796, to April 12, 1797, is of great historical importance. Although kept in the form of a diary, noting the condition of the weather from day to day, he jots down, under each day, occurrences in the corresponding period during the Revolution. Occurrences with which he was especially familiar, and in this way brings to light and saves to posterity many facts of great importance relating to the Revolution, which would likely have been lost to posterity. He also gives many interesting anecdotes of the great men of that time, and appears to have been especially friendly towards Washington. From his language it appears that he was very prominent in the counsels of the guiding minds of those trying times. As a specimen of the character of the work, we quote the following:

"Tuesday, January 3d, 1797. When I got up this morning the ground was covered with snow & still Snowing with very little wind from N. E.—Just after Breakfast rec'd a card from J. M. with an Invitation to a Tea party this Evening.—

This is the anniversary of the Battle of Prince Town 1777.—That glorious Battle which Fixed the fate of America, I lead the Van of the American Army that awful night, from Trenton to Princeton. The Papers this Evening brought Intelligence that Genl. A. Wayne, Commander in Chief of the Army of the United States, Died at Presque Isle, in Lake Erie, on the 14th of December, with the Gout, he was one of the most Intrepid & Active Generals of the Revolution, & the Galant Taker of Stony point." Etc.

This is one of the very many interesting entries similar to it. The book is also replete with his comments on the actions of the various shining lights of the Revolution, both in the field and the Halls of Congress, and he gives a very exhaustive history of the Declaration of Independence, with a valuable commentary upon the same.

## MINOR TOPICS

### THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS: AN APPEAL TO HISTORY

I

THE Plains of Abraham stand alone among the world's immortal battlefields as the place where an empire was lost and won in the first clash of arms, the balance of victory was redressed in the second, and the honor of each army was heightened in both.

Famous as they are, however, the Plains are not the only battlefield at Quebec, nor even the only one that is a source of pride to the French- and English-speaking peoples. In less than a century Americans, British, French and French-Canadians took part in four sieges and five battles. There were decisive actions; but the losing side was never disgraced, and the winning side was always composed of allied forces who shared the triumph among them. American Rangers accompanied Wolfe, and French-Canadians helped Carllton to save the future Dominion; while French and French-Canadians together won the day under Frontenac, under Montcalm at Montmorency, and under Lévis at Ste. Foy.

There is no record known—nor even any legend in tradition—of so many momentous feats of arms performed, on land and water, by fleets and armies of so many different peoples, with so much alternate victory and such honor in defeat, and all within a single scene. And so it is no exaggeration of this commemorative hour, but the lasting, well-authenticated truth to say that, take them for all in all, the fields of battle at Quebec are quite unique in universal history.

II

In June, Admiral Saunders led up the St. Lawrence the greatest fleet then afloat in the world. Saunders was a star of the service even among the galaxy then renowed at sea. With him were the future Lord St. Vincent, the future Captain Cook, who made the first British chart of the River, and several more who rose to high distinction. His fleet comprised a quarter of the whole Royal Navy; and, with its convoy, numbered 277 sail of every kind. Splendidly navigated by twice as many seamen as Wolfe's 9000 soldiers, it held the River eastward with one hand, while, with the other, it made the besiegers an amphibious force.

Wolfe, worn out, half despairing, twice repulsed, at last saw his chance. Planning and acting entirely on his own initiative he crowned three days of finely combined manœuvres, on land and water, over a front of thirty miles, by the consummate stratagem which placed the first of all two-deep *thin red lines* across the Plains of Abraham exactly at the favorable moment. And who that knows battle and battfield knows of another scene and setting like this one on that 13th morning of September?

For the westward river gate led on to the labyrinthine waterways of all America, while the eastward stood more open still—flung wide to all the Seven Seas.

Meanwhile, Montcalm had done all he could against false friends and open enemies. He had repulsed Wolfe's assault at Montmorency and checkmated every move he could divine through the nearly impenetrable screen of the British fleet.

Never were stancher champions than those two leaders and their six brigadiers. "Let us remember how, on the victorious side, the young commander was killed in the forefront of the fight; how his successor was wounded at the head of his brigade; and how the command-in-chief passed from hand to hand, with bewildering rapidity, till each of the four British Generals had held it in turn during the space of one short half-hour; then, how the devotion of the four Generals on the other side was even more conspicuous, since every single one of these brave men laid down his life to save the day for France; and, above all, let us remember how lasting the twin renown of Wolfe and Montcalm themselves should be; when the one was so consummate in his victory, and the other so truly glorious in defeat."

The next year saw the second battle of the Plains, when Lévis marched down from Montreal, over the almost impassable spring roads, and beat back Murray within the walls, after a very desperate and bloody

fight. Lévis himself was meanwhile preparing to advance on Quebec in force; when a prisoner, who had just been taken, told him these vessels were the vanguard of the *British* fleet! Of course, he raised the siege at once. But he retired unconquered; and Vauquelin covered his line of retreat by water as gallantly as he had made his own advance by land. Thus France left Quebec with all the honors of war.

III.

Is it to be thought of that we should fail to dedicate what our forefathers have so consecrated as the one field of glory common to us all? Remember, there is no question of barring modern progress—the energy for which we inherit from these very ancestors. No town should ever be made a mere "show place," devoted to the pettier kinds of touristry and dilettante antiquarian delight. But Quebec has room to set aside the most typical spots for commemoration, and this on the sound business principle of putting every site to its most efficient use. So there remains nothing beyond the time and trouble and expense of making what will become, in fact and name, BATTLEFIELD PARK. This will include the best of what must always be known as the Plains of Abraham, and the best of every other center of action that can be preserved in whole, or part, or only in souvenir by means of a tablet. Appropriate places within these limits could be chosen to commemorate the names of eleven historic characters: Champlain, who founded Canada; Montcalm, Wolfe, Lévis, Murray, Saunders and Vauquelin, who fought for her; Cook and Bougainville, the circumnavigators, who did her yeoman service; and Frontenac and Carleton who saved her in different ways, but to the same end.

High above all, on the calm central summit, the Angel of Peace, folding her wings to rest, will stand in benediction of the scene. In her blest presence the heirs of a fame told round the world in French and English speech can dwell upon a bounteous view that has long forgotten the strange, grim face of war. And yet . . . the statue rests on a field of battle, and their own peace on ancestral prowess. The very ground reminds them of supreme ordeals. And though, in mere size, it is no more, to the whole vast bulk of Canada, than the flag is to a man-of-war, yet, like the flag, it is the sign and symbol of a people's soul.

QUEBEC CHRONOLOGY FROM THE 16TH TO THE 20TH CENTURIES

1535. Jacques-Cartier enters the St. Charles River and winters beside the Indian village of Stadacona, the site of which is now included in the City of Quebec.

1608. Champlain founds Canada by building his *Abitacion* at Quebec.

1629. The Kirkes take Quebec, in the name of Charles I. of England, who holds it three years in pledge for the dowry of his Queen, Henrietta Maria of France, and who grants his friend, Sir William Alexander, "*The County and Lordship of Canada!*"

1632. Quebec restored to France.

1635. Champlain dies on Christmas Day, just a century after the landing of Jacques-Cartier. Quebec contains hardly a hundred souls, and only three small public buildings: the store belonging to the trading company of the Cent Associés, Fort St. Louis, on the site of the present Château Frontenac Hotel, and the parish church of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, on the site of the present Basilica.

1660-3. Canada threatened with extermination by Indians, by famine, by the complete downfall of the whole Colony, and by the most terrible earthquakes in her history.

1665. The new Royal Governor, de Courcelles, arrives, his Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief, the Marquis de Tracy, the great Intendant, Jean Talon, 212 persons of title or fortune, 12 companies of French Regulars, and many settlers who became known as habitants.

1672. Frontenac arrives and governs Canada ten years.

1689. Frontenac returns for nine years.

1690. Frontenac repulses Phips and his New England armada.

1692. Frontenac builds the first walls round Quebec.

1711. Sir Hovenden Walker wrecked on his way to attack Quebec.

1755-60. Complete inefficiency under the Governor-General Vaudreuil, and corruption under the Intendant, Bigot.

1759. Siege of Quebec and Battle of the Plains of Abraham.

1760. Lévis defeats Murray in the second battle on the Plains, and in 1860 a monument was erected *Aux Braves* who redressed the balance of victory in favor of France.

1763. Just 100 years after declaring Canada the Royal Province of New France the French Crown cedes the sovereignty to George III.

1774. The Quebec Act passed by the Imperial Parliament.

1775-6. French and English, under Carleton, defeat the American invaders under Montgomery and Arnold.

1792. The first Parliament in Greater Britain opened at Quebec.

1812. Quebec sends her full quota to repel the American invasion of Canada.

1823. The present Citadel and walls, built after a plan approved by Wellington, and completed in 1832.

1824. The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec founded.

1833. In August the *Royal William,* built in and sailing from Quebec, makes the *first of all Transatlantic voyages entirely under steam.* Under her new name, *Isabella Segunda,* she was the *first steamer in the world to fire a shot in action,* on the 5th of May, 1836, in the Bay of Sebastian, Spain, when helping Sir de Lacy Evans's British Legion against the Carlists.

1867. The Dominion of Canada proclaimed at Quebec.

1870. Second Fenian Raid—Quebec again under arms.

1870. The Red River Expedition under Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley has a contingent from Quebec.

1884. Canadian Voyageurs for the Nile Expedition rendezvous at Quebec.

1885. The Royal Canadian Artillery and 9th Regiment, Voltigeurs de Québec, leave for the front during the North West Rebellion.

1899. The First Canadian Contingent for the South African War embarks at Quebec.

1902. The Canadian Coronation Contingent parades to embark at Quebec. (France sends the *Montcalm* to the Coronation Naval Review in England.)

1905. Lord Grey unveils the statue to those Quebecers who died in South Africa:

FOR EMPIRE, CANADA, QUEBEC

NOT BY THE POWER OF COMMERCE, ART, OR PEN
SHALL THIS GREAT EMPIRE STAND; NOR HAS IT STOOD;
BUT BY THE NOBLE DEEDS OF NOBLE MEN,
HEROIC LIVES, AND HEROES' OUTPOURED BLOOD.

1908. Tercentenary of the foundation of Canada by Champlain at Quebec.

1908. The national foundation of Battlefield Park.

(Condensed from pamphlet just issued by the Quebec Battlefield Association).

## MORE OF THE *LEVANT*.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, LIBRARY AND WAR RECORDS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF HISTORY:

Dear Sir:—In reply to your letter requesting the record of the *Levant*, I have the honor to send the following:

The original *Levant* was captured by the *Constitution*, Capt. Charles Stewart commanding, on February 20, 1815, off Madeira. First Lieutenant H. E. Ballard was put in command of the prize which was subsequently recaptured by the British squadron under Sir George Collier in the neutral harbor of Port Praya, Island of Santiago, on March 11, 1815. No record is found regarding the disposition by the British of this vessel. Application to the British Admiralty might secure you the information.

The *Levant* (No. 2) was built in 1837, commissioned in 1838, and was in service until—as supposed—lost at sea with all on board. On her last cruise she sailed on or about September 18, 1860, and the date assumed as the legal date of her loss was June 30, 1861.

The following named officers went down with her:

Commander Wm. E. Hunt.
Lieutenants, W. C. B. S. Porter, E. C. Stout, Colville Terrett, and R. T. Bowen.
Passed Assistant Surgeon, J. S. Gilliam.
Assistant Surgeon, William Bradley.
Purser, Andrew J. Watson.
Master, James C. Mosely.
First Lieutenant Marines, R. L. Browning.
Acting Boatswain, Harrison Edmonston.
Gunner, Robert S. King.
Carpenter, John Jarvis.
Sailmaker, Charles S. Frost.

In reply to your request for a list of naval vessels since 1800 that have never been heard from after sailing, I have to inform you that I do not know that such a list has ever been compiled. A partial list of such vessels with the date of their loss is as follows:

*Albany*, 1854; *Epervier*, 1815; *Hornet*, 1829; *Insurgent*, 1800; *Levant*, 1860; *Lynx*, 1820; *Porpoise*, 1833; *Sea Gull 2d*, 1839; *Sylph 2d*, 1831; *Wasp 3d*, 1817.

The searching out of these supposed dates of loss is a matter of

considerable research and I do not know that it would be possible to obtain the date accurately. Some of the vessels were considered as being lost at a date fixed by law, for instance, the *Albany* was considered as having been lost at the end of the fiscal year 1855, although she was probably lost some time in April. The *Levant* sailed from Hilo, Hawaiian Islands, about the 19th of April, 1860, and was lost on her homeward passage at an indefinite date.

I regret that I have not the time to take up this matter thoroughly myself, but if you have someone who could examine the records and search it out I would be very glad to put every convenience in his way.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES W. STEWART,

*Superintendent Library and Naval War Records.*

## NOTES AND QUERIES

### THE REFUGEES OF 1776 FROM LONG ISLAND TO CONNECTICUT

These Refugees crossed Long Island Sound as a direct result of the Battle of Long Island, Aug. 27, 1776, which gave possession of the Island to the British.

Investigations of the original documents at Albany, N. Y., led to my compiling and editing "New York in the Revolution"; and the "Supplement" to the same. In the latter, for want of space, only a brief mention was made of the Refugees. Many of them afterward served in the Army.

I have now, nearly ready for the press, copies of all the original documents relating to the Refugees—which copies will be printed as an Appendix. The documents will be preceded by a short historical sketch stating the circumstances under which the Refugees made their flight. The book will fill an important gap in the history of this section during the Revolutionary War.

I am advised that it would add much to the value of this work if the Refugees could be identified as to their place of final residence. That is, did they remain in Connecticut, or did they return to Long Island? Also, in what places did they settle? Where are their descendants to-day, and what are their names?

The list below * contains a marked name (or names) concerning which I am led to believe you may be able to answer the questions noted above. If you can answer them please do so at your earliest convenience. If you cannot, please give the name of some one who can; or mention some book that probably contains the information. It may be that you can give information as to other names that are not marked. At any rate, please return the card, so

*(This list comprises several hundred names, of course too many to print. Some are Conkling, Griffing, Howell, King, Miller, Moore, Persons, Topping, Wells. Mr. Mather will send full list to inquirers.)—Ed.

that information can be sought in another direction.

I will thank you, in advance, for anything you may do in the interest of historical accuracy.

FREDERIC G. MATHER.

184 Fairfield Avenue,
Stamford, Conn.,

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DEAR EDITOR:

Ever since I read Colonel Keith's letter in your May number, I have been trying to find out something about him and his friend J. P. Palmer. Now I have found it.

Colonel Israel Keith was without doubt of Bridgewater, the son of Israel and Betty (Chandler) Keith, born 1744, and who married, 1767, Abigail, daughter of Nathan Leonard. His father died when Israel was a lad, and his mother married, second, 1749, Joseph Harvey. He was a Lexington Alarm Man; also during the siege of Boston in companies of Captain James Adams and Captain Abram Washburn. His career must have been honorable, as his promotions were rapid. At the time of the writing of his memorable letter September 26, 1776, concerning the retreat from Long Island, he is styled colonel, whieh may mean lieutenant-colonel.

Joseph Pearse Palmer was the only son of General Palmer, a prominent actor in the Revolutionary drama in Massachusetts, and Mary, the sister of Judge Richard Cranch, who resided in that part of Braintree called Germantown. Before the war he dealt in West India goods and hardware, at the Town dock. Of his share in the Tea Party, his widow says: "One evening about ten o'clock, hearing the gate and door open, I opened the parlor door, and there stood three stout-looking Indians. I screamed, and should have fainted, but recognizing my husband's voice saying, 'Don't be frightened, Betty, it is I. We have only been making a little salt water tea.' His two companions were Foster Condy and Stephen Bruce. Soon after this Secretary Flucker called upon my husband, and said to him, 'Joe, you are so obnoxious to the British Government that you had better leave town.' Accordingly we left town, and went to live in part of my father's house in Watertown." During the war Mr. Palmer served in Boston and in Rhode Island, first as brigade major, and next as quartermaster general. Soon after his father's death, in 1788, he went to Vermont with Colonel Keith to examine the facilities for establishing themselves in some branch of the iron business. Shortly after he reached Windsor he lost his life, having accidentally fallen from a bridge, then erecting over the Connecticut. He left a numerous family. His daughter, Mary, married Royal Tyler, of Vermont, Member Massachusetts Lodge, 1773. (*Tea Leaves of* 1773.) A distinguished son of this marriage was General John Steele Tyler, born Guilford, Vt., Sept. 28, 1796. Died, Boston, Jan. 20, 1876. He was Captain Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, 1832, 1844, 1847, and 1860. He was also a much beloved Free Mason, of St. John's Lodge, 1820, to his death.

A. A. FOLSOM.

BROOKLINE, MASS., Nov. 27.

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EPHRAIM DOUGLASS

Was born in the year 1749. A soldier in the Revolution, he was taken

prisoner by the British at the battle of Bound Brook, where he was acting as aide-de-camp to General Benjamin Lincoln. He was imprisoned at Gravesend, L. I., until 1780, when he returned to Pittsburg, which was his home before the commencement of the war.

In 1783 he was appointed a commissioner to visit the Indians in the West and inform them of the termination of the war. He visited Detroit, reaching that place July 4, 1783, but the commandant, Major Arent Schuyler De Peyster, would not permit him to meet the Indians in council. He next visited Niagara, but here the commandant, Major Allan McLean, also refused to permit him to talk with the Indians.

He made a report to Congress, on his return, of his undertakings and failures.

Fayette County, Pennsylvania, was organized in 1783 and Douglass was appointed prothonotary—an office which he held for many years. He lived in Uniontown, in that county, until his death, July 17, 1833.

It has been stated that his father's name was Adam Douglass. Is that a fact? Where was he born?

It is also said that he was never married. If that is a fact, who is the Ephraim Douglass mentioned in his will?

I would like to receive information concerning him that is not already in print. I believe I have exhausted the printed material in my researches.

C. M. BURTON

27 BRAINARD ST., DETROIT.

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A life of Gov. Thomas Pownall is preparing by one of his descendants in England, and will probably be published this year. Anyone having any material relating to Pownall is asked to communicate with the Editor of the MAGAZINE.

NOTE.—We regret that by oversight we failed to credit to the *Evening Post*, N. Y., the two articles by Mr. Todd, on the "Wisconsin Historical Society" (December), and "Blennerhasset and His Island" (October).—ED.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### A NIGHT ADVENTURE

"IT'S plaguy hard," muttered Timothy to himself.

"What?" quoth Sybrandt.

"Why, not to have the privilege of shooting one of these varmints."

"Not another word," whispered Sybrandt; "we may be overheard from the shore."

"Does he think I don't know what's what?" again muttered Timothy, plying his paddle with a celerity and silence that Sybrandt vainly tried to equal.

The night gradually grew dark as pitch. All became of one color, and the earth and the air were confounded together in utter obscurity, at least to the eyes of Sybrandt Westbrook. Not a breath of wind disturbed the foliage of the trees, that hung invisible to all eyes but those of Timothy, who seemed to see best in the dark; not an echo, not a whisper disturbed the dead silence of nature, as they darted along unseen and unseeing,—at least our hero could see nothing but darkness.

"Whist!" aspirated Timothy, at length, so low that he could scarcely hear himself; and after making a few strokes with his paddle, so as to shoot the boat out of her course, cowered himself down to the bottom. Sybrandt did the same, peering just over the side of the boat, to discover if possible the reason of Timothy's manœuvers. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, the measured sound of paddles dipping lightly into the water. A few minutes more, and he saw five or six little lights glimmering indistinctly through the obscurity, apparently at a great distance. Timothy raised himself up suddenly, seized his gun, and pointed it for a moment at one of the lights; but recollecting the injunction of Sir William, immediately resumed his former position. In a few minutes the sound of the paddles died away, and the lights disappeared.

"What was that?" whispered Sybrandt.

"The Frenchmen are turning the tables on us, I guess," replied the other. "If that boat isn't going a-spying jist like ourselves, I'm quite out in my calculation."

"What! with lights? They must be great fools."

"It was only the fire of their pipes, which the darkness made look like so many candles. I'm thinking what a fine mark these lights would have bin; and how I could have peppered two or three of them, if Sir William had not bin so plaguy obstinate."

"Peppered them! why, they were half-a-dozen miles off."

"They were within fifty yards—the critters; I could have broke all their pipes as easy as kiss my hand."

"How do you know they were critters, as you call the Indians!"

"Why, did you ever hear so many Frenchmen make so little noise?"

This reply was perfectly convincing; and Sybrandt again enjoining silence, they proceeded with the same celerity, and in the same intensity of darkness as before, for more than an hour. This brought them, at the swift rate they were going, a distance of at least twenty miles from the place of their departure.

Turning a sharp angle, at the expiration of the time just specified, Timothy suddenly stopped his paddle as before, and cowered down at the bottom of the canoe. Sybrandt had no occasion to inquire the reason of this action; for happening to look towards the shore, he could discover at a distance innumerable lights glimmering and flashing amid the obscurity, and rendering the darkness beyond the sphere of their influence still more profound. These lights appeared to extend several miles along what he supposed to be the strait or lake, which occasionally reflected their glancing rays upon its quiet bosom.

"There they are, the critters," whispered Timothy, exultingly; "we've treed 'em at last, I swow. Now, mister, let me ask you one question—will you obey my orders?"

"If I like them," said Sybrandt.

"Ay, like or no like. I must be captain for a little time, at least."

"I have no objection to benefit by your experience."

"Can you play Ingen when you are put to it?"

"I have been among them, and know something of their character and manners."

"Can you talk Ingen?"

"No!"

"Ah! your education has been sadly neglected. But come, there's no time to waste in talking Ingen or English. We must get right in the middle of these critters. Can you creep on all-fours without waking up a cricket?"

"No!"

"Plague on it! I wonder what Sir William meant by sending you with me. I could have done better by myself. Are you afeerd?"

"Try me."

"Well, then, I must make the best of the matter. The critters are camped out—I see by their fires—by themselves. I can't stop to tell you every thing; but you must keep close to me, do jist as I do, and say nothing; that's all."

"I am likely to play a pretty part, I see."

"Play! you'll find no play here, I guess, mister. Set down close; make no noise; and if you go to sneeze or cough, take right hold of your throat, and let it go downwards."

Sybrandt obeyed his injunctions; and Timothy proceeded towards the lights, which appeared much farther off in the darkness than they really were, handling his paddle with such lightness and dexterity that Sybrandt could not hear the strokes. In this manner they swiftly approached the encampment, until they could distinguish a confused noise of shoutings and hallooings, which gradually broke on their ears in discordant violence. Timothy stopped his paddle and listened.

"It is the song of those tarnal critters, the Utawas. They're in a drunken frolic, as they always are the night before going to battle. I know the critters, for I've popped off a few, and can talk and sing their songs pretty considerably, I guess. So we'll be among 'em right off. Don't forget what I told you about doing as I do, and holding your tongue."

Cautiously plying his paddle, he now shot in close to the shore whence the sounds of revelry proceeded, and made the land at some little distance, that he might avoid the sentinels, whom they could hear ever and anon challenging each other. They then drew up the light canoe into the bushes, which here closely skirted the waters. "Now leave all behind but yourself, and follow me," whispered Timothy, as he carefully felt whether the muskets were well covered from the damps of the night; and then laid himself down on his face, and crawled along under the bushes with the quiet celerity of a snake in the grass.

"Must we leave our guns behind," whispered Sybrandt.

"Yes, according to orders; but it's a plaguy hard case. Yet upon the whole it's best; for if I was to get a fair chance at one of these critters, I believe in my heart my gun would go off clean of itself. But hush! shut your mouth as close as a powderhorn."

After proceeding some distance, Sybrandt getting well scratched by the briars, and finding infinite difficulty in keeping up with Timothy, the latter stopped short.

"Here the critters are," said he, in the lowest whisper.

"Where?" replied the other in the same tone.

"Look right before you."

Sybrandt followed the direction, and beheld a group of five or six Indians seated round a fire, the waning luster of which cast a fitful light upon their dark countenances, whose savage expression was heightened to ferocity by the stimulant of the debauch in which they were engaged. They sat on the ground swaying to and fro, backward and forward, and from side to side, ever and anon passing round the canteen from one to the other, and sometimes rudely snatching it away, when they thought either was drinking more than his share. At intervals they broke out into yelling and discordant songs, filled with extravagant boastings of murders, massacres, burnings, and plunderings, mixed up with threatenings of what they would do to the red-coat long knives on the morrow. One of these songs recited the destruction of a village, and bore a striking resemblance to the bloody catastrophe of poor Timothy's wife and children. Sybrandt could not understand it, but he could hear the quick suppressed breathings of his companion, who, when it was done, aspirated, in a tone of smothered vengeance, "If I only had my gun!"

"Stay here a moment," whispered he, as he crept cautiously towards the noisy group, which all at once became perfectly quiet, and remained in the attitude of listening.

"Huh!" muttered one, who appeared by his dress to be the principal.

Timothy replied in a few Indian words, which Sybrandt did not comprehend; and raising himself from the ground, suddenly appeared in the midst of them. A few words were rapidly interchanged; and Timothy then brought forward his companion, whom he presented to the Utawas, who welcomed him and handed the canteen, now almost empty.

"My brother does not talk," said Timothy.

"Is he dumb?" asked the chief of the Utawas.

"No; but he has sworn not to open his mouth till he has struck the body of a long knife."

"Good," said the other; "he is welcome."

After a pause he went on, at the same time eying Sybrandt with suspicion; though his faculties were obscured by the fumes of the liquor he still continued to drink, and hand round at short intervals.

"I don't remember the young warrior. Is he of our tribe?"

"He is; but he was stolen by the Mohawks many years ago, and only returned lately."

"How did he escape?"

"He killed two chiefs while they were asleep by the fire, and ran away."

"Good," said the Utawas; and for a few moments sunk into a kind of stupor, from which he suddenly roused himself, and grasping his tomahawk started up, rushed towards Sybrandt, and raising his deadly weapon, stood over him in the attitude of striking. Sybrandt remained perfectly unmoved, waiting the stroke.

"Good," said the Utawas again; "I am satisfied; the Utawas never shuts his eyes at death. He is worthy to be our brother. He shall go with us to battle to-morrow."

"We have just come in time," said Timothy. "Does the white chief march against the red-coats to-morrow?"

"He does."

"Has he men enough to fight them?"

"They are like the leaves on the trees," said the other.

By degrees Timothy drew from the Utawas chief the number of Frenchmen, Indians, and *coureurs de bois,* which composed the army; the time when they were to commence their march; the course they were to take, and the outlines of the plan of attack, in case the British either waited for them in the fort or met them in the field. By the time he had finished his examination, the whole party with the exception of Timothy, Sybrandt, and the chief, were fast asleep. In a few minutes after, the two former affected to be in the same state, and began to snore lustily. The Utawas chief nodded from side to side; then sunk down like a log, and remained insensible to everything around him, in the sleep of drunkenness.

Timothy lay without motion for a while, then turned himself over, and rolled about from side to side, managing to strike against each of the party in succession. They remained fast asleep. He then cautiously raised himself, and Sybrandt did the same. In a moment Timothy was down again, and Sybrandt followed his example without knowing why, until he heard some one approach, and distinguished, as they came nigh, two officers, apparently of rank. They halted near the waning fire, and one said to the other in French, in a low tone:

"The beasts are all asleep; it is time to wake them. Our spies are come back, and we must march."

"Not yet," replied the other; "let them sleep an hour longer, and they will wake sober." They then passed on, and when their footsteps were no longer heard, Timothy again raised himself up, motioning our hero to lie still. After ascertaining by certain tests which experience had taught him that the Indians still continued in a profound sleep, he proceeded with wonderful dexterity and silence to shake the priming from each of the guns in succession. After this, he took their powder-horns and emptied them; then seizing the tomahawk of the Utawas chief, which had dropped from his hand, he stood over him for a moment, with an expression of deadly hatred which Sybrandt had never before seen in his or in any other countenance. The intense desire of killing one of the critters, as he called them, struggled a few moments with his obligations to obey the orders of Sir William; but the latter at length triumphed,

and motioning Sybrandt, they crawled away with the silence and celerity with which they came; launched their light canoe, and plied their paddles with might and main. "The morning breeze is springing up," said Timothy, "and it will soon be daylight. We must be tarnal busy."

And busy they were, and swiftly did the light canoe slide over the wave, leaving scarce a wake behind her. As they turned the angle which hid the encampment from their view, Timothy ventured to speak a little above his breath.

"It's lucky for us that the boat we passed coming down has returned, for it's growing light apace. I'm only sorry for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Sybrandt.

"That I let that drunken Utawas alone. If I had only bin out on my own bottom, he'd have bin stun dead in a twinkling, I guess."

"And you too, I *guess,*" said Sybrandt, adopting his peculiar phraseology; "you would have been overtaken and killed."

"Who, I? I must be a poor critter if I can't dodge half a dozen of these drunken varmints."

A few hours of sturdy exertion brought them at length within sight of Ticonderoga, just as the red harbingers of morning striped the pale green of the skies. Star after star disappeared, as Timothy observed, like candles that had been burning all night and gone out of themselves, and as they struck the foot of the high bluff whence they had departed, the rays of the sun just tipped the peaks of the high mountains rising towards the west. Timothy then shook hands with our hero.

"You're a hearty critter," said he, "and I'll tell Sir William how you looked at that tarnal tomahawk as if it had bin an old pipe-stem."

Without losing a moment, they proceeded to the quarters of Sir William, whom they found waiting for them with extreme anxiety. He extended both hands towards our hero, and eagerly exclaimed:

"What luck, my lads? I have been up all night, waiting your return."

"Then you will be quite likely to sleep sound to-night," quoth master Timothy, unbending the intense rigidity of his leathern countenance. "I am of opinion if a man wants to have a real good night's rest, he's only to set up the night before, and he may calculate upon it with sartinty."

"Hold your tongue, Timothy," said Sir William, good-humouredly, "or else speak to the purpose. Have you been at the enemy's camp?"

"Right in their very bowels," said Timothy.

Sir William proceeded to question, and Sybrandt and Timothy to answer, until he drew from them all the important information of which they had possessed themselves. He then dismissed Timothy with cordial thanks and a purse of yellow-boys, which he received with much satisfaction.

"It's not of any great use to me, to be sure," said he as he departed; "but somehow or other I love to look at the critters."

"As to you, Sybrandt Westbrook, you have fulfilled the expectations I formed of you on our first acquaintance. You claim a higher reward; for you have acted from higher motives and at least equal courage and resolution. His Majesty shall know of this; and, in the mean time, call yourself Major Westbrook, for such you are from this moment. Now go with me to the commander-in-chief, who must know of what you heard and saw."

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(*To be continued.*)

# BOOK REVIEWS

## A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS PEOPLE—From Their Earliest Records to the Present Time. By ELROY MCKENDREE AVERY. In sixteen volumes. Illus. Color maps. 8vo. Vol. I., xxx+405 pp., 1904. Vol. II., xxx+458 pp., 1905. Vol. III., xxxvii+446 pp., 1907. Cloth, $6.25 per vol.; half levant, $12.50. full levant, $17.50. Cleveland, O. THE BURROWS BROTHERS COMPANY.

Here we have a comprehensive, accurate, well-balanced history of the United States designed for people of general culture. It is an extended popular history, beautifully illustrated and fascinatingly written.

For nearly twenty years the author and the publisher have had this work in process of preparation.

In its outline it follows closely the course of events and the development of ideals that have shaped the nation's history. As one lifetime is far too short to write a complete history of this country from original sources, the author has built his narrative upon the foundations laid down by others. His aim has been to make each chapter popular but trustworthy, lucid but extended, fascinating but accurate. To those ends he has had the suggestions of many specialists.

With a keen perception of right and wrong, and in a style that is vigorous, lucid, strong and pure, the author has succeeded in giving in these volumes a better historical perspective of the events that have made this nation what it is than has before appeared.

"Called more by a soldier's desire to serve his country than by a longing for pecuniary gain" the publisher "has produced a history in a garb richer than that of any that have gone before it." Liberally mapped, instructively illustrated and beautifully printed, these sumptuous volumes speak for themselves. With maps unexcelled for clearness, with illustrations that are superb and with a text that is pure and truthful, graphic and devoid of political or social bias this work is a masterpiece of historical literature.

It was not designed for professional historical students. It is not a reference work but is a narrative, readable and charming. On mooted and doubtful facts the author has consulted many critical authorities, enabling him to carry the general reader over chasms of the indeterminate and doubtful. The lay reader is mainly interested in a clear and comprehensive perspective of the past. For him this work surpasses any other of its kind in the English language.

In each of the three volumes published there is clarity of diction and breadth of view. In the first the reader is carried back to prehistoric times, to the Neolithic Americans and the Northmen and brought down through the period of discovery to 1600. Every page of this volume is a reminder of how the New World came to be as it was at the time of its discovery.

The second volume treats in detail of the explorations and colonization by the various European nations and of their struggles for supremacy. In the third volume the narrative brings the trend of events down to the time when two dominant nations, the English and the French, vied with each other for the control of all North America.

These volumes are the realization of high ideals in book-making, and the publisher has become justly celebrated for the publication of the finest edition de luxe of *Lorna Doone, The Jesuit Relations* and many others well known to every book-lover.

At the end of each volume a carefully prepared bibliographical appendix for each chapter gives ample suggestions for further study.

Here is one of the most beautiful results of modern book-making in historical literature, offered in a style of rare literary excellence.

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Colonel William Wood, the author of *The Fight for Canada,* has just taken in hand a volume on *The Naval Conquest of Canada* for the Champlain Society, who hope to have it published before the end of the year. Two-thirds of the letterpress will be *verbatim* extracts from the logs of the ships engaged in the three campaigns of Louisburg, 1758, Quebec, 1759, and Montreal, 1760—The rest will comprise an index, notes, bibliography of original documents, and an elaborate introduction of about 40,000 words in five chapters. The first chapter will show the relations of the American campaigns to the world-wide scheme of naval strategy in the Seven Years' War. The second will deal with Louisburg. The third will show how Saunders brought a fleet and convoy of 277 sail of all kinds, from a 90-gun man-of-war to a tiny sloop, up the intricate pilot waters of the St. Lawrence to Quebec. The fourth will be concerned with the naval side of Wolfe's siege and the Battle of the Plains. While the fifth will close the subject with the surrender of Montreal the following year. The book will be amply provided with contemporary charts, none of which have hitherto been reproduced. Facsimiles of Jeffrey's Nova Scotia and Louisburg will illustrate the first two chapters; while the advance on Quebec will be shown by means of a large-scale chart based on the great Captain Cook's original survey of 1760. The edition, according to the rules of the Society, is strictly limited to 500 copies, half of which go to the members and the other half to other special subscribers.

THE WOOLSON-FENNO ANCESTRY and Allied Lines, with Biographical Sketches. By Lula May (Fenno) Woolson and Charles Amasa Woolson of Springfield, Vt., Illus. 12mo. III. 144 pp. Privately printed, 1907. Price $3.00.

More than ten years of study on their ancestry is brought out by the authors in this beautiful volume from the press of T. R. Marvin and Son of Boston. The work is creditable to the authors and printers alike.

To the genealogical history of the Woolson and Fenno families the first forty pages are exclusively devoted. The allied families which follow are: Adams, Andrews, Armstrong, Badlam, Baker, Barney, Beers, Belcher, Bixby, Blake, Brackett, Brooks, Brown, Bullock, Chase, Cooke, Cowen, Crafts, Cragin, Cummings, Dexter, Dodge, Esten, Farwell, Flint, Ford, Gibbons, Gould, Harriman, Hawes, Haynes, Horton, Hovey, Howlett, Humphrey, Hunt, Hyde, Jenkins, Johnson, Kenney, Kimball, Kinsley, Knight, Learned, Lillie, Lincoln, Look, Lovell, Mandell, Marsh, Martin, Mason, Mitchell, Moulton, Packard, Page, Phillips, Pratt, Richardson, Robbins, Russell, Stearns Swan, Tilden, Tucker, Turner, Tyler, Upham, Vaughan, Washburn, West, Wheeler, Wheelock and Witt—all colonial families of New England.

At the end of the genealogies may be found *A Tribute of Love*—a reprint of a booklet containing a sketch of distinguished members of the Woolson family.

Finely illustrated with twenty-five full page cuts, two pedigree charts, table of contents and complete index, the volume is a model of its class. Printed in ten and eleven point type on the best rag paper, it well represents the art of modern book-making. One hundred copies only were printed.

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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# THE FIRST COMMISSION AT SEA FROM RHODE ISLAND.

## I.—THE DUTCH AND RHODE ISLAND.

THE story of the Dutch explorations along the New England coast so far as our State historians have given it, is very vague. It is merely stated that they so sailed. What was learned and who did it is not given, save in one instance—that of Adrian Block giving a name to an island which is to-day known by his name. The best narrative I find is in Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," Vol. IV, page 395. In speaking of the Dutch he recognizes that they were a commercial people; that as sailors they were daring. It is true they had a severe lesson set them to learn by the Spaniard, and true it was they faithfully learned it. They felt they had been defrauded out of a large portion of their wealth by Spain. That an opportunity was offered them was certain, which they were not slow to avail themselves of by all the means in their hands. They had taken a great interest in the India question; had established trading posts; had learned the language of the people and had become familiar with the eastern world. The long journey was studied and the various dangerous points carefully noted. Could this long journey be shortened? Ever since the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope had been made the question of a shorter passage had been discussed among the leading navigators of the time. Columbus was not original in his idea of a direct voyage to the West. The point was, who was brave enough to sail first. The voyage of Columbus had proven that land was West and nearer to Europe than was India by sea around the Cape. The west passage to India was conceded to have been solved by him. The great disappointment consisted in not finding the natives so far advanced in the arts as were those of the India with which they were familiar. To distinguish one from the other one was called East and the other West India. Columbus having made the southern voyage it was natural that the maritime nations farther north became zealous to follow the lead and began a series of voyages farther north also. Champlain and Hudson, Cabot and the other northern navigators were looking for this passage

to India. That America was a great continent of itself, extending nearly from pole to pole and united by a narrow strip of land, was not dreamed of by Columbus and the earlier voyagers. Magellan was the first to raise the doubt, which Drake, Cavendish and Dampier proved by sailing around the world. So long, however, had the idea that America was India been believed that the name given to the native tribes as Indians has clung to them ever since.

In following the eastern coast of America and in sailing across the ocean the traditions and myths about the great fishes, dragons, and other mythical characters that guarded the secrets of the sea were rudely shaken. The religion of the sea, such as had been taught for centuries by the Greek, Roman, and later schools, had now to be radically changed. No nations of Europe did more in this line than the Germans and English. In sailing along the coast in these new waters the stories learned were ever before them for proof and disproof. The Dutchman in all these voyages used his brain as well as his hands. He looked well to the practical. It is conceded the early Dutch maps were the most accurate, as far as they went, of any made in those times. They are practical, as they showed the lines sailed over.

The Spanish and Portuguese navigators had behind them in their voyages the influence of their church, which used the full extent of its power to debar other nations from participating in the profits or honors arising therefrom. When things were carried so far that the new domain of the earth was divided between Spain and Portugal, Franch being left out of the bargain, she protested, but the Dutch ignored it and went on in their own way and manner without asking spiritual permission.

When it had become demonstrated that there was a profit in these voyages, then it was found necessary to take steps to make them profitable as well as to have a national authority and protection over the ventures. From this point I cannot do better than to quote from Winsor's history as above noted. He says:

"The first proposition to make such an expedition was submitted to the States General in 1581 by an English sea captain named Betts and refused by them. It was undoubtedly conceived in a purely commercial spirit." This proposition was to send ships to the West Indies and the Spanish Main to prey upon Spanish commerce.

"Gradually, however, the idea of destroying the transatlantic re-

sources of Spain and thereby compelling her to submit to the Dutch conditions of peace, and to the evacuation of Belgium, caused the formation of a West India Company, which was authorized to trade and to fight the Spaniards in American waters. It appears in a light of a necessary political measure without, however, throwing in the background the necessity of finding a short route to the East Indies.

Although the scheme to form the company was broached in 1592 by William Usselinx, an exiled Antwerp merchant, it was many years before the plan could be carried out. The Greenland Company was formed in 1598. It was ships from this latter company that sailed up the North and Delaware rivers in 1598.

In 1606 the plan for an organized company was drawn up according to Usselinx's ideas. It was to remain in existence thirty-six years, the first six years to be assisted by the United Provinces, and to be managed the same as the East India Company. This plan was debated for and against; a truce having been agreed upon between Spain and Holland, it was suffered to lie in its incomplete form until after the renewal of the War with Spain, when it was again taken up in 1618.

So early as 1607 the Dutch had traded with the Indians in Canada for furs, and Hudson offered his services to the Dutch in 1609. The voyages of Hudson and others created a new interest and breathed new life into the West India Company measure. It finally passed the States General and was signed June, 1621.

In 1626 and 1627 the Dutch obtained a concession of the Narragansett Pequots and those Indian tribes living along the Sound and to the east of their settlement at New Netherland. This brought forth a remonstrance from Governor Bradford in 1627. This was further emphasized by the building of Fort Hope in 1632 at Hartford.

The Dutch were not so successful in managing the Indians living east of New Netherland, as the English. They were more cruel and would not try a compromise first. Their experience no doubt with the Spanish troops had schooled them to these tactics.

Notwithstanding their weakness in the various trading posts or forts, they continued to hold on by surrendering the most eastern ones first and the rest when the English captured New York, and the colony went under the English flag first on September 27, 1664, finally, in November, 1674, after being in the hands of the Dutch about a year."

The first serious trouble between the English and the Dutch that affected our colony was in October, 1644, when it was feared the Dutch and Indians would unite against the English settlements.

Owing to the peculiar relations between our colony and the other New England colonies it was natural that our trade should seek new channels. The Dutch at Manhattan was one of these channels. As early as September 19, 1642, arrangements were entered into for a trade with them. For the next ten years they frequented the Narragansett Bay for trade. This friendly feeling toward the Dutch was not pleasing to the two Massachusetts Colonies.

In May, 1652, occurred a personal affair at Warwick over the settlements of their accounts, which was carried to law and decided in their favor. After the declaration of war, May 19, 1652, the Dutch were forbidden to trade with the Indians in the Colony.

Some writers place the building of the Dutch fort at Westerly, now Charlestown, as early as 1626-27, but I think it was about 1640 that the Stockade or Trading Post was formed, and the fort at Fort Neck was a later affair and was more than probably built by the English in 1653. The Dutch were not successful in their trade with the Narragansetts.

May 15, 1653, the Colony took active steps to protect themselves against the Dutch. A commission was given May 17 to Captains Dyer and Underhill to go against the Dutch. As this commission is so quaint in its language and the earliest one issued by our colony it merits being given here in full:

### CAPTAIN JOHN UNDERHILL'S COMMISSION

This certifyeth whom it may concerne yt whereas we ye free inhabitants of Providence Plantations haveinge received authoritie and power from the Right honorable ye Counsell of State by authoritie of parliement to do some'g our selves from ye Dutch ye enemie of ye Commenwealth of England as also to assest them as wee shall think nessesarie as also to seize all Dutch vessels or shipps yt shall come within our harbours within our power And whereas by true information and greate complaint of ye severe condition of many of our cantonments of English natives living on long islend are subjected to by ye double soverince of ye Dutch province at ye manars there and the desperate hazard they are subjected to by ye bloody plottings of ye governor and all show who are decided and declared to

have demand in and any ways of ye Indians by bribes and premeses to sett of and destroy ye English natives in those p^ts^ by wch exposure one cantonment is put in trouble as quite desperate hazards and in continuel feare to be sett of and murdered unlesse some speddey and defensible remedy is so provided These p^ts^ we consider and as all neighbors by our general asemblie mett the 19th of May 1653 It was agreed and is to remind by ye said asemblie yt it was nessesarie and yt for our owne defence (where if ye English there should be attacked or sett of) wee could nott long enjoy our stations chosen as before we have thought it necessarie both to defend our selves and so sustain them to give. And wee hereby give by virtue of our authoritie provided us before full power and authoritie to Capt. William Dyer and Capt. John Underhill to take all Dutch ships and vessels as shall come into their power and so to defend themselves from ye Dutch and all enemies of ye Commonwealth of England. And doe further think it necessarie yt they offende ye Dutch offer all inducements also to take them by indulgence and to prevent ye efusion of blood provided also yt noe violence be given nor noe detriment sustayned to them it shall submit to ye Commonwealth of England wch being wch authority thou thus may offende them at ye Expedition of Capt. William Dyer and Capt. John Underhill who by devise and counsell of three councellors one of wch councellors desentinge have power to bring ye same to conformitie to ye Commonwealth of England provided yt ye states yt so provide and all vessells taken be brought into ye harbour at Newport and accordinge to ye law to shew before and ye states yt further provided also yt these seized and authorized by us doe give account of theire proceedings to ye sd Court and assistants of ye Colenie and accordingly provide further instructions to order theire asignes by ye P'dent and assistants aforesaid. It is further provided yt Capt. John Underhill is constituted Commander-in-Chief upon ye lands and Captain William Dyer Commander-in-Chief at ye sea yett to joyne in Counsell to be assisted both to other for ye preparings of ye severall seizures for the honor of ye Commonwealth of England in wch they are employed.

Given under ye Seale of ye Coleny of Providence Plantations this ye Psent 27th of May, 1653.

P me, Will Lytherland, Generall Recorder.

The English fort at Fort Neck was a protection against the Dutch at this point. This military proclivity was in sharp contrast to that of the two eastern Colonies, who were more cautious if not prudent. The exposed situation of our colony undoubtedly nerved them to this step.

The step was not actually taken without some remonstrance from Warwick and Providence, which was not strongly pushed.

In a paper dated August 6, 1659, the date of the seizure of the fort at Hartford is given as June 27, 1563, and the Captain says the April following the court sequestered it from him.

In 1614 Adrian Block, after losing his vessel at New York, built him another, in which he sailed up the East River and the Connecticut to between the present Hartford and Windsor. He found an Indian fort here. (De Forest, History of Indians of Connecticut, p. 70.)

Governor Van Twiller sent Jacob Van Curler, who purchased and erected a Trading Post at what is now Hartford, 1632. He purchased it from Wapyquart or Wopigwooit the grand sachem of the Pequots, and the deed was passed June 18, 1633: "One Dutch mile along the river and ⅓ of a mile inland," page 72. The consideration was 26 ells of a coarse cloth called duffels, 6 axes, 6 kettles, 18 knives, 1 sword blade, a pair of shears, and some toys. (*Ibid.*)

The little territory thus purchased was made for all purposes of trade to all nations of Indians. It was to be a territory of peace. The hatchet was to be buried there. No warrior was to molest his enemy while within its lands. Van Curler erected on it a small trading fort, armed it with two pieces of cannon and named it the House of Good Hope. (*Ibid.*)

The Pequots broke these conditions by killing some Indians, their enemies, who had come here to trade. The Dutch were so incensed at this act of violence that to punish it they, in some way or other, contrived to despatch Wopigwooit and several of his men. Sassacus, his son, succeeded him in the office and a desultory war ensued between the Pequots and the Dutch. It might seem that this had some bearing on the loss of the Dutch trade and the invitation to the English at Massachusetts Bay to settle at Hartford. (p. 73.)

The Dutch were very cruel and so exasperated the Indians of Connecticut that they arose against them and drove them from the eastern end of Long Island and out of Connecticut. (*Ibid* further on.)

Captain Baxter (who afterwards brought over the Royal Charter) captured a Dutch vessel near New York and was pursued by two of their

armed vessels to Fairfield Harbor. The New England Commissioners thereupon forbade Dutch vessels entering English ports, in sharp contrast to the vigorous action of our colony.

Upon conclusion of peace between England and Holland in 1658, the law prohibiting trade with the Dutch was repealed. There were persons who claimed to hold commissions from our colony who still continued to annoy them. To prevent these from occurring in the future these acts were declared a felony..

While not belonging to this subject, this fact in relation to Narragansett Bay deserves to be recorded. In the report of the Royal Commissioners (Colonel Richard Nicolls, Sir Robert Carr, George Cartwright and Samuel Maverick), in speaking of Narragansett Bay, they pronounce it the largest and safest one in New England nearest the sea, and fittest for trade.

Does not this fact explain the activity of our colony in the Dutch War?

Champlain visited Plymouth Bay July 19, 1605, made a map of the Bay and named it Port Lewis. (Winsor, IV, p. 110.)

Verrazano stayed fifteen days at Newport Harbor, leaving May 5 or 6, 1529. He gives a very favorable opinion of the land and the natives. (*Ibid,* IV, 8.)

The Dutch appeared to have explored the coast, but Mr. Brodhead ("History of New York," I, p. 58) is inclined to the belief that Adrian Block visited Plymouth Harbor in 1614 in the *Onrust.* The Dutch Map and Champlain's book, he says, are very much alike.

The Dutch claimed that New Netherland extended from Narragansett Bay west and south as far as Maryland.

The Massachusetts English colonies early invaded the eastern section, going as far west as the Housatonic on the Sound, and covering the land north and east of the Connecticut river.

The Dutch looked on dismayed at this encroachment on their territory and protested, but no attention was paid to them, for all their claims were based on claims and historical documents that we know to be manifestly false and the truth of which can never be proved. The persons who got up the evidence for the Dutch West India Company knew evi-

dently there was a flaw in the title and the English could not be blamed for paying no attention to the claims. [Arher's "Hist. Essays," p. 36.]

The Dutch when negotiating with Cromwell drew up several statements which were audacious fictions. [*Ibid*, 37.]

The first Dutch maps of New Netherland were drawn in 1614 and 1616. [*Ibid*, 44.]

The early Dutch voyagers' sole object appears to have been to discover a shorter route to India. Of these Hudson's voyages seem to have been most persistently pursued. The claim made by both France and Holland of discovery, while they did not colonize, but merely sailed along the coast, was disputed by England. It was upon this very question of colonization the claim of England to North America rested and upon which it was fought out in the various wars for possession.

The Dutch were noted for their firmness of purpose and stubborn adherence to a right as a principle of life. They were a nation of traders, so the American settlements were managed as trading posts. The colonization plan was filled with it. The English plan, while not neglecting trade, looked deeper to entrenchment by giving more attention to a future and permanent habitation. This was what made the Dutch so unpopular with the Indians; they drove too sharp a bargain and took every advantage in their power.

In 1609 Henry Hudson made his celebrated voyage up the now famous river bearing his name. In 1613 several vessels arrived, erected small forts and carried on a fur trade with the Indians. It is probable that soon after this they pushed out exploring parties to the east. The Narragansett Indians being a prominent tribe and occupying a commanding position on the coast, there can be no doubt, soon became familiar with the Dutch.

It is said that they had a trading house on what is now known as Dutch Island. I am inclined to the opinion if they had one it was a temporary affair. We know that May 22, 1658, Governor Arnold and others purchased it of the Indians. The November session following of the General Court passed a resolution making valid these sales, and saying "they cannot now be made void or hindered." They go further and forbid strangers from purchasing lands, etc., within the lines. ["R. I. Col. Rec.," I, pp. 403-4.]

This certainly is proof that the Dutch had not a valid possession, and sustains my position that if a fort had been erected it was only a temporary affair.

September 19, 1642, a resolution was passed, giving permission to trade with the Dutch by the General Court. May 17, 1653, acting under orders from the English Government or as they call it, the "Council of State," orders were given to arm against the Dutch, and commissions were issued to prey upon their commerce.

May 18, 1652, the Dutch Governor of the Manadoes had been given notice touching the law of trading with the Indians and notified of the Prohibition Act. In May, 1647, there had been a prohibition act passed which excluded all Dutch, French or English traders from abroad from trading with the Indians within the colony limits, which act was again enacted September, 1653.

Providence Plantations protested against this activity, and in a letter to Sir Henry Vane the fact is mentioned.

After the peace between England and Holland trade was resumed, the prohibition being repealed in May, 1657. In May the next year the vessels were protected and declared not liable to seizure.

It will be seen from these above citations from the Colonial Records and in face of the fact that the Commissions issued did bear fruit in so much that Captains Underhill and Dyer did attack the Dutch Fort at Hartford, that had there been any Dutch property on the Island they would have seized it first. The Indians when they sold it later did not mention any transaction with them about it.

In the Treaty at Hartford, September 19, 1650, between the Dutch and English, it was agreed that the Dutch should remain in full possession of their lands on the fresh river at Hartford. Ratified February 22, 1655 (O'Callaghan, "Doc. Hist. of N. Y.," I., p. 611.)

Dr. Parsons, in an essay published in the *Historical Magazine,* February, 1863, says the Dutch had a Trading Station at Quotinas or Dutch Island and another at what is now Charlestown.

The Doctor goes on and speaks about this Dutch fort, which he thinks was built about 1616. He has in mind the one known on Fort Neck. This fort, as I have before stated, was built in 1653, by the

Rhode Island Colony. The stockade was really the Dutch trading house, but this was further inland and so its site is not so well known to the antiquarian. The Doctor remarks that quite a trade was had between them and the Indians. This may be conceded, and no doubt was the fact. It is also a fact that these same Indians traded with the French Jesuits and Voyageurs. It was suspected by the Doctor and other Rhode Island scholars, but no positive proof was had for some time. If I remember rightly, about 1876 Mr. Hart, a farmer in North Kingston, in removing sand from the sandbank opened an Indian grave. On the bones of a hand were seventeen rings, most of them lead, the others of base metals. On these rings were a monogram I H S the letters being united. Mr. Hart told me personally that he had given them to Dr. Daniel H. Greene, who was very much interested in them, who showed them to other antiquarians, who said they were assured this Indian had certainly seen and traded with the French. It certainly is no great stretch of assumption to assume that these Indians heard early of the Dutch and French and were curious to see them. It is not difficult to assume that this Indian with others had made a journey to the north and met these Frenchmen. That they had trading posts near the north line of Massachusetts in Vermont and New Hampshire is known, so a journey north this distance is plausible.

The most part of the Doctor's paper is taken up with a description of the articles found in the Ninegret burying yard, which he says were of Dutch manufacture. Just when these were obtained is of course unknown, but it can be safely assumed they were not all got at one time or at one place, but from time to time, as opportunity or trade offered facilities so to do.

It may be remarked here that this Dutch Trading Company was known as the West India Company in North Holland.

April 2, 1632, Captain John Mason writes to Secretary Coke: " Certain Hollanders began a trade about 1621 upon the coast of New England between Cape Cod and Delaware Bay in forty degrees North latitude granted to Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584, and afterwards confirmed and divided by agreement by King James in 1606. The plantations in Virginia have been settled about forty years, in New England about twenty-five years. The Hollanders came as interlopers between the two, and have published a map of the coast between Virginia and Cape Cod with the title New Netherlands, calling the river upon which they are planted Manhatan and giving Dutch names to other places discovered by the

English. Sir Samuel Argall with many English planters were about to settle in those parts and the English ambassador at the Hague was ordered to complain against the proceedings of the Hollanders.

Referring now to a previous paper "December 15, 1621. In Privy Council, the King granted to particular persons by patent some years since certain parts of the north of Virginia, by us called New England." "Understand that the past year the Hollanders left a colony there and have given new names to several parts belonging to that part of the country and are now about to send six or eight ships thither with supplies. It is the King's pleasure that these things be represented to the States General and to stay the ships."

Nevertheless, the following year, under a pretended authority from the Dutch West India Company, they made a plantation upon Manhattan, have since fortified themselves in two places and built ships there, one of 600 tons sent to Holland. They were warned by the English Colony at New Plymouth neither to trade or make any settlement in those parts, but with proud and contumacious answers say: "They had commission to fight against such as should disturb their settlement," and persisted in planting, vilifying the English to the Indians and extolling their own nation. It is reported that they have exported from thence to Holland this year 15,000 beaver skins besides other commodities [British State Paper Office, "Colonial Papers," Vol. VI, No. 51.]

October 1, 1652, a letter was written to the Colony of Rhode Island in New England, to give them power to stay Dutch ships and to appoint some fit person to take care of and preserve them for the State. [British State Paper Office, "Colonial Papers," Vol. XI, No. 67.]

January, 1623. Two or three ships are now being sent by the West India Company in Holland, who design a plantation there. [*Ibid,* Vol. II, No. 18.]

June, 1632. A Dutch ship, the *Eendracht,* of Amsterdam, belonging to the West India Company of Holland, coming from Manhatan river was stayed at Plymouth in February last. .The King, at the earnest request of the Holland Ambassador, released the ship, but declares if the Dutch remain there they must take the consequences. [*Ibid,* Vol. VI, No. 62.]

JAMES N. ARNOLD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

(*To be continued.*)

# NORTH CAROLINA COUNTY NAMES

NO people can have a proper self-respect who are not familiar with the deeds of their ancestors. We North Carolinians have been deficient in this regard. Men will tell you more of Bunker Hill and Brandywine than of the more important, more decisive battles of King's Mountain and Guilford Court-House. They know fairly well the incidents of past times in other countries, often very minutely but when you ask them about the great men of North Carolina whose valor gained our independence, whose statesmanship shaped our political destinies and whose teachings moulded our minds and morals, their answers are vague and unsatisfactory

The names of the counties of our State are especially instructive. Associations with every epoch of our history are wrapped up in or suggested by them. Only one seems to be what is called a " fancy name," and even that, Transylvania, in its sonorous beauty, recalls the fact of our kinship to the Romans, from whom we derived much of our blood and more of our speech through the Norman-Roman-Celtic people, who followed William the Conqueror into England. We find it first in the ambitious but futile enterprise of Judge Richard Henderson and his associates, the Transylvania colony.

Counties are created for the convenience of the people who reside in them. In a State gradually filled up by immigration the times of their formation indicate quite accurately the flow of such immigration. The names given to them by the legislature were as a rule intended to compliment persons or things then held in peculiar honor. As the statutes do not, except in two instances, mention those intended to be commemorated, we are forced to study the history of the times, to look through the eyes of our ancestors and thus gather their intention. Combining the dates of information with the names of the counties we gather many interesting and important facts connected with the past.

I premise that the Spaniards once claimed our territory to be Florida. Queen Elizabeth in the Raleigh charter named it with other territory, Virginia. Charles I. (or Carolus), in the Heath charter named it Caro-

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lina, so when Charles II. in the grant to the Lords Proprietors retained the name Carolina, of course our State name comes from his father. It was not called from Charles IX., of France, as Bancroft and others say.

North Carolina has, by the creation of the county of Columbus, to the extent of her power, repaired the wrong done the learned and daring Genoese in allowing the name of Americus Vespucius to be affixed to the New World.

Dare, our easternmost county, along which rolls the majestic ocean, which has within its limits stormy Hatteras and the lovely island of Roanoke, its county seat named after the good Indian Manteo, records only an infant's wail, a dark mystery—a memory of pathos and of wonder.

What was the fate of Virginia Dare, the first infant born to the impetuous, daring, energetic race, in a few short years to replace the forests of her day with all the grand works of eighty millions of civilized people! Did the tomahawk crash into her brain? Did she become the squaw of an Indian warrior, and did the governor's granddaughter end her days in the wigwam of a savage? Recent writers, Hamilton McMillan and Stephen B. Weeks, have brought many plausible arguments to prove that the lost colony of Croatan wandered to the swamps of Robeson County, and the white man's desperate energy and the red man's treacherous guile created the cunning, cruel, ferocious, bloody Henry Berry Lowery and his gang.

North Carolina was the victim of a gigantic monopoly. After the restoration Charles II., in the first flush of his gratitude, to eight of his great lords granted of his royal prerogative a tract of land stretching across this continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the parallel which divides North Carolina from Virginia to that which passes through Florida by Cedar Keys. No claim, however, was ever made west of the Mississippi river, and part of that east of it was given up.

The names of these favored lords were Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, William, Lord Craven, John Lord Bergeley, Anthony, Lord Ashley, Sir George Carteret,* Sir William Berkeley, Sir John Colleton. You find those names, besides in Albemarle Sound, in the counties of Craven and Carteret. The county of Colleton is in South Carolina.

In 1729 the representatives of seven of the great lords, finding in their possessions neither honor nor profit but only continual torment, sold

* The passionate, ignorant and not too-honest Sir G. C.—Pepys' Diary, I:366.

their rights to the crown for only $12,500 each, it being a wonderful illustration of the rapid growth of the country, that about 170 years ago lands through the heart of the continent were sold at the rate of 18,000 acres for $1.00.

My father was a practicing lawyer 100 years after the time of this great sale, when the lands of North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas and California were disposed of at the rate of 100 acres for one cent.

Sixty-six years, as in other sublunary matters, make great changes in property and titles. Families die out, estates are sold, men pass away and others stand in their shoes, and so it came to pass that the Lords Proprietors of 1729, in the time of George II., were different men from the Lords Proprietors of 1663, in the reign of Charles II.

We find the names of some of these new owners affixed to counties in our State. There are Granville and Beaufort, county and town, from Henry, Duke of Beaufort; Bertie County from James and John Bertie; Tyrrell from Sir John Tyrrell.

From 1729 the State was a colony under the government of England until the war of the Revolution.

It was fashionable to compliment members of the royalty or nobility or statesmen connected officially with the colonies, by giving their names to municipal organizations of the new country. Hence we have Orange, after a collateral descendant of the great King who banished the Stuarts, New Hanover and Brunswick in compliment to the Georges, Cumberland after the great duke who defeated Charles Edward at Culloden, Johnston after good old Governor Gabriel Johnston, Martin after Governor Josiah Martin. We have Onslow after Arthur Onslow,[1] Edgecombe from Baron Richard Edgecomb,[2] Bladen after Martin Bladen,[3] Duplin after Lord Duplin, Hertford,[4] Halifax, Richmond,[5] Northampton after the father of the Earl of Wilmington, after noblemen of those names, all of whom held places of trust in the mother country. I will tell particularly of others.

Of all the statesmen of England the most brilliant was the first William Pitt, fondly named by the people the Great Commoner. He was eminent for fiery and impetuous eloquence. In a venal age the purity of his morals was unquestioned. He made Great Britain the first nation of the world.

In 1760, in the plentitude of his fame, the year after Wolfe fell victorious on the heights of Quebec, by the influence of the Royal Governor Dobbs, a new county formed from Craven was called after the great English minister.

Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, refused to part with his one-eighth share, and to him in 1744 was allotted a territory 3,000 miles long and about 70 miles broad, between the parallel near the center of North Carolina, 35 degrees 34 minutes, and that which forms the Virginia line. The counties created while his land office was open for purchasers derived their rectangular shape from being made conformable to his boundaries, just as the counties of our new States are not defined by running streams and mountain ridges and the curved limits of swamps, but by the surveyor's chain and the theodolite. The straight line north of Moore, Montgomery, Stanly, Cabarrus, Mecklenburg, and south of Chatham, Randolph, Davidson, Rowan and Iredell shows on the map the southern limit of Granville's great property.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century there occurred at Raleigh a battle of giants. The scene of the conflict was the Circuit Court of the United States. The arbiter of the fray was Judge Henry Potter. On the side of the plaintiffs the leader was William Gaston. On the side the defendant the most eminent was Duncan Cameron. It was the heirs of Earl Granville struggling to get back from the people of North Carolina the magnificent estate which they had won by the sword. When the fight was ended all that remained to the heirs of the noble Earl was the honor of naming one of our counties Granville. They carried their futile contest to the Supreme Court of the United States, but the war of 1812 was coming on and the plaintiff retired from the pursuit, somewhat placated by a large indemnity from the British Treasury.

Lord Carteret took possession of his North Carolina territory in 1744. He sent forth his agents, Childs, Frohock and others, and opened his land offices and made his sales. His practice was to require reservations of quit-rents to be paid yearly. The settlers had the double burden of paying rents on their lands to Granville and poll taxes to the royal governor at Newbern.

The money raised from these exactions was carried to England or to Newbern, and no expenditure was made of appreciable benefit to taxpayers. A few officials about Hillsboro gathered large fees, and grew fat, and a grand Governor's Palace was built in a far-off town. So rage

grew fierce and tempers waxed fiery hot, and the old flint and steel rifles were rubbed up and oiled and bullets were moulded, and rusty scythe blades were sharpened for swords, and from the hills of Granville to the secluded gorges of the Brushy Mountains the Regulators banded together, and the struggle against oppression had its beginning.

It was a duty that we, the inheritors of the liberty won in part by their valor, should show our appreciation of their efforts, by giving to one of the most thriving counties in the State the name of Alamance, from the name of the battle which crushed them.

Let us proceed with our story. There were four counties created by Governor Tryon a year before the battle of Alamance, in 1770, Guilford, Surry, Chatham and Wake. Whence these names?

It is difficult for the present generation to understand the feelings of our ancestors towards Lord North, afterwards Earl of Guilford. He was not a bad nor a cruel man. He was in England personally wonderfully popular. He combined, like our Vance, genius and power with multiform wit and unfading good humor. But he was in favor of taxing America, and we hated him.

Previous to 1770 the county of Rowan covered nearly all Granville's territory west of the Yadkin, and much east of that river. Orange, then of extensive area, joined it on the east. To prevent combination among the Regulators, Governor Tryon procured the incorporation of four new counties, and wishing to please all parties he called one after the Earldom of Guilford, of which Lord North was heir apparent, another Surry, in honor of Lord Surrey, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, a follower of Chatham; a third Chatham, after the great opponent of Lord North, with its county-seat at Pittsborough, and the fourth Wake, after the maiden name of his own wife.

The difference between the new and the old country grew and became more angry and wide. Again was the sound of cannon heard among our hills. With consummate generalship Greene baffled Cornwallis, and at Guilford Court House, though not technically a victor, prepared the way for Yorktown.

The obstinate King and his minister were forced to yield and a new ministry, headed by one of the warmest friends of the colonies, Charles Watson Wentworth, Marquis of Rockingham, paved the way for the acknowledgement of our independence. And, as if with grim irony, our

ancestors carved from the territory of Guilford, as a punishment for its namesake's misconduct, its northern half, and gave to it and its county-seat the names of his conquering rival. To the great General who had snatched victory from defeat, and rescued from British thraldom the Southern province, they expressed their gratitude not only by a gift of 25,000 acres of land, but honored his memory and his name ever by assigning it to a rich county and county seat in the east, and to the county seat of Guilford, destined to become a prosperous inland city.

The gratitude of our ancestors for the services of those abroad and at home, in legislative halls and in the conflicts of war, who had fought for our liberties, did not end here. By the neighbor of old Guilford on the south they commemorated the labors and virtues of the first President of the Continental Congress, Peyton Randolph, whose kinsmen, Edmund Randolph and John Randolph, of Roanoke, afterwards became so conspicuous.

Different sections of old Surry bear the names of John Wilkes, the champion of liberty, the victorious foe of arbitrary arrests, an ardent supporter of the Marquis of Rockingham, and John Stokes, covered with honorable scars of battle,[6] the first Judge of the District Court of North Carolina. And dotted over the State are many other evidences of the gratitude of our people for the sufferings and success of the old heroes, not in brass and marble, but in the more enduring forms of counties and town of fairest lands and noblest men and women—such as Washington and Montgomery, Warren and Gates, Lincoln and Wayne, Franklin and Madison, from other States, and from our own limits, Ashe,[7] Lenoir [8] and Harnett,[9] Buncombe [10] and Caswell,[11] Cleveland [12] and McDowell,[13] Davidson and Person,[14] Robeson [15] and Sampson,[16] Rutherford [17] and Iredell,[18] and Burke.[19] Their friends in England, the leaders of the peace party which, after a long struggle, forced the obstinate King to grant independence to the colonies, not only the Marquis of Rockingham and John Wilkes and Lord Surrey, whom I have named, but also Chief Justice Camden were honored in this land so far from the scene of their labors.

Governor Gabriel Johnston, the able Scotchman, who was by far the best Governor our State had prior to the Revolution, died in 1752, a year memorable for the change of Old Style into New Style Calendar, and Johnston County was named for him. Shortly before his death the county of Anson was created, including all the western part of the State

and Tennessee south of Granville's line. After the death of Johnston, for a short while Nathaniel Rice, and on his death Matthew Rowan, an estimable man, as President of the Council, acted as Governor until superseded by the Scotch-Irishman, Governor Dobbs.

It was found best to erect a new county, comprising all the lands of Lord Granville west of Orange. The new county was called Rowan, in honor of the acting Governor. Nine years afterward, in 1762, Mecklenburg was cut off from Anson and its county-seat was called Charlotte.

In 1761, Admiral George, Lord Anson, with all the pomp and splendor which the British navy could supply, was bringing from Germany a blooming bride to the young King George III. Her name was Charlotte, Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Few men stand out in English history more distinguished for romantic daring as a navigator, for the strong, sturdy qualities of English sailors, descendants of the old Northmen, than George Lord Anson. He led a squadron around Cape Horn in the perils of winter, and after many captures of Spanish ships and towns, circumnavigated the globe. He was the pioneer of the great victories of the English navy, and the teacher of Nelson. In early life he purchased lands on the waters of the Peedee, but his dreams of forest happiness were broken by the alarm of war. In 1749, when at the zenith of his popularity, his name was given to the vast county which extended from the limits of Bladen to the far waters of the Mississippi.

George III. began his reign in 1760, for a few short years one of the most popular kings who ever sat on a throne, both at home and in the colonies. When his bride, the homely but sensible and pious Charlotte, came from the north of Germany to England, she was the favorite of the day. It was the fashion to admire everything Prussian from the stern Frederick, then striking some of the most terrific blows of the Seven-Years War, to the blooming maiden, whether princess or *gansemädchen*. The bride was received in London with enthusiastic ovations. The joy of this period and the satisfaction over this marriage extended to the wilds of North Carolina, and the good queen's name, Charlotte of Mecklenburg, was affixed, as soon as the news came, to a county and its capital. She was a model of domestic virtue, and the court, through her influence, was pure in the midst of a corrupt society. And when our ancestors, in the angry passions of war, in 1779 expunged from the map the hated name of Tryon, when the inhabitants of this section were the

fiercest fighters against her husband, they allowed the name of the good queen to remain as a perpetual tribute to all womanly virtues.

Note the coincidence, that just as Admiral Anson introduced Charlotte of Mecklenburg into England as its queen, so in the distant colony the county of Anson in North Carolina political history, went before and was usher to the county of Mecklenburg.

Some of our counties bear the names of Indian tribes which once roamed over these hills and dales. There are Cherokee and Currituck, Catawba and Chowan, Watauga and Pasquotank, Alleghany and Perquimans,[20] Yadkin[21] and Pamlico. A miserable remnant of the Cherokees still live under the shadow of the Smokies. As these people passed away toward the setting sun they left here and there their musical names, well nigh the sole relic of their language, their sepulchral mounds and mouldering skeletons and tawdry ornaments within, almost the sole reminders of their stalwart warriors and graceful maidens; their arrows and tomahawk heads, the harmless mementoes of their once dreaded weapons of war.

Two of the Piedmont counties, Catawba and Yadkin, have rivers flowing by and through them, bearing their names, which bring to mind most thrilling incidents of the Revolutionary war. The gallant Morgan, fighting in defiance of the prudential maxims of war, had humbled Tarleton at Cowpens and captured many prisoners, guns and ammunition. Cornwallis, with his army of trained veterans, hastened to avenge the disgrace. It was in the dead of winter. The roads were softened by continued rains. For twelve days the pursuit continued. Nearer and nearer came the foe. Success seemed almost in Cornwallis' grasp. From the summit of every hill could be seen only a few miles off the retreating columns, foot-sore and weary, in front the luckless prisoners, in the rear the dauntless rear-guard. Softly and pleasantly flowed the river over the pebbles of its Island Ford. Swiftly and easily through the waters the flying column passed. Up the steep hills they toiled and then rested for the night, while the British, only two hours behind, waited until the morning light should direct their steps to sure and easy victory.

The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. As the Red Sea waves saved the trembling Israelites from boasting Pharaoh's hordes, as Old Father Tiber drove back Lars Porsena, where Horatius kept the bridge, so the mighty Catawba roused herself in fury to thwart the Britons. From the slopes of the Brushy, and South and Linville and

the distant Blue Ridge Mountains poured the angry torrents, and when the gray light of morning broke a yellow flood, swift and deep and strong, raged in his front. The Greeks or the Romans would have deified the protecting river, and in a lofty temple, with splendid architectural adornments, would have been a noble statue carved with wonderful art dedicated to Catawba Salvator, the protecting river god.

After a short rest Cornwallis burnt the superfluous baggage of his troops and hurried to overtake and destroy Greene's army, then being gathered out of the fragments of the forces of Gates scattered at Camden. Small bodies of militia guarded the fords of the Catawba, now become passable. At Cowan's ford was a young officer, who had gained promotion under the eye of the great Washington at Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. He was in the place of Rutherford, captured at Camden, Brigadier-General of the militia of the section. He was an active and able commander who had infused his fiery energy and pluck into the people. Making a pretended attack at Beattie's Ford, Cornwallis directed all the force of his army at Cowan's Ford. A spirited resistance was made against the overwhelming odds and the young general was left dead on the bloody field. The Continental Congress, in grateful recognition of his services, voted that a monument be erected to his memory, but a hundred years have not witnessed the inception of this worthy undertaking, though North Carolina has erected a far more enduring cenotaph to him by giving the name of William Davidson to one of her most prosperous counties.

Forward in rapid retreat push the thin columns of Greene, forward press the strong forces of Cornwallis. The fortunes of the entire Southern country tremble in the balance. If Greene's army shall be saved, he will rally around him the scattered patriots and soon confront his adversary, ready on more equal terms to contend for the mastery. If it shall be overtaken nothing can save it from destruction, and from the James river to the Chattahoochee the standard of King George will be raised over a conquered people. The eyes of all friends of liberty are turned with alarmed anxiety toward the unequal contest.

Again does the god of battle interpose to thwart the well-laid scheme. Again do the descending floods dash their angry waters against the baffled Britons. Again does the foe stand powerless. The Yadkin emulates her sister, Catawba, and interposes her swollen stream, fierce and deep, between him and the object of his vengeance.

Davie was the Father of the University of North Carolina. Joseph Caldwell was its first president, cared for it in its early years, while Swain carried on its work. Alfred Moore, and John Haywood, an able attorney-general and judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, assisted as trustees in selecting its site, while Elisha Mitchell lost his life in her service. After all these were counties named.[22] One of the most active co-fighters with Davidson in checking the enemy and gaining time for gathering strength to meet him in the field was William Richardson Davie, at first a cavalry officer and then in the more arduous but more useful position of commissary general. He was a strong staff on which General Greene had leaned. He was conspicuous in civil pursuits; an able lawyer, an orator of wide influence. He was afterwards Governor of the State; one of the envoys of the United States to the Court of France, who averted a threatened war. I find him styled in the Journal of the University in 1810, "the Father of the University," and he well deserves the title. We have his portrait at the University. His face shows his character, elegant, refined, noble, intellectual, firm. It was most fitting that Davidson and Davie should be side by side on the banks of the rivers which witnessed their patriotism, and in the country whose liberties they gained.

The County of Jones has a double claim on our attention—first as named for the distinguished patriot Willie (Wiley) Jones, brother of the equally distinguished General Allen Jones, and because of the familiar fact that the founder of the American Navy, John Paul, added Jones to his name in recognition of the gratitude due to the two brothers.

Among the heroic men who poured out their life-blood on distant battlefields—on the far-away hills of Canada—there was none more gallant than Benjamin Forsyth, whose name survives in one of the most flourishing counties in our State.

The war of 1812 does not seem to have stirred the hearts of our people to great extent, as I find no county names from its heroes except Forsyth. I feel sure that Jackson was honored for his Presidential and Creek Indian services as much as for the victory of New Orleans, and Clay for his popularity with his party long after his services as War Speaker of the House of Representatives.

The constitution of 1776 was formed at a time when hatred and fear of executive power and of kingly government were at the utmost.

Hence resulted an instrument under which nearly all the powers were in the hands of the general assembly. This body appointed the governor, and chief State officers, the attorney-general and solicitors, the judges and all the militia officers, and likewise controlled their salaries. Then, as now, it elected the justices of the peace, and these officers elected the sheriffs and other county officers. The assembly thus controlled the executive and judicial branches. It had unlimited power of taxation and could incur unlimited public debt. It could, and did, tax one kind of property, and exempt others.

The powers of the legislature of 1776 being so great it was important that the different sections of the State should have in the elections of the members equivalent voice. But this was very far from being the case. The senate consisted of one member from each county. The house of two from each county, and six, afterwards seven, borough members. In 1776 there were twenty-five eastern and eight western counties. In both branches the west was outnumbered three to one.

The wonderful invention which is effecting greater changes in behalf of mankind than all the other inventions the world ever saw before, the railroad, inflamed to fever heat the hostility to the old constitution of the people of western North Carolina, which had been quickened a dozen years before when canal digging everywhere had been inaugurated by the finishing of the Erie Canal. An agitation ensued which shook the State from the Smoky Mountains to Chickamicomico—the west demanding in thunder tones the correction of the abominable inequality and injustice of representation by counties.

One of the most prominent leaders in this movement so important to the West was William Julius Alexander, in 1828 speaker of the house of commons, afterward solicitor of the western district, in his prime one of the most popular and able men of this section. He it was for whom Alexander County was named.

Some of the other prominent actors in this struggle, such as Cabarrus, Macon, Gaston, Yancey, Stanley, Swain, Henderson, Graham,[23] are represented in your list of counties.

The name Wilson brings to our minds one of the best types of North Carolina statesmen. He was long the trusted representative in the State senate of a people who required of their public men, prudence, economy, and strictest integrity. It was when he might have been seek-

ing the repose of an honorable old age that Louis D. Wilson offered his services as a volunteer in the war with Mexico. It was a grateful act on the part of the general assembly, on the motion of the people who loved him and whom he loved, and to whose poor he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune, to name the county cut off mostly from his native Edgecombe, in his perpetual honor.

The county of Nash is, like Wilson, the daughter of Edgecombe. In one of the darkest hours of the Revolution, fell General Francis Nash, brother of Governor Abner Nash, at the battle of Germantown. The general assembly in the year of the battle created this county as his monument. All who knew his nephew, the late Chief Justice Frederick Nash, so distinguished for Christian virtues and the natural courtesy of the perfect gentleman, could trace in him the features of the chivalric military hero. It was resrved for a large-hearted citizen of Pennsylvania, Mr. John F. Watson, with the aid of his townsmen of Germantown, to erect a marble shaft over General Nash's dust at Kulpsville, where his shattered body was interred in the presence of Washington and his gallant army in 1777, amid the falling of the October leaves.

In a distant part of the State, among the peaks and ravines of the Blue Ridge, is the memorial county, as is stated in the charter, of another Revolutionary hero, who was wounded when Nash was killed, who fought also at Brandywine, Camden, Guilford Court House and Eutaw, and was a leading citizen for half a century after the achievement of our independence, Lieutenant-Colonel William Polk, one of our earliest and wisest friends of higher education.

North Carolina was strong against Calhoun's theory of Nullification, and emphasized her dislike by calling a county Union. Significantly, it borders on South Carolina.

Another epoch in our history I will mention and my paper will be finished. It is the great Civil War, in which North Carolina struggled for the victory with all the consciousness of rectitude, with all the devotion of patriotism and the desperate energy of a high-spirited race unused to defeat and fighting for what they thought their rights. She bows obediently to the decision of the God of Battles, yet in her great warm heart she cherishes the fame and the suffering of her sons, and hence we find on the map of the State the name not only of Robert E. Lee, but of one of his best generals, the gallant Pender, whose blood stained the heights

of Gettysburg, and of him who after a short, faithful service at the front, became the best War Governor of the South, who in the direst needs of the Confederacy fed and clothed our North Carolina soldiers and re-animated their drooping spirits with fervid eloquence—our beloved Senator, Zebulon Baird Vance.

It is most fitting that the extraordinary advancement in industrial enterprise, first inaugurated in the town of Durham, should be recognized by our law-making power in the creation of the county of the same name. May it be an incitement to and prognostication of the development of our resources and the increase of wealth in our borders. The name is all the more fitting because to the Lords Proprietors were given the almost royal powers of the Bishop of Durham.

In conclusion, the county last created transfers to our map the name of the land so full of associations of beauty and of grandeur, from which, partly by direct immigration, partly by way of North Ireland, so many of our ablest and best people came—Scotland.

And now let us point the moral of these glimpses of past history. When you hear the names of our counties, do not stand with vacant eyes. Let them bring to mind the teachings associated with their names, the various epochs of our history, Indian traditions, hereditary aristocracy, colonial systems, the horrors of war, the upward march toward constitutional liberty, the triumphs of industry, the advance of civilization and of Christianity. In remembering the leaders do not forget the humble followers, "the unnamed demigods of history," as Kossuth calls them, who gained so much for their descendants and for mankind generally, and lie in forgotten graves.

From the exterminated Indians learn a great political lesson. If their warring tribes could have united and opposed their combined strength against the European invaders, they might for many years have held their homes, and in the end amalgamated with their conquerors. Let us all discard past differences and cherish the union of the States, for in that Union, the States "distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea," in the words of the poet, or in the language of the Supreme Court, an "undissoluble union of indestructible States," lies our strength. Let the hatreds of our great Civil War be buried forever. The God of Battles has decided against the idea of secession. On the walls of the Atheneum in Boston are two swords crossed, their deadly mission ended. Under

them is an inscription showing that they belonged to the ancestors of the historian, Prescott, who fought on opposite sides on Bunker Hill. The old warfare of Whigs and Tories has long since ceased, and in like manner let the descendants of those who followed the Stars and Stripes, shoulder to shoulder with those above whom waved the Stars and Bars, strive to gain all moral excellence and all material prosperity for the great Republic of the World.

KEMP P. BATTLE.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

[1] Speaker of the House of Commons.

[2] The deep valleys between the hills of Devonshire in England are called coombes or combes. On the bank of the Tamar, which with the Plym forms the noble harbor of Plymouth, rises a hill noted for its picturesque loneliness—Mount Edgecombe, the edge or margin of the valley, and gives his title to an Earl. In 1733 Sir Richard, Baron Edgecombe, was a Lord of the Treasury, and it was in his honor that the new county in North Carolina was called.

[3] One of the Lord Commissioners.

[4] The Marquis of Hertford, ancestor of Thackeray's Lord Steyne.

[5] Was named for the Duke of Richmond, one of the few of the House of Lords who were friends to the cause of the Colonies. The naming a county for him proves the sincerity of North Carolina's gratitude; for this was in 1779, the very heart of the Revolution, a year before King's Mountain was fought.

[6] Colonel Stokes was one of those mutilated by Tarleton's troopers at the massacre of the Waxhaws in 1780, his right hand being cut off by a sabre stroke.

[7] In honor of Samuel Ashe, Chief Justice of the State, and Governor in 1796.

[8] For General William Lenoir, a distinguished Revolutionary patriot.

[9] For Cornelius Harnett, of Wilmington, the chairman of the Committee of Safety during the Revolution, and the man whom Josiah Quincy, after visiting the State in 1773, termed "the Samuel Aadams of North Carolina."

[10] For Colonel Edward Buncombe, of the 5th N. C. Continentals, the generous resident of Buncombe Hall, with its famous inscription over the portal:

Welcome all
To Buncombe Hall

(It was not he, but an unnamed Member of Congress, long afterwards, whose speech originated the phrase "Talking for Buncombe").

[11] In honor of Richard Caswell, the first Governor under the Constitution.

[12] For Colonel Benjamin Cleveland, one of the heroes of King's Mountain.

[13] For Joseph McDowell, the companion of Cleveland.

[14] In memory of General Thomas Person, a noted patriot of 1776, but of whose life, unfortunately, no particulars have been handed down to us.

[15] For Colonel Thomas Robeson of Bladen County, part[illegible] distinguished at the encounter at Elizabethtown (N. C.) in 1781.

[16] For Colonel John Sampson.

[17] For Griffith Rutherford, another Revolutionary leader.

[18] In remembrance of our great jurist, James Iredell, appointed by Washington in 1790, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

[19] For Burke County, authorities differ; Wheeler in his *History*, says it was named for Edmund Burke; with which conclusion I am inclined to agree, but a letter which has been preserved, from Governor Abner Nash, says it was Governor Thomas Burke (1781) who was meant in the act establishing the county.

[20] In Perquimans County is the oldest land-title in the State; given by the Indians to George Durant, of land between Little River and Perquimans River.—(*Wheeler*).

[21] It is contended by some that Yadkin is a corrupt pronunciation of Adkin, the name of and old settler on this river.

[22] Professor Elisha Mitchell was first professor of mathematics and then of chemistry, in the university. He was for some time the State Surveyor, and his name has been given to what was thought to be the highest peak of the North Carolina mountains. His final ascent of Black Mountain was in 1857, when he was killed by a fall down a precipice into a pool which feeds the Sugar Camp Fork of Caney River. He was buried at the topmost height of the mountain that bears his name. Moore County was named for Alfred Moore, like Iredell, one of the Judges of the National Supreme Court.

[23] Stephen Cabarrus, of Edenton, was of French birth, was speaker of our lower house of the Assembly from 1790 to 1799, a man of great popularity and singular sweetness of disposition.

Nathaniel Macon was for many years a United States Senator, and one of the noted members of that body, remarkable for being almost always on the side of the opposition to the Administration. Jefferson termed him the "Last of the Romans."

William Gaston, a member of one of the most noted North Carolina families, was a Judge of the State Supreme Court.

Bartlett Yancey, successively, a State Senator and a Member of Congress, was remarkable for his personal popularity. When a candidate for Congress, he received every vote but one in Caswell County.

Stanly County was named for John Stanly of Craven County, a Member of Congress and noted for his duel with Governor Spaight, in which the latter was killed.

Swain County commemorates David L. Swain, Governor of the State in 1848.

Henderson, Chief Justice Leonard Henderson of the State Supreme Court, and Graham, Governor William A. Graham.

# JONATHAN SMITH'S SPEECH

ON the twelfth of January, 1773, the men of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, assembled at Sheffield, unanimously adopted resolutions throwing off the yoke of the British Courts. From that date until the United States were formed, they were governed by a committee of prominent men. This was done in no spirit of lawlessness, but rather with a supreme regard for the law being established on a firm basis.

These were sorry days for Massachusetts—the people were without credit, currency or confidence. Bellamy has told, in his *Duke of Stockbridge,* of the conditions which all suffered, and which culminated in Shays' Rebellion. The burning question was, what could be done to bring order out of chaos? There were no paths to follow by which to establish a republic; the majority did not believe in the divine right of Kings; quite a respectable minority were in favor of some form of monarchy, and Washington might have been Dictator, but he crushed the movement towards it—which is more to his credit than leading the colonies to victory. This necessity compelled the calling of the Federal Convention, which met at Philadelphia May 2, 1787, and was in session until September 17. The result of their long discussion was the framing and adoption of the Federal Constitution, Article VII. of which reads: "The ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same."

While each Article received full and careful discussion, the first two sections of Article I. aroused the most. The first declared "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives."

Section 2 stated the duties of Congress.

All progress was blocked until Franklin moved that "Congress shall be composed of a number of Representatives not exceeding one for every thirty thousand, and all bills for raising revenue shall originate

—Read before the Massachusetts S. A. R.

with the House of Representatives, but the Senate may propose or concur in amendments as in other bills. The Senate shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof." His motion smoothed out the difficulty, and it was voted. It may interest you to know that this Constitution was voted by a majority of one.

It was adopted by Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey; Connecticut followed, and then all eyes were turned towards Massachusetts. The Federal Convention assembled in September, 1787, and was in session until February 6, 1788. The Constitution was not looked on with favor. There were three hundred members, seventeen of whom had participated in Shays' Rebellion. Many members objected to the great power given Congress, "to fix taxation, handle elections, unloose the purse-strings of the people, to manipulate trade"—the slave-holders' vote of the South; they tried to tack on to the Constitution a cloud of amendments, and defeat its ratification. One member was especially persistent in opposition. His speeches were full of forebodings, his slurs upon lawyers, men of learning and moneyed men, were full of venom, constantly implying that these were trying to deceive the people; that they would swallow the common people just as the whale swallowed Jonah, This brought to his feet Jonathan Smith, of Lanesboro, Berkshire, whose rugged eloquence and "horse sense" won the day, and the Constitution won by nineteen votes. He said:

> "MR. PRESIDENT: I am a plain man, and get my living by the plough. I am not used to speaking in public, but I beg your leave to say a few words to my brother plough-joggers in this house. I have lived in a part of the country where I have known the worth of good government by the want of it. There was a black cloud that rose in the east last winter, and spread over the west (here Mr. Wedgery interrupted: "I wish to know what the gentleman means by the east") "I mean, sir, the county of Bristol—the cloud rose there and burst upon us, and produced a dreadful effect; it brought on a state of anarchy, and that leads to tyranny. I say it brought anarchy—people that used to live peaceably and were before good neighbors, got distracted and took up arms against Government. (Here Mr. Kingsley called him to order, and asked what the history of that winter had to do with the Constitution. Several other members, among them Mr. Adams, said the speaker was in order, let him go on his own way.) "I am going, Mr. President, to show you, my

brother farmers, what were the effects of anarchy, that you may see the reasons why I wish for good government. People, I say, took up arms, and then if you went to speak to them, you had the musket of death presented to your breast. They would rob you of your property, threaten to burn your house, oblige you to be on your guard night and day. Alarms spread from town to town; families were broken up; the tender mother would cry 'Oh, my son is amongst them, what shall I do for my child?' Some were taken captive, children taken out of their schools and carried away. Then we would hear of an action, and the poor prisoners were set in the front, to be killed by their own friends. How dreadful, how distressing was this! Our distress was so great that we would have been glad to snatch at anything that looked like a government, for protection. Had any person able to protect us come and set up his standard, we would all have flocked to it, even if he had been a monarch, and that monarch might have proved a tyrant. So you see that anarchy leads to tyranny; it is better to have one tyrant than so many at once. Now, Mr. President, when I saw this Constitution I found it had a cure for these disorders. It was just such a thing as we wanted. I got a copy of it and read it over and over. I had been a member of the Convention to form our own State Constitution, and had learnt something of the checks and balances of power, and I found them all here. I did not go to any lawyer to ask his opinion; we have none in our town and we do well enough without. I formed my own opinion, and was pleased with this Constitution. My honorable old daddy there (pointing to Mr. Singletary) won't think that I expect to be a Congressman and swallow the liberties of the people. I never had any post, nor do I want one, and before I am done you will think I don't deserve one. But I don't think worse of the Constitution because lawyers, and men of learning and moneyed men are fond of it. I don't suspect that they want to get into Congress and abuse their power; I am not of such jealous make. The men that are themselves honest are not apt to suspect other people. I don't know why our constituents have not as good a right to be jealous of *us* as we seem to be of the Congress, and I think those gentlemen who are so very suspicious that as soon as a man gets into power he turns rogue, had better look at home.

We are by this Constitution allowed to send ten members to

Congress. Have we not more than that fit to go? I dare say if we pick out ten, we shall have another ten left, and I hope ten times ten—and will not there be a check upon those that go? Will they go to Congress and abuse their power and do mischief, when they know they must return and look the other ten in the face and be called to account for their conduct? Some gentlemen think that our liberty and property are not safe in the hands of moneyed men and men of learning. I am not of that mind. Brother farmers, let us now suppose a case: Suppose you had a farm of fifty acres, and your title was disputed, and there was a farm of five thousand acres joined to you, that belonged to a man of learning, whose title was involved in the same difficulty; would you not be glad to have him for your friend, rather than stand alone in the dispute? Well, the case is the same: these lawyers, these moneyed men, these men of learning, are all embarked in the same cause with us, and we must all sink or swim together; and shall we throw the Constitution overboard because it does not please us all alike? Suppose two or three of you had been at pains to break up a piece of rough land and sow it with wheat—would you let it lie waste because you could not agree what sort of fence to make? Would it not be better to put up a fence that did not please every one's fancy, rather than not fence it at all, or keep disputing about it until the wild beasts came in and devoured it? Some gentlemen say 'Don't be in a hurry, take time to consider it, and don't take a leap in the dark.' I say, take things in time, gather fruit when it is ripe. There is a time to sow, and a time to reap. We sowed our seed when we sent men to the Federal Convention; now is the harvest, now is the time to reap the fruit of our labor, and if we don't do it now, I am afraid we shall never have another opportunity."

Of the result of this vote Washington wrote to Knox: "This victory, though won by a small majority, has dampened the hopes of the Anti-Federalists in the seven other States which have not yet ratified the Constitution, and they are filled with disappointment and chagrin. Nothing less than sound sense, good reasoning, moderation and temper of the supporters of the measure, could have carried the question. It will be very influential on the equivocal States."

Webster said that of all the men he had known this (Smith) was

the most characterized by sound sense, correct principles and a correct judgment as to public affairs. We can see how a man charged with his sense of right, thoroughly in earnest, and speaking from his heart, carries his hearers with him.

The Commissioners who compiled the Colonial Records, Ratification of the Federal Constitution, say: "Is it not wonderful that it was owing to a Berkshire man (Jonathan Smith of Lanesboro), more than to any other one man, that Massachusetts came to ratify the Federal Constitution?" While all our people seem to have shown a genius for code-making and wonderful appreciation of the philosophy of republican government, the honor of being first and most zealous in insisting upon a new Constitution, properly and lawfully formed, undoubtedly belongs to the little community scattered along the extreme western border of the Province, along the valley of the Housatonic.

Jonathan Smith served well his generation. His townsmen named Constitution Hill in grateful recognition of his service. This does not seem to me sufficient; his *name* does not appear. His modest tombstone in the old burying-ground in Lanesboro does not mention this service. Can this Society do any better work than place a memorial on Constitutional Hill to perpetuate the memory of him who did so much to make this nation?

JOHN H. MANNING.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

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## WASHINGTON IN CARICATURE

Our frontispiece is a reduced copy of the only political cartoon in which Washington's portrait appears. It is copied from the only known copy of that cartoon, and for its use we are indebted to Mr. S. V. Henkels of Philadelphia. When the intense bitterness displayed against Washington by political rivals late in his life is considered, it is a convincing instance of the innate respect felt for him that he was immune from the caricaturist's pencil during his whole career. Of no other President can as much be said. The author of this drawing was William Charles, a draughtsman of note in his day. The exact date is uncertain, but not long before the War of 1812, which was so unpopular with the Federalists, particularly in New England.

## SOME AMERICAN DIPLOMATS

THE art of diplomacy is not of American origin, but in American hands, in many lands, and on many occasions, it has been of signal consequence. Its honors have been recognized and sought, fortunately, by statesmen and scholars. The day is rapidly passing away when mere politicians can hope to be ambassadors to foreign countries.

There was a time when to be American Minister to Paris, Berlin, or London, was almost equal to being President. Even to-day our best posts abroad are scarcely second in importance to cabinet positions at home.

The American people were fortunate, at the very beginning of our history, in possessing foreign agents and Ministers of marvelous political insight and rare judgment in national affairs. The names, and services while abroad, of men like Pinckney, Franklin, Monroe, John Jay, Adams, Silas Deane, Robert R. Livingston and Thomas Jefferson placed American diplomacy in the first rank. Their grasp of international problems astonished diplomatic Europe, and their writings proved them masters in an art that was new to Americans.

The line of illustrious men occupying American diplomatic posts did not end with the first quarter of the century, but continued until amid the throes of the Civil War, another Adams, with great sense and cool judgment, stood like a bulwark between the Republic and its enemies abroad. In the succeeding days of peace, too, the country was blessed with the service of some of the ablest statesmen and scholars. Irving, Lowell, Prescott, Taylor, Motley, Bancroft, brilliantly supported the country's honor abroad.

In the earlier days, mere partizan workers and "practical" politicians recognized their unfitness for the field of diplomacy.

The days of extreme etiquette on the reception of Ministers are passing away, except in Oriental countries; but European courts are still so ceremonious that the average American, unaccustomed to great "functions," must be wide-awake and adaptable lest he lose caste and influence among his diplomatic colleagues.

The reception of Mr. Rush, one of America's earlier diplomats at London, was recorded in his interesting notes. After all the ceremonies at the English Foreign Office had been gone through with, Mr. Rush went in great state to be presented to the King, or rather to the Prince Regent:

"The master of ceremonies," said Mr. Rush, "advanced with me to the door. Opening it, he left me alone. I entered alone. The Prince was standing, with Lord Castlereagh by him. Holding in my hand the letter of credence, I approached and said that it was from the President of the United States, who had appointed me their Envoy at the Court of his Royal Highness. The Prince took my letter, and handed it to Lord Castlereagh."

Other remarks followed. To the little speech made by the Minister as to the President's wish for good understanding and friendship between the two nations, the Prince made short and suitable reply. Mr. Rush retired at a signal which showed the interview at an end, and called on each and all the members of the Royal Family by simply inscribing his name in the books kept at their residences. On the occasion of his private presentation to the Queen, the reception was not greatly different.

"Again escorted to the ante-chamber, with much ceremony, I entered the audience room alone," he wrote. "Immediately before me was the Queen. On her right was one of the princesses, her daughter, etc., etc. All were in full court dress, and all standing. Approaching the Queen, he handed her his letter, and made the usual short speech. She took the letter, and said the sentiments I expressed were very obliging, and entered into conversation."

John Adams was our first Minister to the Court of St. James after our successful war and the partial dismemberment of the British empire. His first interview with King George III. was memorable.

He was conducted by the master of ceremonies into the King's ante-chamber, at the moment filled with bishops, Cabinet Ministers, princes and other great people. Being America's first minister, he instantly, and to his embarrassment, became the focus of every eye in the vast *salon*.

"Then I was conducted to the King's closet," said he, "the door was shut, and I was left with his Majesty and Secretary alone. I made the three reverences, one at the door, another about halfway, and the third before the presence."

That was an occasion! John Adams, one of the great rebels, closeted alone with King George, whose empire he had helped to disrupt! The scene can be imagined, but not portrayed. Mr. Adams made the usual formal speech of assurances of friendliness and good intentions, and spoke with intense emotion.

"The King listened to every word," said Mr. Adams, "and then, with more tremor than I had spoken with myself, replied: 'Sir, the whole of this business is so extraordinary, that the feelings you discover on the occasion appear just and proper. I am, as you may well suppose, the last person in England that consented to the dismemberment of the Empire, by the independence of the new States, and, while the war was continued, I thought it due to my subjects to prosecute that war to the utmost. Sir, as I was the last person that consented to the independence of the United States, so I shall be the last person to disturb their sovereign and independent rights, and I hope, and trust, that from blood, religion, manners, habits of intercourse, and almost every other consideration, the two nations will continue for ages in friendship and confidence with each other.'"

It certainly was an "extraordinary business," an extraordinary scene; under the circumstances, an extraordinary speech, and no American heart but beats a little warmer on reading the noble words of old King George.

The ceremony of court presentation of Mr. Adams's day has by no means been entirely done away with, but some questions of import as to rank and etiquette were forever settled by a treaty made between the great powers at Vienna in 1815.

Precedence on formal occasions, by clause four of this treaty, is determined wholly by "date of arrival." "The rule of time should settle such questions," said Mr. Rush. "He who has been longest at a Court, or Government is to be first. The relative power of the nation he represents counts for nothing."

Neglect of etiquette at court has, at times, very nearly upset international relations, as was the case under President Jefferson, when several foreign ministers absolutely declined his invitations on account of his non-observance at dinners of certain diplomatic ceremonies.

Even the very clothes worn by American Ministers at court, have, on many occasions, provoked ill-feeling, disrespect, and something like insult.

Early in the century the simplicity of the fathers, in this direction, was succeeded by a court dress for American diplomatists, gaudy in the extreme.

At the treaty of Ghent, in 1814, the American Commissioners wore blue coats, cocked hats with black cockades, white knee breeches, gold knee buckles, white stockings, shoe buckles and a sword. Gradually this picturesque costume was modified, till, in 1853, the other extreme was reached, and the State Department ordered American Ministers to appear at Court, whenever possible, in plain evening dress.

This course was usually followed, but it was resented by various courts as disrespectful, and more than one American Minister suffered embarrassment as a result.

The King of Prussia, for instance, politely informed the Minister that appearance before him without a court dress would not be considered respectful. At Stockholm, the King would not even receive the Minister, either at court or in his family, if not in court dress, and, for want of a "proper" costume, James Buchanan, our Minister to England, and late President of the United States, was refused permission to witness the opening of Parliament.

The question was the subject of much correspondence. In Minister Buchanan's case, a compromise was arrived at, allowing his appearing at court in frock-suit and with black-hilted sword.

"Having yielded, they did not do things by halves," wrote Mr. Buchanan. "As I approached the Queen, an arch but benevolent smile lit up her countenance, as much as to say, 'You are the first man who ever appeared before me at court in such a dress.' I never felt more proud of being an American than when I stood in the midst of that brilliant circle, in the simple dress of an American citizen."

Our government repeatedly pointed out to foreign court ceremonialists how incompatible parade and costumes were with the simplicity of our home and national institutions. Our own Ministers were referred to the warm reception of plain Benjamin Franklin in his Quaker clothes, at the court of France. The point seems not well taken, however, for Franklin's so-called plain clothes, though simple compared with the gold-covered uniforms about him, were nevertheless very elegant.

It was not inclination to severe simplicity, as it happened, that led

Franklin to avoid a gold-laced coat and embroidered vest. He had been summoned to court on short notice, and had no court dress of the period with him.

"Come as you are," was the command, so he put on the full society dress of the Quaker, which happened to be nothing less than the court dress of the time of Charles the Second.

It must be remembered that even the ordinary dress of gentlemen in Europe, a hundred years ago, and in America too, for that matter, was rich and picturesque. Knee breeches, gold shoe buckles, and wigs were their common wear. A gentleman entering a drawing room in the plain black suit of to-day, would have been supposed a lunatic.

The simplicity of Dr. Franklin's life, while Minister in France, has usually been exaggerated, for he lived in Passy, the expensive and aristocratic suburb of Paris, and kept four servants, besides carriage and horses. It was his good, kind face, his fascinating manners and his intellectual gifts, more than his want of gold embroidered coat, that attracted attention at a time when the French Court felt a great if not disinterested sympathy for America.

Franklin's first presentation at the brilliant court of France was memorable. The Minister of Foreign Affairs introduced him to the King in the gallery of Versailles. His age, his venerable appearance, the simplicity of his dress on such an occasion, everything that was either singular or respectable in the life of this American, contributed to augment the public attention. Clapping of hands and other demonstrations of applause at Franklin's appearance attested that the French people regarded him with affection.

Simplicity of American diplomatists at foreign courts has now become the only rule, for Congress, in 1867, passed a resolution forbidding them wearing uniforms or gaudy costume of any kind at court, except in cases of officers who served in the late war. These are permitted to wear, on formal occasions, the uniform of their rank in the army.

S. H. M. Byers.

Des Moines, Iowa.

## INDIFFERENCE OF THE TUDORS

ONE of the curious and interesting problems encountered by students of the early Tudor dynasty, is the indifference with which Englishmen of that day viewed the early American discoveries, an indifference reflected in the literature of the period to a surprising degree. It was, moreover, an indifference that becomes doubly interesting when contrasted with the very marked enthusiasm with which England's neighbors across the Channel greeted the new discoveries.

On the Continent it was an epoch that marked the great transition from mediæval to modern times; when new boundaries defined the old limitations of thought and action; when dull indifference gave way to lively enthusiasms; when "for the first time," to quote Taine, "men opened their eyes and saw." Suddenly, just as the fires of all these quickening impulses began to burn brightly, a new world was brought to the old, with new lands, new creeds, new riches, and new races of men. Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope and returned with rich cargoes from India, Columbus crossed the unknown sea, Cabot explored the coast of Labrador, and Americus Vespucius amazed and delighted the age with the story of his voyages to the new western world. The publication of Columbus's first letter on his return in 1493 at once aroused popular attention on the Continent to a degree never before accorded any incident of human progress.

In that year and in the years immediately following, the letter was published and republished, in one form or another, in Barcelona, Rome, Basle, Paris, Antwerp, Florence, and Strasburg, and it was translated into the languages of those countries that all might learn of the wonderful discovery that had been made. The tale was told in prose and verse, and in one instance—the Basle letter of 1494—rude pictorial embellishments were used, as if to attract and focus the mind on this great and new thing.

That popular interest on the Continent demanded more light on the strange and absorbing subject is shown in the rapidity with which every available story from the New World found its way into print. At Venice, in 1504, was published a book of voyages by Spaniards containing the first three letters of Columbus. In the same year Vespucius sent to his old

patrons, the Medici, the account of his four voyages. Columbus's voyages, with one of Vespucius, were published in book form at Vincentia in 1507, and in Milan in 1508, 1512, 1517, 1519, 1521. They were also translated into German at Nuremberg in 1508, into Low German at Lubeck in the same year, and into French at Paris in 1515. At Basle in 1521 was published an account of the invasion of Mexico. Meanwhile, Peter Martyr, an Italian scholar, living in Spain, was busy reporting at first hand the varied accounts of all the voyages which were then opening the New World. He began to print them in Seville in 1500, and new and enlarged editions followed in 1511 and 1516.

A complete edition of the eight decades of discovery into which his work was divided appeared in 1530, with a map, and other editions followed at Paris in 1532, at Basle in 1533, and at Venice in 1532. Simultaneously, from the presses in Paris and Basle, appeared the "Novus Orbis" of Grynacus, and in 1534 "Die Neu Welt" appeared at Strasburg. Sebastian Munster's Map of the New World was published at Paris in 1532. Gomara, in his "Historia General de las Indias," published at Saragossa in 1522, furnished fuel for the fire of an aroused popular enthusiasm to such an extent that it went through twenty editions. Seven editions were published in Spain and Flanders alone, and six at Rome and Venice.

Throughout all this excitement, there was no response in England, and the literature of the country on this subject was almost silent. Although the printing press had been established in London in 1477, and in the succeeding half-century had grown to immense popularity, no printed reference to the New World occurred anywhere in the English language, so far as is known, until the years 1509, 1511, and 1517, and even these references were in vague and nebulous terms that could not serve to arouse more than a fleeting interest, if indeed they aroused any interest at all. From 1517 to 1553—thirty-six years—not a word was published in England referring to America or American exploration.

By that time, the literature of Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries was flooded with information of the new and wonderful topic, the West Indies were known and mapped, Venezuela and Brazil had been explored, and in some measure at least both coasts of the South American continent, and its great rivers, had been visited and defined. California, too, had come into the world, flourishing Spanish settlements and colonies dotted the Mexican and West Indian coasts,

while Labrador, Newfoundland, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Gulf of Mexico and the eastern coast from Cape Fear to Cape Race had been explored to some extent, and the records published on the Continent.

Cortes had done his work in Mexico, and Pizarro his in Peru. De Soto had gone overland from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Spanish expeditions had penetrated to what we now call Kansas and Nebraska, Cartier had discovered the St. Lawrence—yet nothing tangible of all this record of glorious achievement had yet found its way into English print.

Meanwhile St. Paul's Churchyard and the neighboring Fleet Street were full of printing offices and bookshops; there were active presses at St. Albans and Oxford, and notable English printers such as de Worde, Pynson, Redman, Notary, Pepwell, Treveris, Copland and Berthelet were furnishing their countrymen with a voluminous, if not a practical and helpful literature.

The first English printed book containing anything that can be construed as remotely touching America is "The Ship of Fools," originally published at Basle in 1494 by Sebastian Brant, under the title "Das Narrenschiff;" translated into Latin by James Locher in 1497, and thence into English by Alexander Barclay in 1509.

This book was one of the most popular and remarkable of its time, as it is supposed to have suggested Erasmus's famous "Praise of Folly," and as it formed a subject of constant allusion by contemporary writers and preachers, it may worthily claim our attention before discussing its references to the New World. "Das Narrenschiff" was the first social satire of its age, in which all classes of society, from knights and ladies down to cooks and drunkards, found themselves mirrored as fools, each with his own particular follies held up to satirical analysis.

Alexander Barclay, who translated it into the English vernacular, was one of the few noteworthy English poets of his day, a priest at the College of St. Mary Ottery in Devonshire and afterward a monk of the Benedictine Monastery at Ely.

The so-called reference to America, which is printed on folios 139 and 140 of the edition of 1509, arises from a portrayal of those "fools" who lay claim to a knowledge of geometry and of the nature of the earth's surface. The stanzas read:

"For nowe of late hath large londe and grounde
Ben founde by maryners and crafty gouernours
The whiche londes were neuer knowen nor fonde
Byfore out tyme by our predecessours
Parchaunce mo be fonde wherein men dwell
Of whom we neuer before this same harde tell
Ferdynandus that late was kynge of spayne
Of londe and people hath founde plenty and store
Of whome the dydynge to vs was vncertayne
No christen man of them harde tell before
Thus is it foly to tende unto the lore
And unsure science of vayne geometry
Syns none can knowe all the worlde perfytely."

The next English printed reference to America was not published in England, but at Antwerp, in the form of a litttle book entitled "Of the Newe Landes, and of ye people founde." It contains a reference to "Armenica."

A third English printed book in which reference is made to the New World is a really curious and interesting early dramatic poem, of which the date and authorship are unknown. Different years have been assigned to it according to the interpretation which students give to its historical references, but there seems to be little doubt that it was published between 1510 and 1520. It is entitled "A new interlude and a mery of the nature of the iiii elements declaryinge many proper poynts of Phylosophy naturall and of dyvers straunge effects and causes," etc. Among the characters is one Experyens (Expérience), who is supposed to be a practical navigator and a great traveller. Pointing to a map he says:

"There lyeth Iselonde where men do fyshe,
But beyonde that so cold it is
No man may there abyde,
This see is called the Great Occyan;
So great it is that never man
Could tell it sith the worlde began
Tyll nowe within this XX yere.
Westewarde be founde new landes
That we never harde tell of before this
By wrytynge nor other meanys,
Yet many nowe have ben there;

And that countrey is so large of rome,
Much longer than all crestendome,
Without fable of gyle:
For dyvers maryners had it tryed,
And sayled streyght by the coste syde
Above V. thousande myle!
But what commodytes be wythin,
No man can tell or well imagin,
But yet not long ago
Some men of this contrey went,
By the Kynge's noble consent,
It for to search to that entent,
And coude not be brought thereto;
But they that were they venteres
Have cause to curse their maryners,
Fals of promys, and dissemblers,
That falsly them betrayed,
Which wold take no paine to sail farther
Than their own lyst and pleasure;
Wherefor that vyage and dyvers other
Such kaytiffes have destroyed.
O what a thinge had he than
Yf that they that be Englyschemen
Myght have ben furst of all
That there shude have take possessyon,
And made furst buyldynge and habytacion,
A memory perpetuall!
And also what an honorable thynge
Both to the realme, and to the Kynge,
To have had this domynyon extendynge
There into so farr a grounde,
Whiche the noble Kynge of late memory,
The most wyse prynce, the VII Harry,
Caused furst for to be fonde, . . ."

Columbus is not named in the play, nor is Cabot, but the mention of the "kaytyffes," whose lack of courage caused them to turn back and thus destroy England's early hope of achievement in America, probably refers to the 1517 voyage in which Cabot quarrelled with Sir Thomas Perte, his English associate, and the crews mutinied.

Although the golden age of English discovery is commonly said to

have begun with the Cabots, and although Henry VII.'s great abilities, and especially his zeal in naval and maritime matters, are well established, no record of the three voyages of the Cabots found its way into English print until nearly sixty years after the completion of the third voyage.

In 1553, came Richard Eden's "Treatyse of the Newe India," a translation from the Latin, and in 1555 Eden's "Decades of the Newe World"—the first really collective English presentation of the results of maritime enterprise up to that time.

Thereafter books not only on America but on navigation and hydrography, and mariners' guides appeared with comparative frequency, and then and there the golden age of English maritime enterprise may be said to have begun. Parliament recognized the Newfoundland fisheries by an act for their regulation, Willoughby and Chancellor attempted the Northeast passage "to Muscovy and Cathay," Persia, Tartary, and Malabar were opened to English trade, John Hawkins with his fighting men taught the Spaniards in Venezuela to respect him, and Drake went about the globe loading his ship with more Spanish gold than the vessel could conveniently carry.

It is not difficult to explain why English literature in its relation to the New World lay dormant throughout the first sixty years of aggressive exploration and colonization by the Continental Powers. The history of English literature in all its periods is, after all, but the history of English intellectual development, and that intellectual development under the early Tudor dynasty made comparatively slow progress is a fact of history.

Those seventy-three years from Henry VII. to Elizabeth were years of an impoverished exchequer, of ruinous taxation, of stratagems and spoils, and of seemingly endless struggles between the King, the Parliament, the Church, and the laity. It was a period when Englishmen were low in spirit, and at times panic-stricken; yet, as we view it from the perspective of history, it was a period of preparation, for throughout all those depressing years the spirit of the Renaissance was taking root in fertile soil. It was to bear fruit, under Elizabeth, in the most brilliant of England's epochs.

WILLIAM C. VAN ANTWERP.

*Evening Post*, N. Y.

## SEVENTY YEARS AGO IN MISSOURI

BULL" ploughs were used on the farm. The moldboards were generally of wood. The man who had a plough with moldboard half iron was an aristocrat.

Mother made soap for the whole family. Soap cost $6 a year for each family.

Salt was $2 a barrel, and half a barrel lasted a year.

Coal oil was 50 cents a gallon and cost each family $1.50 a year. Now $8 a year is the average family bill for coal oil.

A single pair of saddle bags carried all the mail across Missouri.

Clergymen often preached three hours.

Dances were held in the day time. If continued beyond candle lighting, they were unusual.

Private houses were lighted with tallow candles. At regular intervals the snuffers went the rounds.

The doctor carried his own medicines and himself fixed the enormous doses then given. Every spring he dosed his patients with huge potions of salts and rhubarb.

There were only fifteen newspapers in the State.

Painted signs representing red dogs, blue monkeys, or other remarkable animals appeared over the doors of drug stores and other mercantile establishments.

Potatoes were no larger than marbles. Oranges and bananas were not seen once a year.

Frequent complaints were made that letters were opened in transit by people eager to learn the news.

"Stovepipe" hats were unknown.

The spinning wheel was in every home.

Imprisonment for debt was a common practice.

There was but one public library in the State.

Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

There were no bridges over any large rivers.

There was not a mile of railroad, of telegraph or telephone line.

Six days were required for a journey from St. Louis to Kansas City.

Three-fourths of the books came from across the Atlantic.

Quinine was first brought to Missouri by Dr. G. M. B. Maughs of Calloway County. Previously when a man had ague he took Peruvian bark and whisky.

In most families there was no cooking on Sunday. A cold Sunday dinner was the rule.

There were no street cars.

The women's dresses were puffed with hoops and stood out two or three feet on each side.

Buttons were expensive and scarce, and the trousers were fastened with pegs.

There were no threshing machines; wheat was threshed with flails.

Bearskins and buffalo robes were common bed coverings. Quilted comforts were a luxury.

Tomatoes were called love apples and thought to be poisonous.

Mails travelled at the rate of thirty to forty miles a day in summer and half that distance in winter.

Cravats were unknown. Stocks were worn.

Every housewife grew her own flax and made her own linen.

The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a long pole with a bell attached to rouse drowsy contributors.

The State had just cast its four electoral votes for Van Buren and Johnson.

There were few cook stoves outside the towns. Pots, kettles, and skillets were used over open fires.

Houses were heated by open fireplaces.

Kansas City was known as Westport Landing.

There was no St. Joseph. Old Joe Robidoux had not begun there his trading with the Indians or preëmpted his 160 acres at St. Joseph.

Elk were plentiful.

Sunday bread was made of the wheat " tramped out " on the ground, cleaned with a sheet and pounded by hand.

Quilting parties were favorite social occurrences.

Taxes could be paid in wolf scalps.

The " Platte purchase " was accomplished. This gave to Missouri the six counties of Platte, Buchanan, Atchison, Andrew, Holt, and Nodaway.

Lilburn W. Boggs was governor.

Thomas H. Benton and Lewis F. Linn were United States Senators.

Missourians enlisted for the Seminole war in Florida. Col. Richard Gentry, grandfather of Assistant Attorney-General N. T. Gentry, was killed in this war.

The State's population was 176,236, of whom 32,184 were slaves and 681 " free persons of color."

John Miller of Howard County and Albert G. Harrison of Callaway County were members of Congress. Miller served three terms in Congress and then became Governor, serving a longer term as Governor than any other Missourian.

" Cues " were worn and gentlemen powdered their hair.

There were no maps, charts or globes in the schoolrooms.

The salary of the Governor of Missouri was $1500, and of each of three Supreme judges, $1100.

There was no State superintendent of public schools.

There were no Congressional districts. Congressmen were elected on a general State ticket.

There were twenty-two State Senators and seventy-nine members of the Missouri House of Representatives. Smallwood V. Noland and Thomas Jeffries represented Jackson County.

In the Missouri House of Representatives were Austin A. King of Boone County, Sterling Price of Charlton County, John C. Edwards of Cole County, and Claiborne F. Jackson of Saline County, who afterwards became Governor.

Missouri was under its first State Constitution, adopted in 1820. This Constitution, enacted by a convention in the short space of five weeks, continued in force forty-five years.—Kansas City *Star*.

## OF HISTORY AND ROMANCE

FOR a number of years now archæologists, supported by a few wealthy men in Philadelphia, have been making excavations among the ruins of the ancient city of Nippur in the valley of the Euphrates, digging down to the foundations of walls, towns and temples long ago forgotten, buried under the tramplings of war and conquest for thousands of years, and finding unexpected treasures in the shape of clay tablets, vessels, images and votive offerings covered with cuneiform—wedge shaped—inscriptions, the records of lost empires, back to the days of Sargon I., 3800 B. C. Some 30,000 of these clay tablets in various forms have been unearthed and are now stored at the University of Pennsylvania where they are being slowly deciphered. They show that there were men on this earth as busy as we are to-day, cultivating the soil, building cities, founding states, establishing laws, organizing society, making wars, at least 4,000, probably 10,000, years before Christ. These inscriptions are of priceless value as historical documents. Similar work has been carried on for years in Arabia, in the valley of the Nile, in Greece, in Mexico, in fact, wherever there are evidences of a former civilization. In tracing the history of man on this earth it is impossible to overestimate the value of such explorations.

For the most appalling catastrophe that could happen to our race, next to a collision with some portentous comet, would be, not the destruction of cities by earthquake, fire or famine—such calamities have been in the past and men have recorded and gone on—but infinitely more disastrous than these would be the blotting out of all records of the past.

Think what that would mean, the utter obliteration from record and from memory of all knowledge or sources of knowledge of what was done on this earth and how and by whom before today! To rise on that fateful morning, groping in darkness and ignorance, with no gleam of light as to our ancestors here, as to how society originated, how states and institutions and inventions came into existence, no history of events, of battles and heroic deeds, either in books, on clay tablets or in hieroglyphics on rocks, no faintest remembrance left among men of

> The glory that was Greece,
> The grandeur that was Rome!

Next to the destruction of the earth itself I can imagine no greater catastrophe.

Let us therefore be thankful that there are books of history, the

—Read before the Peoria Historical Society.

most interesting and profitable of all our reading, except, as I suppose I must except, our morning newspapers, politics and what concerns our daily avocations. But politics is history in the making and the daily paper is the ticking of a clock that notes the swift flights of events across our field of vision—wind-blown chaff mostly, with an occasional grain of wheat.

Not the most interesting reading to everybody, however, it must be said, only to those of us who have reached the "midway of this our mortal life," who have in some small way, it may be, taken part or, at least, taken an interest in public affairs, in the building up of city, state or national institutions, who have been in conflicts with contending forces. It is then we begin to look back into the records of former generations to learn how they bore themselves under like conditions, what their successes and failures were and how they came out in the end.

To our surprise we find history repeats itself, that we were not the first or only men; we turn to the past for light on our path, to history teaching by examples.

Nor should we be surprised if we find that, generally speaking, it is the men and not the women who make a study of history, for past history is mostly a man's game—the shout of warriors, the clash of arms, the "murmur and the plaint" of "old, unhappy, far off things and battles long ago."

In this fact we find some justification for the saying "Blessed is that country which has no history." It is the men then and, we may confess it, but few even of them, to whom history is the favorite study—Herodotus, Tacitus, Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, Prescott, Parkman, Fiske—men who felt an interest in the larger, more masculine affairs of the world—world politics—but to others, not aspiring to the height of such great arguments, most histories are, let us admit, a little hard and dry.

The intimate history of any one man's life from childhood to old age, recounting what he said and what he did in a thousand different circumstances, his follies and foibles, his petty vices, how he laid himself out to get the sweetest girl in town for his wife and how he neglected her afterwards—see Pepys' Diary for instance—what a pious man he was and what sins he forgave himself for, such a record, in fact, as we understand is carefully inscribed from day to day on the leaves of the Book of Judgment—such a history as that with a few ornamental trills and quavers thrown in might prove as popular as some of our historical novels.

It is such intimate, familiar narratives as this that lend a charm to biographies, reminiscences and gossiping family letters; but when we con-

sider what an infinite number of such things must have been said and done by millions of our race since the Persian invasion of Greece, since Marathon and Salamis, or even by a few representative men of each age and country clear down to our day, we know that fascinating as the narratives might be, even the whole world itself would not contain the books that should be written.

Our histories, then, even the best of them, are hardly more than selected extracts, or, we may say, seven-league boots striding from hill-top to hill-top across a vanished world.

Walpole in his last illness is said to have exclaimed, "Bring me a novel to read; histories I know are lies."

He probably was a man with a grievance.

And the artist Burne-Jones, in a fit of petulance, speaking of Carlyle, said, "'Frederick the Great' is a romance, 'Monte Cristo' is a real history, and so is the 'Three Musketeers.'" Such half truths as these are simply the impatient grumblings of tired men wearied with the hard grind of work, and feeling the need of a change and relaxation, a rest for the intellect, a little play for the imagination. And if scholarly men can say such extravagant things, now and then, surely our hard-driven business men with no especial acquaintance with literature must be excused, and if the men, how much more the still harder-worked women, the housewives, the mothers of children, the real caretakers of our homes and our health.

As the rule, then, subject to numerous exceptions, the students of history are to be found among men; women prefer literature, biography, art, music and fiction, and children take to fairy tales.

There is a story of a stranger present at a dinner of college fellows in Oxford who showed astonishment at the freedom with which the boys scored some of their absent classmates. Mandell Creighton, afterwards bishop of London, noticing his surprise, undertook to explain the matter to him. "You see," he remarked, "we are so well acquainted with one another's good qualities that we only talk about those points which are capable of amendment."

If now we turn this witty remark the other way, forget the petty infirmities of our friends, the little peculiarities of speech, of dress, of manner, the discussion of which lends such delightful piquancy to conversation in society, as we always do forget them after they are dead and gone, remembering then and expatiating on their sterling qualities, we should recognize that they were fine fellows after all.

And that is what our romance writers do. They leave out the unpleasantnesses, the weaknesses of which every son and daughter of Adam

has a share and paint only the finer, showier qualities, of which every one has a share also, and so they give us gallant heroes and adorable heroines.

Every man—almost every man—is more or less of a hero, at least to himself, if we look deep enough, or strip off a little of the rough outside in our estimate of him. Such immaculate men, such divinely beautiful women as the novelists give us are really among us, but we fail to recognize them with the bark on.

Yes, now I know that I have known, you have known and walked side by side with as brave men as was ever Agamemnon, as lovely women as was Helen of Troy, and we are doing it today. Tear off the husk, let our eyes gaze on the kernel, the soul within.

But history cannot be written as romances are. The romance may be all there beneath the surface, but history must give us not idealized characters, but imperfect flesh and blood men with all their sins upon their heads as well as their virtues, their good qualities along with their bad ones. Let the novel writers have their way, let them draw men as they might, could, would or should have been, but we of maturer years want to know first how they really did act, we want to see the real George Washington, even if he did swear at Monmouth.

Let what I say be considered as an explanation, perhaps an apology, for the large amount of fiction reading that comes under my observation in our public library.

As the fairy tales which have come down to us through a hundred generations of men are the dreams of poor people dreaming of some happier lot than theirs, where right prevails over wrong at last, the brave little boy turns out to be a prince and the modest little girl a princess, and they marry and live happy ever after, so these novels are, for the most part, fairy tales for grown people. They do not give us the actual facts of life, only the possibilities, the wishes and dreams. But we grown people are not satisfied any longer with an entire diet of sweetmeats, we bow, as Kipling says, to the god of things as they are.

And there are histories even of our own western country as fascinating as any of the novels so lavishly advertised with pictures of female forms divinely fair, with arms and shoulders lovelier than ever seen on land or sea, mermaids alone excepted.

Were there ever braver men, more self-denying women, than those who made their historic immigration from the east, between the years 1835 and 1840, mostly in wagons, across the states of New York, Ohio and Indiana into and upon the untrodden prairies of Illinois?

E. S. WILLCOX.

PEORIA, ILL. *(To be continued.)*

# MINOR TOPICS

## HISTORY OF THE FORGED MATHER LETTER

Nearly forty years ago, at the meeting of this Society in June, 1870 (Proceedings, XI, 328, 329), I had occasion to speak of a forged letter which was said to have been written by Cotton Mather, and supposed to be among the manuscripts in this Library. The letter, dated "September ye 15th, 1682," was published first in the Easton (Penn.) *Argus* of April 28, 1870, and was widely copied into other newspapers. It was signed "Cotton Mather," and purported to give the details of "a scheme to bagge Penne," on the part of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. In an accompanying statement it is said that the letter was found by "Mr. Judkins, the Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in overhauling a chest of old papers deposited in the archives of that body by the late Robert Greenleaf, of Malden."

In the interest of historical truth and in order to give an official denial to the story, at that meeting as Librarian I pronounced the letter a miserable forgery. The name of Mr. Judkins was utterly unknown at the Library; no such chest of old papers as is alleged to have been deposited here was ever received, and no such person as the one said to have made the deposit was known to the members. Evidently the story was started for the express purpose to deceive the public and to create a prejudice against the early founders of New England.

The letter, which was addressed to the Rev. John Higginson, of Salem, is as follows:

BOSTON, September ye 15th, 1682.

TO YE AGED AND BELOVED JOHN HIGGINSON.

There bee now at sea a shippe (for our friend Mr. Esaias Holcroft of London did advise me by the last packet that it wolde sail some time in August) called ye Welcome, R. Greenaway master, which has aboard an hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penne, who is ye Chief Scampe at ye hedde of them. Ye General Court has accordinggely given secret orders

to Master Malachi Huxett of ye brig Porposse to waylaye ye said Welcome slylie as near ye coast of Codde as may be and make captive ye said Penne and his ungodlie crew so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new countrie with ye heathen worshippe of these people. Much spoyle can be made by selling ye whole lotte to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch goode prices in rumme and sugar and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wicked but we shall make great gayne for his ministers and people. Master Huxett feels hopeful and I will set down the news he brings when his shippe comes back.

Yours in ye bowells of Christ.

COTTON MATHER.

This spurious production appears periodically in the public prints, and often has been exposed as a miserable forgery, but it will not *down*. Like a planet it seems to have an orbit of its own in which it moves, and at regular intervals is printed in the newspapers. At the time of its date Mather was only nineteen years old, which fact alone would be presumptive evidence that he was not connected with any such piratical scheme. There are other ear-marks in the letter which tell against its authenticity. The word " scampe " was not in use two hundred years ago, and Mather would never have used the phrase " ye coast of Codde." The name of the Cape was given by Gosnold, ad no one in this neighborhood ever called it anything else but " Cape Cod." The old Puritan minister was a scholar and, according to the standard of his day and generation, he knew how to spell, and never would have been guilty of the foolish orthography there used. Moreover the writer's subscription alone would be enough to condemn the letter. Mather had sins enough of his own to answer for without ascribing to him the crude absurdities of this forgery. In every community there is a certain number of persons always ready to adopt opinions which are in accord with their own feelings. The instances are frequent where evil-minded men have thus played upon the credulity of the public and so started false reports and gross slanders.

The letter has been reprinted so often, and I am called upon so frequently to answer questions concerning it, that I set about tracing the origin of the story to its source. After some correspondence I found that it was written by the late James F. Shunk, at one time editor of the Easton *Argus,* in the columns of which it originally appeared during his

connection with the newspaper. He was a man of distinguished ancestry, —his two grandfathers having been governors of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,—but with a strong prejudice against the Puritans. The letter was written in a spirit of hostility to New England people; and it was evidently the writer's intention to throw discredit on them, and to a cerain extent he was successful. Mr. Shunk, the author of the forgery, died in 1874, at the age of thirty-six years.

SAMUEL A. GREEN.

—Read before the Massachusetts Historical Society.

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## A "BEETHOVEN SOCIETY" OF 1819

One who has an interest in the early history of Maine found recently, what seems to indicate a remarkably early knowledge of Beethoven, in that commonwealth, and the establishment in Portland of what may be one of the earliest musical societies called by the great master's name. The book is a publication of the journals kept by the Rev. Thomas Smith, "late pastor of the First Church of Christ in Falmouth, in the county of York (now Cumberland)." It appeared in Portland in 1821, printed by A. Shirley. One of the entries in the Rev. Mr. Smith's diary is as follows:

"BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.

The Beethoven Society of Portland was instituted January 16, A. D. 1819. It consists at present of fifty-five members, male and female. Its object and design is, to cultivate and promote a correct taste in the science and practice of Sacred Harmony, and to co-operate with other similar Societies in our Country, in reviving and bringing forward into public notice those works and compositions of eminent masters which justly entitle them to an imperishable name among all the lovers of sacred song. This Society, though of recent origin, has already received many flattering tokens of public patronage; and their concerts, which have occasionally been given, have been fully attended.

Its privileges of membership are not limited to Portland;—many Gentlemen from different parts of the State are made honorary members, without being subject to the regulations which govern the stated meetings of the Society.

Beethoven, whose name this Society bears, stands second to none of the masters of melody who have arisen and shone upon the present age. And while a similar Society in Boston has inscribed on their

escutcheon the celebrated names of Handel and Haydn, the Beethoven Society of Portland assumes the name of one, whose genius seems to anticipate a future age, and labors for the benefit of posterity."

It shows a certain highly advanced state of civilization in this almost frontier community that this fact should be ready for the record in 1819, eight years before Beethoven's death. Only a few pages earlier in the diary are records of troubles with the Indians, attacks and precautionary measures taken by these Maine settlers to protect their homes. Yet they had had time to find out that Beethoven's name already "stood second to none of the masters of melody who have arisen and shone upon the present age," though he was a living master, a modern of the moderns, shocking many conservative spirits by his innovations. And indeed these Portland amateurs had a very good reason to put in that touch of conscious superiority over the metropolis of Boston, which had inscribed the somewhat less illustrious names of Handel and Haydn on its escutcheon.

Was there a society founded earlier than this one in Europe or America that bore this illustrious name? Did the Beethoven Society of Portland get so far as to produce any of the choral works of the master whose name it assumed? There is here an interesting nugget of early musical history in America for him who shall take the trouble to excavate it.

—*New Music Review*, N. Y.

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## THE NAMING OF PITTSBURGH

The *Newport Mercury, or Weekly Advertiser*, was published by James Franklin, an elder brother of Benjamin Franklin, with whom he learned the printer's trade in Newport, Rhode Island, "at the Printing Office under the Town School." The *Mercury* was a four-page sheet 9¾ by 13¾ inches, and displays a high grade of typographical skill in its make-up. In No. 27 of the *Mercury*, dated Tuesday, December 19, 1758, there was printed the following news-letter, which will doubtless be of much interest at the present time when the City of Pittsburgh is preparing to celebrate her one hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

"From the Supplement to the *New-York Gazette*.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13, 1758.

Early on Monday Morning last, an Express arrived here from the Westward, and brought sundry Letters, which gave an Account, that General Forbes was in Possession of Fort Du Quesne: One of these Letters say, That the 'Monsieurs did not stay for the Approach of our Army, but blew up the Fort, spiked their Cannon, threw them into the River, and made the best of their Way off, carrying with them every thing that was valuable, except the spot where the Fort stood.' And Yesterday another Express arrived here with other Letters confirming the foregoing, and directed from the Fort itself; the most Particular of which, are as follows, viz.

'FORT DU QUESNE, Nov. 26, 1758.

'I have now the Pleasure to write you from the Ruins of the Fort. On the 24th at Night, we were informed by one of our Indian Scouts, that he had discovered a Cloud of Smoke above the place: And soon after another came in with certain Intelligence, that it was burnt and abandoned by the Enemy. We were then about 15 Miles from it. A troop of Horse was sent forward immediately, to extinguish the Burning: and the whole Army followed. We arrived at six o'Clock last night, and found it in a great Measure destroyed.

'There are two Forts about 20 Yards distant; the one built with immense Labour; small, but a great deal of strong Works collected into little Room, and stands on the Point of a narrow Neck of Land, at the Confluence of the two Rivers: It is square, and has two Ravelins, Gabions at each Corner, &c. The other Fort stands on the Bank of the [illegible]any, in the Form of a Paralleogram, (*sic*) but nothin[illegible] ha[illegible]rong as the other; Several of the Outworks are lately [illegible]tin[illegible]d t[illegible]and still unfinished. There are, I think, 30 Stacks of Chimn[illegible]s standing, but the Houses are all destroyed. They sprung a Mine, which ruined one of their Magazines; in the other we found 16 Barrels of Ammunition, a prodigious Quantity of old Carriage Iron, Barrels of Guns, about a Cartload of Scalping Knives, &c. They went off in so much haste, that they could not make quite the Havock of their Works they intended.

'We are told by the Indians, that they lay the Night

before last at Beaver Creek, about 40 Miles down the Ohio from here. Whether they buried their Cannon in the River, or carried them down in their Battoes, we have not yet learnt. A boy about 12 Years old, who has been their Prisoner about 2 Years, and made his Escape the 2d Instant, tell us, they had carried a prodigious Quantity of Wood into the Fort; that they had burnt five of the prisoners they took at Major Grant's Defeat, on the Parade, and deliver'd others to the Indians, who were tomahawk'd on the Spot. We found Numbers of Bodies within a Quarter of a Mile of the Fort, unburied, so many monuments of French Humanity! A great many Indians, mostly Delawares, were gathered together on the Island last Night and this Morning, to treat with the General, and we are making Rafts to bring them over. Whether the General will think of repairing the Ruins, or leaving any of the Troops here, I have not yet learnt. Mr. Batie is appointed to preach a Thanksgiving Sermon for the Superiority of His Majesty's Arms. We left all our Tents at Loyalhanning, and every Conveniency except a Blanket and a Knapsack.

'Another Letter mentions, that only about 2500 picked Men marched from Loyalhanning; that the Garrison consisted of about 400 Men, Part of which are gone down the Ohio, 100 by Land supposes to Presque Isle, and 200 with the Governor, Mons. Delignier, to Venango, and to stay there till the Spring, and then return and disposses our People. That 200 of our People are to be left at Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburgh,* to keep Possession of the Ground, 100 of the oldest Virginians, the other of our oldest Pennsylvanians; That the new raised Levies are all discharged; and that at the last Affair at Loyalhanning, the French lost nine Indians in the Field, and carried off four mortally wounded: This an Indian now in our Camp informs, who was in the engagement.

'FORT DU QUESNE, November 30th, 1758.

'After much Fatigue and Labour, we have at last bro't the Artillery to this place, and found the French had left us nothing to do, having on the 24th. instant blown up their

* This is the first record of the name Pittsburgh.

Magazine, and burnt their Fort to the Ground. Their Indians had, either thro' fear, or to atone for their many Barbarities, deserted them; and as they depended on them to attack us in the Woods (the only chance they had of beating us) the French judged rightly in abandoning a Fort the front of whose Polygon is only 150 feet, and which our Shells would have destroyed in three Days. We have fired some Howitzer Shells into the face of the Work, which is made of nine Inch Plank, and ramm'd between with Earth; and found that in firing but a few Hours, we must have destroyed the entire face. (All this, confirms the Account we receiv'd two Weeks past, that the Fort surrender'd without Resistance!) "

(For this interesting item we are indebted to T. H. Loomis, Esq., Steubenville, Ohio.—ED.).

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## JOHN BROWN NOT OSAWATOMIE BROWN

Osawatomie Brown was Orville C. Brown of Brooklyn, N. Y., who located and named the town by coining the word out of the names of two rivers—Osage and Potowatamie—that unite just below the townsite. John Brown never lived in or near Osawatomie. When he lived on Potowatomie creek, his nearest post office was "Lane." To those who knew the real "Osawatomie Brown" as a prominent citizen during our Territorial period, it does not seem just to give the name to another. O. C. Brown was living in New York, about 1900.

(O. C. B. was born in Litchfield, N. Y., 1811. It was his son, Spencer Kellogg Brown, who was hung as a spy in 1863, though captured as a prisoner of war while destroying a rebel ferryboat. He had been a member of the crew of Porter's gunboat *Essex*.—*Kansas Hist. Archives*, vol. 7, p. 325.)

## CHAPTER XL

### A BUSH FIGHT.

SYBRANDT bowed his thanks. The idea of being named with commendation to *the king* was sufficient honor at that time to a modest provincial. But he had a still higher pleasure in the thought that Catalina would hear of his honors, and perhaps regret, as Sir William had hinted, that she could no longer hope to share them. With these inspiring anticipations he accompanied Sir William to the presence of the commander-in-chief; they found him surrounded by a number of officers, among whom he was startled to see Colonel Gilfillan, who had just returned from his commission to New York, whither he had been despatched by the general the very day Sybrandt joined the army at Ticonderoga. They recognized each other by a stately bow and a flush of the cheek.

When his excellency had heard the report of Sybrandt, and commended his intrepidity, he announced his intention to sally forth and surprise the enemy, instead of remaining cooped up in their defences like cowards.

"Caution is not cowardice." observed Sir Wililam. "It is certain that the enemy exceeds us in numbers. As to surprising them, it is sufficient to say they have two thousand Indians with them. Might I advise, sir, I would respectfully suggest that we remain here and receive the enemy in our intrenchments, where we can keep them at bay until their Indian allies desert them, as they certainly will after being beaten back a few times. In addition to being thus weakened, the want of necessary supplies will soon oblige them to abandon the siege. When they retire, then will be the time to come out upon them: a retreating enemy is half conquered."

His excellency the commanding general did not relish this wise counsel, for at least two very substantial reasons. He disdained to be gov-

erned by the advice of a *provincial officer,* and he had been brought up in the solemn conviction that one Englishman was a match for two Frenchmen by land or by water. The young officers of the line, in scarlet coats and gorgeous epaulettes, were all of the same opinion, with the exception of one, who, had he lived in happier times, and served in a sphere less obscure, would have left behind him a name equally illustrious with those of Wolfe, Montgomery, and Montcalm—that admirable soldier, whose glory even defeat could hardly obscure. It was therefore determined that the army should march out against the enemy, and orders were immediately given for that purpose. As the officers separated to their respective destinations Sybrandt sought a meeting with Gilfillan, who favored his wishes exceedingly.

"Colonel Gilfillan," said he, "permit me to remind you of a certain affair in New York which still remains unsettled." The sight of Gilfillan had banished all his former pacific resolutions.

"Major Westbrook," said the other, "to-day for our country, to-morrow for Catalina."

"You remind me of a higher duty; to-morrow be it;" and he touched his hat, and bowed with a soldierlike courtesy.

"To-morrow," replied Gilfillan, touching his hat likewise, and bowing still lower. And thus they parted for the present.

"Come, Westbrook," said Sir William, "let us go and make our wills. To-morrow, if I am not mistaken, many a poor fellow of us will have a lock of hair the less upon his head. But never mind, death is certain, and duty imperative. I cannot approve, but to-morrow you shall see Sir William Johnson what he always has been and always will be—faithful to his country, whether he approves or disapproves."

The whole of this busy day was spent in preparing for the departure of the army, which took place early the next morning. The shores of Lake Champlain had never before witnessed so gallant an array of martial splendors, nor the solitudes of her hills ever resounded to such a blast of rousing music as now echoed in their deepest recesses, scaring the eagles from their inaccessible eyries, and the wild deer from their impenetrable retreats. The officers of the regular army, as the native British troops were called, were all in the highest spirits, anticipating victory and promotion. But the old gray-headed provincials, who were better versed in

border warfare, shook their heads and marched forth in gloomy resignation, foreseeing in this careless confidence of the general the certainty of disaster and defeat. The hot-headed red-coats tauntingly ascribed their deportment to cowardice or disaffection; but it was nothing more than the fearful augury of experience—a prophetic insight into the future, founded on a knowledge of the past.

The march was necessarily fatiguing, owing to the obstructions everywhere opposed to them by the rough inequalities of a country as yet almost in a state of nature. Add to this, they were encumbered with an inconvenient and unnecessary quantity of baggage, which rendered their progress more slow and laborious. In vain did Sir William and some of the old provincial officers impress on the general the necessity of sending out experienced spies in advance to scour the thick woods into which they were now penetrating; in vain did they urge the halting of the army for repose and refreshment. He was inflated with a stupid and obstinate idea that he was going to take the enemy by surprise, and, as is not uncommon in such cases, in his eagerness to gain his object neglected the means necessary to guard against a similar disaster.

It was about the middle of a long sultry summer afternoon that the army became embarrassed in passing through a tract of wet ground, covered with a forest of those majestic trees which give such sublimity to our primeval woods. The heat was intense although they were in the midst of impenetrable shades; for the air was dense and stagnant, and the want of a free circulation was more than equivalent to the absence of the sun. The road, if road it might be called which was little more than a space about thirty yards wide cleared of wood, became deeper and more embarrassing as they advanced, and soldiers and horses began to pant and falter, and stick fast in the mud. At the moment when the whole army was thus entangled and struggling under fatigue, heat and hunger, a horrible shout, followed by a discharge of guns in front and rear and all around them, rung in their ears and struck a chill into the stoutest heart. White skins and red skins seemed, like the fabled armies we read of, to spring out of the ground; every trunk of a tree sent forth death and destruction into the beleaguered host, and invisible hands pointed invisible guns and launched invisible arrows. Here was no wheeling to the right or to the left, or forming of columns or concentrating of battalions, or any of the practiced evolutions of European warfare. Each man had his individual foe, and each man fought his own desperate fight.

The moment the yell echoed through the forest Sir William exclaimed to Sybrandt, who was marching at his side, weary and disheartened.

"There they are! I thought as much. The headlong blockhead!"

"Your commands, Sir William," eagerly answered the other.

"Commands! nobody commands now, but the great Leader of the hosts of heaven. The law of nature is come again, and all are equal here. Every man for himself, and God for us all!" shouted he, in a voice that echoed through the forest, as he drew a pistol and dashed, as fast as the woods and marshes would permit, in the direction of the horrible yellings that still continued. Sybrandt followed, or rather kept at his side. But there was no enemy to be seen, though every instant the officers in their red coats and splendid embroidery fell dead by invisible hands.

"We are fighting with shadows," said Sir William, as the balls and tomahawks flew about, barking the trees or entering the flesh of the devoted men falling victims to the folly of one alone.

By degrees, though quicker than I can relate it, parties of the Five Nations rallied round their old leader, and Sir William soon saw himself at the head of a considerable number. With these he commenced his operations in the regular style of bush-fighting, to which all other modes of warfare are mere children's play. Each man then depends on his own skill, cunning and daring; each man concentrates his soul and body in efforts for self-preservation alone, and the impulse of glory is changed to the instinct of love of life. The fight soon became equal between the hostile Indians and Sir William and his valiant Mohawks, who still continued the objects of terror to all the savages from the Atlantic to the shores of Lake Superior. Old King Hendrick, who was with them, still retained his courage and vigor and seconded his friend Sir William—whom he once *dreamed* out of a suit of regimentals—with all his might and cunning. Nor was friend Sybrandt idle. He, as well as all the rest now fought on foot, either from choice or necessity; and as the obstructions of the ground prevented acting in concert, he was frequently engaged in personal contests with the hostile party. But the Indians never, if they can help it, or unless under circumstances of particular advantage, like to match their physical powers with the white man, either because they know their own superiority in the manœuvers of bush-fighting or the superiority of the other in vigor and perseverance.

It so happened, however, that Sybrandt, who had now received three flesh-wounds which had somewhat weakened him in the devious vicissitudes of the fight, encountered an Indian who seemed the principal or one of the principal leaders of the hostile band. He wore a suit of buckskin fitting close to his body, and a military cap with feathers. He had a tomahawk in his hand, which seemed to be his only weapon. The sole defence of Sybrandt was a loaded pistol, with what was very rare at that time, a double barrel. It was one of a pair which constituted the only inheritance he received from his father. With cautious malice the Indian and the white man eyed each other; the former keenly scrutinizing the latter to ascertain his means of defence, and Sybrandt displaying equal curiosity. The chief was at length satisfied that Sybrandt was unarmed, he having at first sight of the savage, concealed his pistol for the purpose of disarming his caution. He accordingly approached our hero with uplifted tomahawk, still however with the characteristic caution of his race, until Sybrandt thought him sufficiently near, when he discharged one of his barrels, but not with a true aim. The ball just grazed his shoulder. The chief, supposing him now at his mercy, rushed upon him, but was received by a dead shot of the other barrel. It entered his heart, and he fell dead.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Sir William, who just at that moment made his appearance, covered with blood and dirt. "Bravo, major, you have done good service. That is the very head and soul of the hostile Indians. The moment they miss him they will disperse. The feat shall make you a colonel, if we survive this day."

And it happened as he had predicted. By degrees the Indians remitted their attacks, and as the news of the death of their great chief was whispered among them, they discontinued their hostilities, and gradually disappeared.

"The battle is over in this quarter," said the knight, and called his Mohawks to follow him in the direction where the firing still continued. Here they found a scene of complicated confusion and carnage, principally, however, all on one side. The British army had been taken at such disadvantage, and knew so little of this mode of warfare, that their efforts were entirely inefficient. The provincials alone made some effectual resistance, and when reinforced by Sir William and his Mohawks were at length able to repulse the enemy, who retired in perfect order

and with scarcely any loss. In passing thus from one extremity of the fight to the other, Sybrandt became separated from his companions in the obscurity of the wood. While seeking the direction for joining them again, he heard something like a faint halloo at a little distance. After a moment's reflection he made his way towards the sound with the caution becoming his situation, until at length, peering about beneath the branches, he discovered an officer lying at the foot of a tree, with his body partly raised and resting against it. At a little distance was an Indian grasping a knife, cautiously advancing with an evident intention to practice upon him the bloody rites of savage barbarity. The face of the officer was turned towards Sybrandt, and, pale as it was, he at once recognized Gilfillan. In a moment the history of the past rushed upon his mind, and in a moment he lived over his former anger, regrets, and disappointments. All these were merged the next moment in one generous feeling. He determined to rescue his rival at every risk. Levelling his pistol with a steady aim, he waited the approach of the savage, who was so intent upon his bloody purpose that he did not perceive him. When about half a dozen paces from Gilfillan, Sybrandt fired and the Indian dropped. In another moment he was at the side of Gilfillan, who held out his hand to him, and said, faintly:

"Major Westbrook, I thank you;—not for my life, for that is gone past all recovery, I think; but you have saved my skin from being ripped from my head; and, by my soul, I am grateful. I have something to say to you; and the sooner I can say it the better."

At this moment Sybrandt perceived a second Indian approaching with his tomahawk. He attempted to rise and meet him, but he had been bleeding imperceptibly for several hours, and his strength was now quite gone. He sunk down again insensible, at the instant that he heard the report of a gun, and the exclamation, "Take that, you tarnal critter."

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VII MAY, 1908 No. 5

# THE FIRST COMMISSION AT SEA FROM RHODE ISLAND.

## II.

### CAPTAIN JOHN UNDERHILL AND OTHERS.

THESE historical notes, given without strict chronological order, show the Dutch position along the southern New England coast. They show that the Rhode Island Colony had been familiar with them ever since the planting of the colony. It was the question of trade with the natives that led each one of the European nations to defame the other and misrepresent the other's contracts. The Indians could not be blamed for being suspicious when they were so taught by these same white races. Even the religious faith and emblems fell into the same school of misrepresentation and defamation. Many of these early traders acted on the motto of secure all you can to-day, for it may never occur again: in brief, act to-day and know no future.

Having given the general outlines and other historical data, it is now in order to note in more particular form the result of the first Rhode Island Commission. It would seem from the date of the Commission, as given by the Recorder, May 24, and the date of the capture of the Fort, June 27, that the Captain allowed no grass to grow under his feet. It would seem he made the utmost use of his time. In this expedition, as well as in those he had conducted in the past, he believed in a quiet and decided movement in strength, delivered in one spot; which movements, as conducted by the Captain, were successful in every instance. He laid siege to the Dutch Fort, which it seems was not prepared to stand against him, and therefore surrendered without making much of a contest. Had the Captain been more dilatory in his actions the Dutch would have had time to prepare to receive him and the affair would have had a different ending. The notice which Captain Underhill fastened on the door of the Dutch "House of Hope" in June, 1653, after its capture, was as follows, according to the testimony of Richard Lord, William Gibbons, William Whiting, John Ingersoll and others:

"I, John Underhill, doe seize this house and land for the State of

England by virtue of commission granted by Providence Plantations. The said land is about 30 acres lying in Connecticut within the plantation of Hartford. This land the Dutch claimed and possessed."

The Captain appears to have now lost his head, not in way of military or naval cunning, but in commercialism. It seems he was prevailed on by Ralph Earl to sell the property to him, which Earl claims he did. I tried very hard to learn why it was that if such a sale had been made Earl was so long before he enforced, or rather tried to enforce, his claim. It seems when he did, the property was found to have been for several years in the possession of other parties, who had been and were in full enjoyment of it.

It would further seem, from letters and other documents now extant, that a different story was known at Newport than was known at Hartford. The two testimonies here given in full from Governor Benedict Arnold and Captain William Dyer are so very straightforward and clear that I cannot resist the temptation to reproduce them here. The Governor went to Hartford with Earl as his attorney and looked over the ground with him. It would appear that Earl was not successful and that Lord and Gibbons still retained the property. Benedict Arnold's testimony, May 12, 1666, regarding Captain John Underhill's commission and conduct:

"I, Benedict Arnold of Newport, on Rhode Island, in New England, aged fifty years or thereabouts, doe upon my engagement (beinge hereto required) do testify that in Anno Domy 1653 & in ye month caled August, Captain John Underhill, then of Long Island, &c., Being returned to this town of Newport from Quonecticott and here then manifesting that hee (by virtue of a Commission derived from the Authority in England &c) had taken or seized upon the Dutch House and Land thereto apertaining in or near Hartford on ye River Quonecticott Lying or Consisting with all other ye goods and chattells to the sayd Dutch there belonging &c. The aforenamed John Underhill did in my presence and hearing & in the Presence and hearing of Capt. Robert Clarke (then Living being an Inhabitant of Sabrooke or thereabouts neare ye River's mouth aforesaid &c) Sett Bargaine and duly made over all yt ye said Dutch house and Land (with ye apurtenanses as before mentioned Seized by him ye said John Underhill) unto Ralph Earll of Portsmouth, Senior And thereof & to testify his ye sayd Bargaine and Sale ye sayd John Underhill did give a writing dated August ye Second 1653

ye sayd Earll & Signed thereunto & declared ye same in the Presence of ye aforementioned Robert Clarke and my selfe. And Both of us, ye sayd Robert Clarke & Benedict Arnold, did at ye request of ye said Underhill & Earll sett our hands as witnesses to ye sayd writeing, which writeing although it mentioned no p'ticular percell of goods, house or Lands, yet I doe on my certaine Knowledge affirme yt the Dutch house & Land above mentioned was Expressly yea Cherfuly & perticularly mentioned in theire Bargaine & intended in yt writeing, which was drawn up short & in General tearmes & at request of Both Underhill & Earll was written by my selfe & approved of by themselves. And ffurther more I doe testify yt the afore sayd John Underhill at ye time of makeing ye Bargaine with Ralph Earll afore sayd for & about the Premises Did very solemnly avouch & declare yt he had not in any way disposed of (by promyse or any otherwise) all or any part or p'cll of the premises to any person or p'sons whatsoever but only to ye sayd Ralph Earll, And moreover I do on my certaine knowledge testify yt the sayd John Underhill accepted of & received the ffull & just value of twenty pounds sterlling in good Pay at ye hands of the sayd Ralph Earll & owned himselfe therewith satisfied in ffull for & in Consideration of ye premises & of every part & percell thereof. And moreover I doe testify yt I am knowing unto & doe beare witnes of many Expenses of time, travell & estate that ye sayd Earll hath bin putt upon to procure ye Enjoyment & possession of yt sayd House & Land. And in p'ticular one vyage he made to Hartford on purpose therefore in Ano Domy 1660 to his noe small charge & travell, in which journey my self did accompany him And at Hartford did heare the sayd Ralph Earll make demand of ye sayd Dutch House & Land at ye hands of Mr. Richard Lord, then living in Hartford, who denyed to give him possession, Pretending yt hee had a Right in it & yt hee & William Gibbon, then deceased, had the right to ye premises by virtue of Sale to them made by John Underhill aforementioned; But produced nothing to Certify ye same And that the above written is the very truth I doe hereunto sett my hand this ye 12th day of August Ano Domy 1666.

BENEDICT ARNOLD."

The above written testimony is affirmed upon oath.
Taken this 12th of May, 1666,
Before me,
WILLIAM CARPENTER, *Assistant.*"

William Dyer's testimony:

" May, 14, 1666.

*To all whom it may concern:*

I, William Dyer of Newport, in the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, being aged ffiftie-foure or thereabouts, doe upon my Corporall oath Testifie and affirme that in the yeare 1653, in the month of september, Mr. Richard Lord & Mr. William Gibbons off Connecticutt came to my self, being then bound for England, & told me that they had bought the Dutch house & land of John Underhill, Capt. &c., and solicited mee to procure them a good title to itt in England and they would give me ffiftie pounds, as appears under their hands. And further I doe testifie that they sent these two papers for a full assurance unto mee that Capt. Underhill had so seized the sd house & land, wch papers were delivered unto me by Mr. Hopkins upon the exchange in London to my best remembrance, Major Haynes, Mr. Winslow & Mr. Hopkins owning the one paper signed by Gov. Haynes his hand, the other and the originall dated the 7th of September, signed by the very hands of Richard Lord and Wm. Gibbons, Esqs.

" I also testifie when the sd Lord & Gibbons agitated with my selfe in Newport and by letter to London I did not know that Ralph Earll had bought the said house & land &c. of Underhill; ffor had I I should not have been so base or unworthy as to goo about to deprive him or any other of their right.

" I also testifie that after my returne from England, Mr. Lord aforesd coming to the Island & discoursing about the business premised, I told him yt since my returne I understood that Ralph Earll had bought the premises before himself & Mr. Gibbons did buy itt & that Capt. Underhill had not done rite to make a double sale. Lord answered that he was in possession &c. I replyed though he new that would not vestrey the fixed purchase, but sd sale if it be for your consumation you were better compound with Earll, whom I am informed (upon good grounds) hath bought & paid for itt and hath the fixed deed of sale by wh means of purchasing his right you may probably enjoy it (for ought I know). But sd I as for the agitations in England, assure yourselfe it hath taken no effect concerning the business, for I should have been glad to have received yor agreement wh mee.

" Taken upon oath before me this 16 of may, 1666.

" WILLIAM BRENTON, *Governor.*"

Captain Underhill, in a letter to Governor John Winthrop, Jr., dated Oyster Bay, April 12, 1665, (*Mass. Hist. Socy. Col.*, Series I, Vol. vii, pp. 191-4), says (I give his version word for word, but not in the original spelling):

"I present to your consideration the issue of my ancient controversy concerning the Dutch Land, and humbly request your valuable assistance in my low estate, not doubting but a right understanding how deceitfully matters were carried to me in my first seizure by the deceased, and afterward by Ralph Earle in the time of my indurence at Rhode Island, because I would not suffer the soldiers to despoil the well-affected Dutch farmers, I was confined and in this trouble, the said Ralph came upon me with guile to buy all my right in prizials by sea and land several negerse taken by my commission simply sold him all my right by sea and land for £20 in wampum, and this in my great stright—but when he had obtained this grant he came upon me for the Dutch land, to whom I answered it was never mentioned by him nor thought of by me, for I answered I could not sell it according to the truth intent of my seizure, but he threatened to sue me; then was I constrained to avoid trouble and that I might get clear of the Island, to pass a bill to him of all my right and interest which at that present I consist not any till determined, as will appear by the enclosed. Your wisdom will easily see my wrong suffered by the Dutch fishale (official) and Governor and for Ralph Earle and the deceased I shall forbear to mention to avoid dishonor in diverse respects, except I am necessitated by your selves. I have both affidavit and some lines under the hand of the deceased, but if your worships please to be the judges of the seizure, which I never presented to trial till now, in this you have our General's advice that the one-half of the principal and rent belongs to you and the other half to me; but I shall forbear to trouble you with further enlargement, except you shall require it of me. My proposition to you is if you shall favor me as aforesaid in my necessities with a considerable sum out of what is due to you on this island, I shall accept it and send you my seizure with other writings wherein it will appear on oath I refused one hundred and fifty pounds in good pay, and that I was by falsity dissuaded from going to England with my seizure, the land not being worth £30, and by this means and such like sattel carrise (*sic.*) means was deceived of an considerable satisfaction for my unjust sufferings, which the General, out of his clemency, hath taken one him in part to see me satisfied, and I will

not question your love and charity to follow his good precedent, for which I shall ever rest yourself to command.

" JOHN UNDERHILL.

" Oyster Bay, 12 of April, 1665."

Regarding the seizure the following transcript of the notice in the handwriting of Winthrop was sent with this letter:

" Written upon the table at Mr. Richard Lord's in the presence of him, the said Richard, and Mr. William Gibbons, Retainer to the Dutch Governor, inhabitants of Hartford, and by their advice and counsel written upon the door of the Dutch house in capital letters.

" Hartford, this 27th of June, 1653.

" I, John Underhill, by virtue of Commission and according to act of Parliament, seized this house, the *Hope,* with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, as Dutch Goods belonging to the West Indian Company of Amsterdam, enemies to the Commonwealth of England, and so to remain seized untill determined by the said Commonwealth as succeeding power of England.

" Per me JOHN UNDERHILL.

Witness: [ ] The Seale.

NATHANIEL LEW,
JAMES BROCK.
In the presence of
JOHN BROWNE *of Hartford.*"

Upon the persuasion of the said Richard and William, the said seizure was renewed the 28th of the said month and the rent, £10 for seven years, adjoined in words following:

" I, the said John, do by virtue as aforesaid seize the said rent and adjoin it to the said seizure as before specified, and so to remain seized until determined by the said power.

" JOHN UNDERHILL.

" [ ] The Seale.

" Seized and read in the presence of us, William Whiting and John Enger, Inhabitants of Hartford.

" Mr. Richard Lord and Mr. William Gibbons insert in a letter to me, April, '54: The General Court have sequestered the Dutch Land and the rent for the State of England.

JOHN UNDERHILL."

RICH. LORD,
WILLIAM GIBENS.

A true copy of that copy of the seizure which was sent by Captain Underhill in his letter of 12 of April, 1665.
Endorsed by John Winthrop, Jr.:

"Copy of seizure of Dutch land at Hartford by Capt. J. Underhill."

The Captain says in a postscript that he never was benefited a penny, but was often abused and charges made against him, lost a crop, all by reason of an obligation got under my hand in a frolic at one John Webb's, where he (Mr. Lord) and Mr. Gibbons had lodged me.

It now remains to give a description of the property so seized, and for this purpose I know nothing better than the report of the secretary, who gives the following description of the said property from the public records:

THE SECRETARY'S RECORD.

Severall percells of land which Capt. Rich'd Lord & Mr. William Gibbons purchased of Capt. Underhill, which formerly did belong to the West India Company in North Holland & was seized by Capt. John Underhill By virtue of a Commission granted him bearing date 24th May, 1653.

One percel lying in the south meadow, containing by estimation twenty-three Acres & a halfe (be it more or less) & abutteth on the great River North & on Capt. Cullet his land east & on a high way from the mead gate to the Indian land on the south & on George Steele his land west, more one percel in the South meadow, containing by estimation one Acre (be it more or less) & a butteth on the Landing place in the Little River on the east & on the little River North & on the sayd Gibbons & Gregorie Witterton their lands on the south.

more one percel of land lying in the poynt of the little meadow, containing by estimation three Acres (be it more or less) and abutteth on the little River south & west & on Mr. Haines his land North & on the great River East.

more one percell being an Island lying near the east side of the great River over against the south end of the Little meadow & containeth by estimation Two Acres (be it more or less).
Extracted out of the Book of records for Hartford this 18th of June, 1666.

P. me JOHN ALLYN, *Recorder.*

The result of the controversy ended in favor of Connecticut. I can find no proof that Earl attempted to enforce his claim until years after the sale of the land to Richard Lord and William Gibbons, July 18, 1655. The Captain says that he was taken advantage of by Earl, which appears to look shady from the fact that he allowed such a long time to elapse before seeing to the purchase. The Captain says he could not give such a paper, which looks as though he was in full possession of the rights of the land. The sequestion by the Colony of Connecticut, it would appear, would remove it from his power to convey. In the study of these papers, it will at once be seen that the story lacks several points to make it complete. These papers having become lost to the files leaves doubt. No doubt the authorities were very inexperienced at the time in these matters, hence did not handle the case with the smoothness they would had they but had the experience.

The case makes a very interesting incident in early maritime affairs, and as such deserves to be noted more fully by antiquarians than it has been hitherto. The Captain's career deserves a fuller notice, so I reproduce here the following sketch, from Thompson's *History of Long Island,* Vol. ii, pages 353-61:

"On a farm lately owned by one of his descendants, called by him Killingworth and by the Indians Matinecock, in the Town of Oyster Bay, Long Island, is the grave of this wonderful man, of whom so frequent mention is made in the early histories of New England and New York. 'He was,' says the Rev. Mr. Bacon, 'one of the most dramatic personages in our early history.' Having served as an officer in the British forces in the Low Countries, in Ireland and at Cadiz, he came from England to Massachusetts soon after the commencement of the colony, and was very generally employed in such expeditions as required the most extraordinary courage, energy and perseverance.

"He had an important command in the war against the Pequots in 1636 and on the second of February, 1637, was sent to Saybrook with twenty men to keep the fort against the Dutch and Indians, both of whom had manifested a design upon that place. He was a man of the most determined resolution, activity and courage, and such was the rapidity of his movements and the subtlety of attack that his enemies were almost always taken by surprise and consequently defeated.

"He was one of the first deputies from Boston to the General Court, and one of the earliest officers of the Ancient and Honorable Ar-

tillery Company. Most of the accounts of that interesting period are full of the particulars of his checkered life, and few persons were more distinguished or rendered more valuable service to the colonies than this individual, especially in their wars and controversies with the savages.

"He was a personal and political friend of Sir Henry Vane, who in 1637, at the age of 26 years, was appointed Governor of Massachusetts. Underhill was also an enthusiast in religion, so far at least as appearances were concerned, yet was a debauchee in practice. Strange as it may seem, the church did not censure him so much for his irregularities as for saying that he dated his conversion from the time he was smoking tobacco. He was eccentric in many respects and in everything he did was apt to run to extremes.

"That he was in America as early as 1632 is evident from the accounts of the treasurer of the Massachusetts colony, showing he received a pension of £30 a year for services rendered to the colony in its contests with the Indians. Hutchinson says: 'He was one of the most forward of the Boston enthusiasts,' and Hubbard declares that in 1636 he was in high favor with the Governor, or, as he calls him, 'Right worthy Master Vane.'

"He went to England in 1638, where he was interrogated and finally banished on account of his adherence to Mr. Wheelwright and seduction of a female. While there he published his 'News From America.'

"In this work he speaks of the murder of Capt. John Oldham and the proceedings then taken against the Indians.

"He speaks of his wife recommending him to wear a helmet, which he says he did and that it saved his life from an arrow shot at him, which struck it and glanced off.

"The work also abounds with much of the pious ~~way~~ of the day

Winthrop gives account of his amours and of conduct at Dover, N. H., where he was Governor for a while, also of his confession and promise to do better in the future.

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Thompson's History continues:

"He was after his arrival here employed by the Dutch and took command in the war with the Indians north of the Sound and west of

the Connecticut settlements. This contest lasted until 1646. In Trumbull's *History* it is stated that Underhill destroyed 300 Indians north of the Sound and 120 upon Long Island, who had crossed the Sound to ravage and destroy the Dutch plantations there. At the period of this military employment he lived at Stamford. He was a delegate from that town to the General Court at New Haven in 1643 and was appointed an assistant justice.

"In 1644 he came with Rev. Mr. Denton and others of his church to Long Island, and soon after became a resident of Flushing, where he evinced the same restless temper as formerly and was anxious for military employment.

"On the refusal of the Commissioners of the United Colonies to engage in the controversy between England and Holland he applied to Rhode Island, which on the 17th of May, 1663, resolved to appoint a committee from each town 'For the ripening of matters that concerned the Dutch,' whom they styled enemies of that commonwealth, and agreed to furnish 'Two great guns, 20 men and other aid.' They also gave a commission to Underhill and William Dyer 'To go against the Dutch or any enemies of the Commonwealth of England.'

"Under this authority it is supposed he made an attack upon the Indians at Fort Neck, where he captured the fort and destroyed many of the natives. He was afterwards settled at Oyster Bay, for in 1665 he was a delegate from that town to the meeting at Hempstead by order of Governor Nicoll and was by him made sheriff of the North Riding on Long Island. The Dutch had been detected by him at a former period in corresponding with the Indians for the destruction of the English, and in consequence of his disclosures in that respect a guard of soldiers was sent from Manhattan to take him; but on his engaging to be faithful to the Dutch thereafter he was set at liberty and allowed to depart even without reproof.

"In 1667 the Matinecock Indians conveyed to him a large tract of their lands, a part of which, called Killingworth, remained in his family for nearly two hundred years. His death occurred in 1672, and his will was made the year before. [This will, a quaint affair, is given at the end of the above article quoted.]

In a small volume called the *Algerine Capture*, by Dr. Updike Underhill, claiming to be a descendant of the Captain, it is asserted that

his ancestor arrived with Governor Winthrop and was immediately promoted to offices, civil and military, in Massachusetts, but that in a few years his popularity had so far decayed that he was disfranchised and banished out of that jurisdiction. But the account denies the charge of adultery brought against his illustrious ancestor, and the fact of his ever having made a confession related by Winthrop.

This writer gives a letter written by the Captain to his friend Hansard Knowles, wherein he gives an account of this charge. By this letter it appears Mistress Wilbur came to church with a pair of "wanton gloves" on. These gloves were knitted in open work and slitted so as to admit taking snuff. He was accused of looking at her lustfully, he says, but which he denies. The Elder asked him why he did not look at sisters Newell and Upham, to which he answered, "Verily they are not desirable women as to temporal graces." The Elder cried, "That is enough, he hath confessed," and proceeded to pass excommunication upon him. The Captain asked by what law was he condemned. Winthrop said, "There is a committee to draught laws: I am sure Brother Peters has made a law against this very sin." Master Cotton read from the Bible, "Whoso looketh on a woman to lust after her hath already committed adulterie with her in his heart."

We give this choice morsel to show how zealous people can make themselves over small matters and how indifferent over greater ones. For my part I am thankful such things are so far back in the past. I do not think the Captain did right always, yet I think he was on an average with those of his time and class. That he was a very active man and one possessed of military genius is certain. His nature was adventurous, which the times encouraged and of which he took all the advantage that he was capable.

It seems the Captain for a time was in the service of the Dutch to protect them from the Indians; that the Governor, for reasons best known to himself, took from him his land, which he valued at £100, and owed him some money as well. This conduct of the Dutch Governor compelled him to quit their service and to defend the New England English settlements against both the Dutch and Indians.

In Bunker's *Genealogical History of Long Island* it is stated that the Captain was born in Warwickshire, England, about 1596, and came with Governor Winthrop and his 900 emigrants to Boston in 1630 [page 277].

A brief sketch of Captain Ralph Earle is now in order.

He was at Portsmouth 1638 and submitted with others to the government then established. April 30, 1639, he, with others, gave his oath of allegiance to King Charles I. From a record dated January 7, 1640, it would appear he and his partner, a Mr. Wilbur, had erected the first saw-mill in the town.

In 1647 he was licensed to keep a hotel, to sell wine and beer and to entertain strangers.

In 1649 he was treasurer and overseer of the poor for the town—the first office. He was re-elected to it the following years.

May 25, 1655, he was appointed by the Court of Commissioners to keep a house of entertainment. A convenient sign was to be set out in the most " perspicuous " place to give notice to strangers.

His connection with the purchase of Fort Hope we have given already, so need not refer to it again. August 10, 1667, he, with others, formed a troop of horse, and afterwards he became captain.

This so far as I know is the first cavalry in the colony.

His will, which was made November 19, 1673, was approved January 14, 1678. The exact day of his death is not known to me. His wife, Joan, died after 1680.

JAMES N. ARNOLD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

## WHEN THE POPULATION OF BOSTON WAS *ONE*.

IF it were possible to transport ourselves to a period nearly three centuries ago and visit the peninsula where Boston now stands, we should find living there a solitary Englishman. He is, apparently, about thirty years of age and has an unmistakable air of refinement. His garb and bearing suggest that he is a clergyman.

As he stands at the door of his rough but comfortable cottage, extending to us a dignified welcome, we recognize that we are in the presence of a man of higher than ordinary condition and more than common ability.

It is *William Blackstone,* gentleman, scholar, and ecclesiastic. So striking seems his aspect and so paradoxical are his surroundings, that we feel curious as to his origin.

In what kind of a home did he pass his youth, we instinctively inquire, and what were the circumstances, which led, or perhaps impelled him to banish himself as a hermit to such a remote corner of the earth as this? But the answers to these questions are not ready at hand. Although the career of Mr. Blackstone for the half century subsequent to his advent at Shawmut has been somewhat fully recorded, the previous period is wrapped in almost impenetrable mystery. Perhaps certain "paper books," which, together with his house in Rhode Island and all his effects, perished by the torch of the Indians immediately after his death, were intended to reveal the story of his early life. Perhaps, on the other hand, his apparently studied reticence about it was meant to be permanent.

There is authority for accepting as the birth-place of the recluse, the vicinity of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, although it is somewhat unsettling to have it referred also, but with less probability, to the other end of England, the neighborhood of Salisbury.

Inasmuch as Mr. Blackstone was commonly reputed, at the time of

his death in 1675, to be an octogenarian, it is, of course, safe to assign 1595 as the approximate date of his birth.

There are so many traditions, manifestly consonant with his assured manner and acknowledged culture, asserting his claim to gentle blood, that it cannot be questioned that he was well born. Batchelder speaks of him[1] as "being connected with a family of distinction," unfortunately omitting, however, to cite any authority for the statement. So, too, the Honorable Thomas Coffin Amory, in the first publication of the "Bostonian Society," draws an entertaining picture of the imaginary ancestral dignities of the line, of which, as his critic goes on to observe, still to all appearance quite conjecturally: "the first settler of Boston was not the least distinguished member." But the foundation of these amiable surmises appears to have been little more than the fact, that there is known to have existed in the north of England in or near Durham, at the close of the sixteenth century, a family possessing a name similar to that of our hero, with handsome landed estates,—the old manor-house of Blakiston and Gibside on the Derwent.

In much the same strain, Mr. Amory proceeds to *guess* that William Blackstone, of Boston, was a kinsman of a certain John Blakiston, a friend of Cromwell and himself a regicide, dying just before the Restoration.

It has farther been conjectured, with equal lack of proof or disproof, that the celebrated *Commentator,* Sir William Blackstone, not born until four generations later than the hermit, was his collateral descendant.

When we come to inquire concerning the university career of William Blackstone, we find ourselves walking on rather firmer ground. It is asserted, with large probability, that, like John Harvard, he attended Emmanuel College, Cambridge,—the so-called Puritan college of the University,—taking his *bachelor's* degree in 1617 and that of *master* four years later. His supposed signature is found, at both dates, in the archives of the institution, its orthography being identical with that used by the emigrant himself, late in life, in a deed to David Whipple, as well as in the record of his death, in the Rehoboth Register. James Savage, the famous antiquary, writing about 1825, in his edition of John Winthrop's *Journal,* and referring to these entries, remarks, somewhat naïvely, "*I saw* the signatures by his own hand, *William Blaxton.*"

[1] *A History of the Eastern Diocese,* Claremont, N. H., 1876, Vol. I, 314.

That Mr. Blackstone was an ordained minister of the Church of England has never been questioned, but not even a surmise has come down to us, as to when and where he took orders. From his well-known lack of harmony with the prevailing spirit of the bishops of his day, it is not unnatural to conclude that he never entered upon parochial work in England.

Indeed, his often quoted declaration, "I left England to get from under the power of the Lord Bishops,"[2] proves that, soon after taking orders, his impatience at what he conceived to be an arbitrary exercise of ecclesiastical authority, inspired him to abandon his residence in his native land.

A curious tradition, reputed to have existed among the emigrant's descendants, that their ancestor left home on account of differences with his family, suggests that he, perhaps, showed himself too independent, in not stepping readily, as may have been expected of him, into some snug living in the patronage of a nobleman or a prelate, a friend of the house.

It would however be an error to infer that, while avowedly cherishing Puritan sentiments and sympathizing with the Puritan party within the Church of England, he ever, in any sense, separated from the Church.

The theory that Blackstone reached America in the company of Captain Robert Gorges, in 1623, frequently stated as a fact, on insufficient evidence, is nevertheless perfectly credible. Robert was the youngest son of the more noted Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the proprietor of Maine, and through his father's influence was commissioned Lieutenant-Governor of New England, with a grant of what is, rather indefinitely denominated, "a tract of land on the northeast side of [the Province of] Massachusetts Bay." It is recorded that the Captain brought in his train a clergyman of the Church of England, William Morrell, authorized to exercise superintendence over the churches of that order which had been established in New England, or might later be. It is not unlikely that Mr. Blackstone may have been a companion or coadjutor of Morrell. In any case it is significant that an actual connection between him and the Gorges family has been established by a somewhat recently unearthed record, to the effect that in 1629, "Wm. Blackstone, Cler, and Wm. Jefferay, Gent.," acted as agents for John Gorges, Captain Robert's

[2] Arnold's *History of Rhode Island*, I, 98, 99, Note.

brother, being empowered by him to put Captain John Oldham, pilgrim, in possession of a certain territory."[3]

The point selected for Robert Gorges' settlement was Wessagusset (now Weymouth), on the shore south of the present city of Boston, it being the intention to establish there a fur-trade with the Indians. The colony did not, however, prove successful. The harbor of Weymouth was not fitted for even the small vessels then visiting the New England coast, nor was the adjacent interior easily accessible. By the spring of 1625 most of the colony had departed; the majority,—among them Mr. Morrell, having returned to England. Mr. Blackstone, on the other hand, with his overmastering love of liberty, even if enjoyed in solitude, elected to remain in the New World, choosing for settlement an attractive spot on the Shawmut peninsula, where among other advantages, trade with the aborigines was easier than at Weymouth.

Not, indeed, unlikely is it that the sturdy pioneer had made the transfer before the breaking up of Gorges' enterprise and with his cō-operation. The Council of New England had patented to the Captain a tract, extending for ten miles down the shore of Massachusetts Bay, amply large enough to include the site, nine miles from Wessagusset, selected by the clergyman for his dwelling.

The earliest date assigned for Blackstone's settlement at Shawmut is 1623, the year of the arrival of the Gorges' expedition,—a date made somewhat probable by the testimony of Governor Hopkins that the first settler of Boston had lived there long enough, when Winthrop arrived in 1630, "to have raised apple-trees."[4]

Yet it is more generally believed that he did not occupy the spot before 1625 or 1626.

Not until 1628, indeed, did he actually emerge into the light of history, when according to ancient records, William Blackstone, along with others of the scattered inhabitants of New England, was subjected to a special tax. Whether or not he consented to the assessment or ever paid it, there appears, however, nothing to show.[5] But the size of his individual charge,—*twelve* shillings, when all the inhabitants of Salem

[3] Austin's *Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island*, pp. 22, 111.

[4] Bliss's *History of Rehoboth*, p. 3. Governor Stephen Hopkins's *History of Providence*, in *Providence Gazette*, 1765.

[5] Drake's *History of Boston*, p. 49.

were taxed only thirty, and those of comparatively populous Plymouth only fifty,—proves that he must have been long enough upon the ground to be regarded as a prosperous proprietor.

"That Blackstone had occupied our peninsula several years and with no small advantage," remarks Mr. Savage,[6] "we may presume from the expenses assessed on the several plantations from Plymouth northward, for the campaign against Morton at Merrymount, in 1628, his proportion, though the least, being more than a third of that to be paid by the settlers of Salem."[7]

It has appeared almost inexplicable that in a section supposed to have been swarming with red men, Mr. Blackstone should have constituted, for several years, the sole population of what is now the great city of Boston. But the solution of the mystery is found in the accepted fact that Shawmut, not long before his arrival, had been devastated by a plague and, through death and panic flight, stripped of its aboriginal inhabitants. Fifty years later, an Indian sachem is chronicled to have presented a claim that his grandfather had owned and occupied the territory,—a claim, which, at even that late day, was satisfied by the white settlers.[8]

The site of the first European inhabitant's primitive cottage has been a matter of much curious speculation. Drake, in his *History of Boston,* expresses his conviction that it was at what has since been called "Barton's Point," near the northern termination of Leverett Street and the *old* Lowell Railway station. But later investigations render it almost certain that the spot chosen by the recluse for his dwelling, was much farther south and not far from the crossing of the present Beacon and Spruce streets, upon the southwestern, sunny slope of State House Hill. The place was then quite near Back Bay, the tide being said, by Amory, who has made a careful examination of the question, to have flowed, originally, at least ten rods to the eastward of the line of the present Charles street, a wide strip having been filled at that point.

To the southwest of Blackstone's cabin are believed to have lain his park and pasture, which have since substantially become the well-known Boston Common.[9]

[6] Savage's edit. of *Winthrop's History of New England* (1853), I., p. 44 (53). Note.
[7] Bliss's *History of Rehoboth,* pp. 2, 3. Daggett's *History of Attleborough,* pp. 66, 67.
[8] Dr. George E. Ellis, in *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (9th edit.), IV., p. 73.
[9] Amory's *Blackstone, Boston's First Inhabitant,* pp. 7, 36, 37.

The one element upon which, in this connection, writers seem to be agreed, is the fact that there was a copious spring contiguous to the cottage. But numerous have been the conjectures as to which one of the several suggested it is that can claim the honor of having been "Blackstone's Spring." As the whole peninsula was unusually well supplied with natural fountains,—the Indian word, *Shawmut,* meaning "a place of springs,"—the association of the house with some such issue of water from the earth does not assist very much in determining its locality. The existence of a spring at what is now known as Louisburg Square has supplied an argument for locating Mr. Blackstone's dwelling at that elevated and, then, rather exposed point. But the source of the little stream, which fed the "Frog Pond," still existing on the Common, must have been at exactly the spot which best fulfils the conditions of the problem.

Tradition assures us that a garden and apple orchard lay near the cottage. Flowers, especially English roses, and kitchen vegetables are said to have grown about the door. Nor are evidences wanting that the emigrant, although by profession a clergyman, had a stronger claim to the title of *farmer* than only the planting of an orchard[10] and a garden would have given him. Mr. Hubbard,[11] after speaking of Mr. Blackstone's clerical status, as if there were no doubt about that, goes on to say, in a jeering way: "He betook himself to till the ground, wherein, probably, he was more skilled or, at least, had a better faculty, than in the things pertaining to the House of God."

Whether or not the cabin had for a companion a little barn or cattle-shed is more open to question, although the existence of such a building is not improbable. The occurrence of the word "pasture," in the accounts of the hermit's domain, certainly implies the presence of stock requiring opportunity for grazing. Amory[12] narrates that cattle were sent out from England to the colonies at Cape Ann and Plymouth, between 1620 and 1630. With Blackstone's well-known later predilection for them and his purchase of a number of them for use upon his emigration to Rhode Island, it may naturally be inferred that he had already procured some for his Boston farm.

But it is to the interior of the rough dwelling that we turn with the most genuine interest. It possessed attractions by no means inferior, in their way, to its pleasant surroundings. With the wealth of the forest to

[10] Governor Stephen Hopkins's *History of Providence,* in *Providence Gazette,* 1765.
[11] Hubbard's *History of New England,* p. 113.
[12] *Blackstone, Boston's First Inhabitant,* p. 34.

draw from, there was no lack of fuel and, simple and homely as must have been the furnishings, there could not have been wanting the prime home-making feature of a house, the hearthstone, with its cheerful blaze on chilly autumn evenings and all day long, when the snow-clad three-peaked hill showed through the tiny window in winter. Fortunately, too, we are not left to mere imagination as to the most humanizing of the accessories of that plain ingle-side. It had the ever-present charm which comes from books. From the legal inventory of the recluse's effects, taken a half century later, when the aged patriarch had conned his last page, we know that even after the wear and tear of removal and the devastation wrought by so many years of primitive life, he was still the owner of volumes small and great,—duodecimos, octavos, quartos, folios, —some in Latin and some in English, to the number of almost two hundred. How great must have been the surprise of some casual visitor, as he entered what seemed not much more than a hovel of logs and riven cedar slabs, at descrying, looking down upon him, from the surrounding shelves, great tomes, such as, in vaster numbers but of no less genuine identity, line the walls of the grandest university library, filling all the place with the indescribable aroma of antique leather and paper yellow with the pigment of the centuries. At a period, when vessels were small and land-carriage almost non-existent and, at best, inadequate and slow, the transportation of so many books, in part of such unwieldy size and cumbersome weight, by a solitary pilgrim of presumably limited means, seems nothing short of incredible. But if we keep in mind Mr. Blackstone's sufficiently established association with the expedition of the younger Gorges, the mystery may be satisfactorily solved. To the Rev. Mr. Morrell was entrusted, as we have already noticed, the superintendence of any churches of the establishment, to be founded in New England. Now what is more probable than that this ecclesiastical commissioner had sought to add to the state of his lofty-sounding office, by taking along with him a library of theology and general literature—and farther, what is more likely than that, when the visionary scheme at Weymouth fell through almost before it began to be carried out, and he was contemplating a speedy return to his former home, he would have welcomed the thought of at once freeing himself of a hampering encumbrance and conferring an inestimable boon upon his whilom associate, the solitary exile at Shawmut, by bestowing upon him the precious volumes?

DANIEL GOODWIN.

EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

## MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD GRIDLEY

WE meet to-day to fulfill a twofold duty. We pause in the conflict of life to devote this day to the memory of our dead soldiers, and to place upon their graves our annual offering of fragrant flowers[1] They sacrificed their lives for the salvation of the Republic, and throwing aside all petty distinctions of party, with one accord, as citizens of Canton, we assemble to render homage to valor and to worth. Their work is finished and they sleep in peace.

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave, the fallen few;
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave.
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps."

Again: This day has also been set apart by the citizens of this town as a suitable occasion whereon to dedicate a monument, erected as a tribute of gratitude, to one whose life was spent in the service of his country.

For many years our town has been marvelously attentive to the solicitations of business, and amid the clanging of hammer and the

[1] Oration at Canton, Mass., on Decoration Day.

whir of machinery, we have been unfaithful to the memory of a soldier of other days, one who acted valiantly his part, and filled with lustre his day and generation. In the discharge of the imperative duties of to-day, we have little inclination to peer into the twilight of yesterday. Our recollection of events that happened years ago is faint and intermitting, and we are apt to forget those who crowded the walks of life in the dim past, who were our benefactors, and to whose fame and glory we are joint heirs. And to-day, at the eleventh hour, we come together to contemplate the life and deeds of one whose work was finished long ago, and whose face none of us in Canton have ever seen.

About the year 1630, three brothers, bearing the names of Richard, Samuel, and Thomas Gridley, arrived in America. It is probable that they came from the County of Essex, in Old England. Soon after reaching these shores Samuel died. Thomas went to Hartford, in the State of Connecticut, where he died, leaving a numerous posterity.

Richard, the elder of the brothers, remained in Boston, and was admitted a freeman in 1634. His name appears in the "Book of Possessions," and the ancient records say of him that "he was an honest, poor man, but very apt to meddle in public affairs beyond his calling or skill."[2] He appears to have followed the craft of a mason, and was the owner of a lot of land, with a house thereon, the eastern boundary of which was washed by the waters of the bay. It appears that his townspeople believed there were some public matters which were not "beyond his knowledge or skill," for in 1647 his mathematical ability caused him to be appointed a surveyor; and some time after, his knowledge of military affairs raised him from the ranks, to be captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.[3] In time he died, (1674) and from him descended MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD GRIDLEY, the hero whose virtues, by the dedication of a monument, we this day celebrate.

Richard Gridley, the son of Richard and Rebecca Gridley, was born in Boston on the third day of January, 1710.[4] The family consisted of six children, of whom he was the youngest. His brother Jeremy was destined in after years to take no ordinary position among his contemporaries. He sustained offices of the highest trust and importance. He was Colonel of the First Regiment of Militia in the

[2] Drake's *Boston*, pp. 226, 798, 348, 307.
[3] History of Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.
[4] Boston Records.

County of Suffolk, when it was deemed necessary to have men of ability in that position. At the time of his death he was Attorney General of the Province and a member of the Great and General Court. He was President of the Marine Society, and was appointed (1755) by the Marquis of Carnarvon Provincial Grand Master of Masons in North America.[5] He was educated at Harvard, (1725) was a teacher of youth, conducted a newspaper with ability; was, as President Adams said, "among the most distinguished in his profession," "the giant of the law" and is now spoken of as the "Webster of his day." He was acknowledged to be a good classical scholar, and a man of extensive learning, and it is reasonable to suppose that his brother Richard received the best education that the town of Boston in those days could afford. As the elder brother had adopted one of the learned professions, it was the desire of his parents that Richard should become a man of business. At the usual age he was apprenticed to Mr. Atkinson, a wholesale merchant of Boston.[6] Apt and learned in the arts and sciences, he was one of the greatest mathematicians of his day; of romantic honor, chivalrous ambition, and adventurous bravery; nature made him a soldier, and art could not make him a merchant. Like Washington, he employed himself as a surveyor and civil engineer, a profession which few in his day were qualified to enter. It was at this time that he acquired that wonderful skill in drawing which his Plan of the fortifications of Louisburg, still extant, attests.[7] His autograph letters reveal the skill and beauty of a ready writer, an art he acquired with such facility in youth, that one of his teachers remarked that he must have been born with a pen in his hand; and even at the age of eighty years his handwriting was clear, and even elegant. When quite a youth, ascertaining that many individuals suffered in their business transactions for want of a gauger, he discovered the method, and without any regard to private emolument, but entirely with a view to public utility, readily engaged in the business, sacrificing his time for the advantage of his fellow-men. He was the first, and, for a long time, the only gauger in America.[8]

He was the chief projector of Long Wharf in Boston, which was

[5] Bradford's N. E. Biog., p. 212. Dr. Pierce's Address, 1846.

[6] Ms. Letter of Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Leonard, written in 1818.

[7] "A Plan of the City and Fortifications of Louisburg from a survey made by Richard Gridley, Lieut.-Col. of the train of Artillery in 1745. Published by Thomas Jeffreys, Geographer to the Prince of Wales, Charing Cross, London, Oct. 9, 1758."

[8] Manuscript Letter of Mrs. Hunt, written in 1818.

constructed according to the plan he had proposed, and the first pier of which was sunk by him. In 1735, four Indian chiefs of the Pigwacket tribe paid a visit to Boston, and we find Richard Gridley, then twenty-four years of age, selected as a suitable person to entertain them during their stay.[9] In early life, while residing in Boston, it was Gridley's good fortune to become the friend of John Henry Bastide, a young English gentleman of the highest culture and scientific attainments, who was soon to become Director of His Majesty's Engineers and Chief Engineer of Nova Scotia. This accomplished officer was at the time Gridley made his acquaintance, engaged in drawing plans for fortifications to be erected in the harbors of Boston, Marblehead, Cape Ann, and Casco Bay.[10]

He was not only the author of a valuable treatise on fortification, but was a skilled artillerist. From him Gridley acquired new zeal, and renewed the study of military science with avidity, the details of which he easily mastered. The art of surveying seemed tame to one whose soul was filled with ambition and patriotism, and ere long he put into practice the information derived from his instructor.

In the southeastern part of the Island of Cape Breton, which forms a portion of that country known to the French as Acadia, and to the English as Nova Scotia, stood, a century and a quarter ago, the city of Louisburg. Loyalty to the person of the King had given it its name; and all that military skill could devise had for twenty-five years been employed upon its fortifications. Six millions of dollars had been expended in rendering impregnable a city two miles and a half in circumference. On all sides of this "Gibraltar of America" arose a rampart of stone thirty-six feet high, from which two hundred and six cannon frowned defiance. Within, the town was beautifully laid out. Its streets were broad, and on both sides lined with public buildings, whose fronts of rich cream-colored sandstone were wrought into arches and pilasters, by the most skilful artisans the Kingdom of France could furnish. The adjacent hills echoed the *reveillè,* while the broad bosom of the Atlantic received the vibration of the morning and evening gun. The shrill pipe of the boatswain, calling the sailors to duty, was drowned by the deep-voiced trumpet. The busy hum of an active population filled its streets; the soldier in gorgeous uniform saluted the Jesuit in priestly robe. From

[9] Mass. Arch., Vol. 31.
[10] Mass. Arch., Vol lxxiii, pp. 738, 746, 747.

the towers of churches, nunneries and hospitals, the sound of bells filled the air, while high above the turrets and towers rose the citadel, and from its highest point floated a flag emblazoned with the golden lilies of France.

Such was the city which, wonderful to relate, existed at so early a period in our history, and which, still more wonderful to relate, in 1745, the New England Colonies, without the aid of the Mother Country, pluckily besieged. Colonel William Pepperrell, on account of his eminent fitness and large popularity, was selected to command the expedition. Early in 1745 Richard Gridley received his commission as Lieutenant Colonel and Captain of Train and Company,[11] and on the first of April joined the expedition. Thirty days after the investment of the place, on May second, the Grand or Royal Battery, which stood directly opposite the Harbor of Louisburg, was captured by His Majesty's forces, and the command of it given to Gridley, the Captain of the Artillery.[12] The monotony of the siege was relieved by a visit from his old friend and instructor, Bastide; and in the light of subsequent events it would appear that a portion of Gridley's leisure hours were employed in cutting upon one of the stones of the fortification his name, "Gridley," and underneath, the date, "1745." Only a few years ago, the author of the Life of Sir William Pepperrell,[13] in examining a pile of rubbish at the Grand Battery, found the identical stone with the deeply chiselled lines, done, in all probability, by Gridley's own hand. Captain Abraham Raller, the First Bombardier of the expedition, died, and on the first of August Governor Shirley commissioned Richard Gridley, First Bombardier, and he continued in the double capacity of First Captain of Artillery and First Bombardier until the end of the siege; and notwithstanding the General Court had ordered that no officer should receive pay in a double capacity, the money was granted him in England on both muster rolls, and he received from the Province £100.[14] The vigorous mind of Gridley, his quick perception, his early acquirements and pursuits, together with the instructions of Bastide, enabled him to make rapid acquisitions in the knowledge requisite for the performance of his duties as Chief Bombardier. Such was the accuracy of his eye that he succeeded, though contrary to the expectations of his friends, in ranging the mortar with

[11] N. E. Gen. Register, Vol. xxiv, p. 376.
[12] Mass. Arch., Vol. lxxiii, pp. 712, 714.
[13] Life of Sir Wm. Pepperrell, p. 334.
[14] Everett's Orations, Vol. i, p. 391.

his own hand, which, upon the third fire, dropped a shell directly into the citadel, and was the immediate cause of the surrender of the city.[15] His first fire overreached it; his second fell short; his third was successful.

Not only the battery on Lighthouse Cliff, from which, in all probability, this shell was thrown, but all of Pepperrell's batteries were erected under the direction of Gridley.

Great was the rejoicing throughout the Provinces when the joyful tidings were proclaimed that the stronghold of France in the New World had fallen before the attack of the farmers, mechanics and fishermen of New England. Our old church records mention the happy event, and the Pastor writes, "Blessed be God who heareth prayer." In London the cannon of the Tower and Park announced the glorious news. All Europe, in fact, was astonished. The valiant commander of the expedition, General Pepperrell, was made a baronet of Great Britain, an honor never before conferred on a native of America; and Gridley, the Chief Engineer, who had planned his batteries, returned to Boston, and was honored with a captaincy in Governor Shirley's regiment on the British establishment. So ended the greatest event of our Colonial history, an everlasting memorial of the zeal, courage and perseverance of the troops of New England. Gridley had won his first laurels. His reputation as an able and skilful engineer was established, and the knowledge obtained in this campaign was in due time to be of inestimable value to his country.

D. T. V. HUNTOON.

CANTON, MASS.

[15] Frothingham, pp. 103-184.

(*To be continued.*)

# THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

THE story is more than a twice-told tale, yet when the descendants of those who fought in the War for Independence are gathered on a spot like this, I believe it well to briefly review the events that have made it memorable in the history of our country. To do this in the present case, to understand how it was that this beautiful section of our country, as quiet and peaceful a few weeks before the battle as it is to-day, should suddenly have become the very center of the seat of war, we must turn back to the winter of 1776, when Washington checked by the victory at Trenton, the tide of disaster that threatened to overwhelm him. Brilliant as this attack was in its conception and execution, it was followed by the still more brilliant movement at Princeton, where, after having withdrawn his army from a perilous position at Trenton, Washington turned the left flank of the enemy, marched directly through his lines, destroyed the communications between the advance guard near Trenton and the reserve at Princeton, drove the latter in confusion back to Brunswick, and then sought shelter for his almost exhausted troops in the high ground around Morristown. The value of this movement was not confined to the moral effect it had on the country.

From a military standpoint, Washington's position was a commanding one. From it he could threaten Howe's flank if the latter attempted to recover the ground he had lost, and at the same time it restored his own communications with New York and New England, which had been destroyed since the evacuation of Fort Lee. At Morristown he controlled the roads in northern New Jersey leading to the Hudson and the Delaware, and this enabled him to draw his supplies and recruit his army from both Eastern and Middle States. With characteristic slowness Howe allowed the entire spring of '77 to pass before he took the field, nor were his movements marked then with that confidence which his superiority both in numbers and equipment should have inspired. Instead of cutting loose from his base of supplies and marching directly on Trenton, thus compelling Washington to follow him into a region

—Address before the Pennsylvania Sons of the Revolution in the Birmingham Meeting-house of the Society of Friends, Chester Co., Pa.

where he could easily have defeated him, he spent a month in trying to draw him into a position where he himself would have the natural as well as the physical advantages in his favor. Failing to do this he crossed over to Staten Island, embarked his troops and on July 23d, under the protection of the fleet, passed Sandy Hook and sailed for the Chesapeake.

It is hard to understand his reason for this. At Amboy he was almost as near Philadelphia as at the Head of Elk; and to reach Philadelphia from Elk he had to first sever his connection with his base, and then defeat Washington before he could enter the city. He could have acted in New Jersey with equal chance of success, and having defeated Washington, could have crossed the Delaware at his leisure, leaving New Jersey a half conquered state across which he could have established posts reaching to New York. The expedition undoubtedly originated with Lee, then a prisoner in British hands. He did not think the Americans could do without him, and therefore thought it his duty to bring the war to a close. He submitted to Howe a plan for establishing posts on the Potomac and Chesapeake, where support could be given to what he deemed the disaffected parts of Maryland and Virginia and the South and North thus separated. But he deprecated capturing Philadelphia which he thought of no value; but Howe made it his chief object, the successful accomplishment of which scarce saved the campaign from ridicule. Washington supposed he would ascend the Hudson to cooperate with Burgoyne, and was perplexed at his southward voyage. He moved his army to a position in New Jersey where he would be within marching distance of Philadelphia, if that proved Howe's object; but to use his own language, he could not help "continually casting his eyes behind him," expecting Howe to return to help Burgoyne. When, on August 22d, he learned Howe was in the Chesapeake he at once moved to meet him. It was three weeks before they met; meanwhile, Washington marched to Wilmington and established his lines along Red Clay Creek.* Howe disembarked on the 25th, and arrived at Aitkin's Tavern September 3d. Here a severe skirmish took place with Maxwell's corps, and it seemed as though the impending conflict would be fought along Red Clay Creek and (September 5) Washington issued a stirring appeal to his army, then about 12,000. Howe had 17,000, but made no attack, and Washington found that while pretending to attack the American left, he was really massing his forces on their right. Fear-

* See Mr. Conrad's article in the MAGAZINE for October, 1907.

ing he might push past him in that direction and gain the roads to Philadelphia, or crowd him into the Delaware, Washington decided to cross the Brandywine—and Howe's path.

This was done on the night of September 8th, and the army massed at Chadd's Ford. Maxwell, with some light troops, was left on the west side of the stream, to skirmish with the enemy's advance. A redoubt, with Proctor's artillery, was made on the east side, to protect the ford. Wayne's division was in support, to the rear, Greene's to the north of Wayne, as a reserve to act where most needed. Below Chadd's the Pennsylvania militia, above the division of Sullivan, Lord Stirling and Stephen, were posted. Sullivan, the senior officer, was stationed at Brinton's Ford the night before the battle, to guard all the fords above it, to the fords of Brandywine. It was not supposed the British could approach from that direction without the Americans receiving timely notice. On the tenth, Howe was just west of Kennett Square. This was the condition of affairs on the night before the battle, and as at Bull Run, members of Congress rode out to see the fight.

The story of the battle shall be briefly told: At daybreak Howe's army moved—Knyphausen, with seven to ten thousand men, through Kennett Square towards Chadd's Ford, Cornwallis, with seven thousand, north to a road crossing the river's west branch at Trimble's Ford, and its east at Jefferis's. Howe was with this column. His plan was that Knyphausen should engage Washington's attention until Cornwallis could attack on the right, and only too well for the American cause was it carried out. Knyphausen's advance was met by Maxwell, posted behind the Kennett Meeting House wall. The Americans fell back, but being reinforced by the companies of Porterfield and Waggoner, Knyphausen had to bring so many troops into action that the engagement threatened to become general. This Knyphausen did not wish until Cornwallis had gained his desired position; so by repeatedly retreating, after having driven Maxwell over the ford, he succeeded in wasting the morning in skirmishes.

Early in the day rumors of Cornwallis's march reached Washington, but nothing of a definite character. Finally, about noon, a dispatch was received through Sullivan from Lieutenant Colonel Ross, dated at Great Valley Road, eleven o'clock. It gave minute information regarding Cornwallis's movements, and left little doubt as to his intentions. Washington at once decided to cross the Brandywine and crush Knyphausen while Cornwallis was too distant to help him.

Orders were at once sent to Greene and Sullivan to cross and attack the enemy's left. Greene, it is said, had gained the west bank of the stream when a dispatch was received from Sullivan stating that a Major Spear, of the militia, had just informed him that he had that morning ridden over the road upon which Cornwallis was said to be marching, from Martin's tavern to Welch's tavern, and had seen nothing of the enemy.

If this was true and Cornwallis was still with Knyphausen, then Washington was throwing his men against the entire force of the enemy. Greene was at once recalled, and scouts sent out for additional information. Before they reported, a man dashed up to Washington and his staff, and told Washington that Cornwallis had turned his flank and was not two miles distant. The news was almost immediately confirmed. Sullivan was at once ordered to take his own division, Stirling's and Stephen's, and defend the right of the army by taking position on the high ground to the west of the Birmingham Meeting House. It was half past two, and from Osborn's Hill Cornwallis watched Sullivan forming his men. He had arrived at Sconnelltown at 1.15 and had rested his men for over an hour. Taking a final glance and remarking, as he closed his glass: "Those rebels form well," he ordered his men to advance. It was a splendid sight as they gathered on the crest of Osborn's Hill and swept down its southern slope, their bright uniforms and flashing arms in strong contrast to the Continentals awaiting them on the opposite hill. Of these no two were dressed alike; the best wore hunting shirts, others were almost naked. Every variety of arms could be seen in a single company. Their tactics were of the most primitive character, they were unable to wheel by company or by platoon into line, and to change position on the field they were obliged to make a continuous countermarch; but La Fayette said they were bold and resolute. The first shots were fired by the Americans, from an orchard on the Jones property, at the corner of the Street Road and that to the Meeting House. It was not until the British reached the former that they returned the fire; then they sprang upon the bank at the side and fired at the Americans through the fence. Sullivan was attempting to close the distance between his divisions and to extend his line to the right; but he had not completed the movements when the British were upon him. His troops were soon thrown into confusion and were swept past the Meeting House to its south, and La Fayette was wounded while endeavoring to rally them. A short distance off another stand was made, but the British had succeeded in separating Sullivan's forces, and he was again obliged to fall

back, but fighting desperately. He wrote afterward that for fifty-one minutes the hill was disputed almost muzzle to muzzle, and Conway, who had seen service in Europe, had never before witnessed so close and severe a fire.

Washington heard the sound of battle drawing close, and understood too well what it meant. He ordered Greene to take the reserve and reenforce the right wing while he, with a guide, mounted on the horse of one of his aides, rode in the direction of the firing. The guide's horse took all the fences, but the man said, subsequently, that the head of Washington's horse was always at the flank of his own, and the words, "Push on, old man, push on," were continually ringing in his ears. Washington arrived as Sullivan was about retreating from his second position. He endeavored to encourage the troops, and sent additional orders back to Greene, who, with the brigades of Weedon and Muhlenberg, hurried to the scene. As he approached it he ordered Weedon to take a position across a defile that commanded the road over which the enemy was advancing. With the rest of the force he pressed on to hold Cornwallis in check, while Sullivan's men could pass to the rear. This he did, and then fell slowly back, followed by the enemy, who, on reaching Weedon's position received a withering fire, which threw them into confusion. The American position was stoutly disputed, the conduct of Muhlenberg's and Weedon's brigades and Stephen's and Walter Stewart's regiments being especially brilliant. Lieutenant McMichael, of Stewart's, records in his *Diary* that they fought for about an hour under an incessant fire without giving way on either side. Their loss was not so great as at Long Island, nor were they so close as at Princeton, the common distance being fifty yards.

Montresor, Howe's Chief Engineer, said the Americans were driven from one piece of woodland to another, and that they fired at the British as the latter advanced into the cleared intervals. At the last stand made by the woods, he adds, the British received the heaviest fire, for the time, during the action.

It is impossible, with the meagre and conflicting information that has been preserved, to locate positively the several positions taken by the Americans between the Meeting House and Dilworthtown; and this is to be regretted, as it was over that ground that the hottest part of the engagement took place, and the greatest number of troops were engaged.

Howe, Montresor, and a Hessian officer quoted by Bancroft, agree

in placing the close of the conflict beyond Dilworthtown. Lieutenant McMichael, however, states positively that the last stand of the Americans was made a few yards in the rear of where Greene checked the enemy. Greene said he held his position till dark, and Gordon, who wrote while many of the participants were alive, and consulted some of the leaders, supports Greene and McMichael.

Important testimony on this point is to be found in a London map of April, 1778, which was evidently made by one familiar with the positions occupied. This information was verified in 1846 by a committee of our Society (Edward Armstrong, J. Smith Futhey and John Hickman), under whose auspices a map of the field was published, and who consulted persons then living, who were well acquainted with the details of the battle. Neither of these maps gives any evidence of fighting south or east of Dilworthtown, though both place the last stand made by the Americans nearer Dilworthtown than McMichael's words would lead us to suppose. From the Meeting House to Dilworthtown is less than two miles, and if the patriots were driven but a short distance beyond the latter (which we do not concede), no better evidence is needed of the obstinacy with which the ground was contested than the fact that it took from half past three to nightfall to drive them that far.

When Knyphausen heard that Cornwallis was engaged, he attempted to cross at Chadd's Ford and force the American left; but Wayne, although outnumbered three or four to one, held him back until the retreat of the right wing enabled Knyphausen to turn his flank, when he, too, was obliged to retire, which he did in good order.* One howitzer was left behind, but recovered through the bravery of Colonel Chambers, Captain Buchanan, and Lieutenants Douglass and Simpson. Night ended the battle and the American army retreated to Chester, from which place, at midnight, Washington informed Congress. Howe, summarizing tthe opposition he had met with up to that time, said: "They fought the King's army on Long Island, they sustained the attack on Fort Washington, they stood the Battle of Brandywine, and our losses on these occasions though by no means equal to theirs, were not inconsiderable." He made no attempt to follow Washington, but remained for nearly a week on the field, sending detachments on unimportant expeditions. Stedman, who was an officer under Howe, wrote: "The victory does not seem to have

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been improved in the degree which circumstances appear to have admitted." Duportail said: "If Howe had profited by his advantage there would be no longer any question of the army of General Washington." The British loss in killed, wounded and missing is reported to have been about 600; that of the Americans 1000.

Several homely incidents have been preserved about the battle, which give life to the picture:

When the Americans arrived they took possession of the Meeting House as a hospital, and when the Friends came on Sunday to worship, they found it being prepared for the sick. Taking some of the benches from the building, they held their meeting under the surrounding trees, and agreed to meet the next Fifth-Day (Thursday), at a wagon-shop at Sconnelltown.

Fifth-Day was the day of the battle, and Sconnelltown was directly on the line of Cornwallis' march. One of the Friends who attended the meeting records that while it was in progress, some disturbance was discovered about the door, which occasioned some individuals to go out to learn the cause, and they not returning and the uneasiness not subsiding, suspicions arose that something serious was taking place, and the meeting accordingly closed. The excitement was caused by the approach of the British, who were reported to be murdering all they met, both young and old. While the Friends were endeavoring to allay the excitement the troops could be seen emerging from the woods on the opposite side of the stream, and in a few minutes the fields were covered with armed men. The same chronicler records that he saw Cornwallis, a fine-looking man, who sat very erect on his horse, and that his scarlet coat loaded with gold lace, and his epaulets, gave him a brilliant martial appearance. Howe he described as a large, portly man with coarse features, who seemed to have lost his teeth, as his mouth had fallen in. He rode a large English horse, much reduced in flesh. As the troops advanced our chronicler followed, and saw the doors and shutters of the Meeting House used as stretchers to carry the wounded into the building. In this humane work he assisted, and witnessed surgical operations which to-day would be considered barbarous.

A woman tells of a scene at Osborn's house, which was full of fugitives from near Chadd's Ford. An English woman Friend, who lived on the other side of the Brandywine, ran out of her house to meet Knyphausen, as he marched toward Chadd's Ford. So anxious was she to

prevent bloodshed that she exclaimed, "Oh, dear man, do not go down there, George Washington is on the other side, and he has all the men in this world with him!" "Never mind, Madam," replied Knyphausen, "I have all the men in the other world with me!"

Another, who had been brought from England against her will, and whose services had been sold to pay for her passage, refused to visit the field after the battle, lest she might see among the dead some face she had known in her English home.

At the time, the battle was felt to be a humiliating defeat. It opened the way to Philadelphia and destroyed the hopes raised by Trenton and Princeton, that the ill-armed patriots were more than a match for their fully-equipped and well-disciplined opponents. It was necessary to place the blame at someone's door, and Sullivan, it was decided, was responsible. Burke, of North Carolina, one of the Congressmen who had witnessed the battle, preferred charges against him. But Washington had not lost faith in Sullivan. It was his own army that had been outflanked, and he made no attempt to place the blame elsewhere, and Congress subsequently rescinded its resolution for an inquiry into Sullivan's conduct. This action was, in the main, just. Sullivan was personally brave. He handled his troops well, and had the confidence of his officers, but it is impossible to acquit him of the charge of having failed to inform himself of the country he was in, and of the fords to his right. In not doing this he appears to have lacked the qualities of a true general. It has been generally accepted as a fact that the false information furnished by "Major Spear" contributed to the defeat of the day, and had it not been for it, Washington's plan to overcome Knyphausen before Cornwallis could aid him, would have been successful. A careful examination of the evidence leads me to a different conclusion. Washington's order to Greene and Sullivan to cross and attack Knyphausen was given so late in the day that I believe Cornwallis would have gained a position directly in the rear of the Americans before Washington could have driven Knyphausen from his ground, and that his defeat, under those circumstances, would have been even more disastrous than it was.*

Who "Major Spear" was cannot be determined. He was of neither Pennsylvania nor New Jersey. The information he gave was false in

* Knyphausen had more men at his command, either at the Ford or in supporting distance than has been supposed. Montresor says the British force was 17,000, of which Cornwallis' column was 7000—leaving 10,000 with Knyphausen. Montresor says Knyphausen had "the gross" of the army with him.

every particular. He could not have ridden from Martin's tavern to Welch's without having seen or heard of the enemy, and had either Washington or Sullivan known that Welch's was directly in the rear of Knyphausen they would not have believed his story and could hardly have failed to look upon him as an emissary of the enemy.

This at one time, I believed to be the case, but upon consideration I do not think a spy with his life in his hand would have told such a lie, trusting to the ignorance of his hearer not to have it discovered. I believe rather that he was some tavern hero, who knew nothing whatever of what he was talking, and simply wished to magnify his importance. The fact is the battle was lost because we were outnumbered by a better armed, better drilled opponent, who had superior information of the country. Washington's information we know was very imperfect, as shown by his map of the field, which has been preserved. Howe's movements were directed by Montresor, who had been in the country a number of years, and whose journal shows that he was well acquainted with the locality. It may well be asked why a battle was risked under such circumstances. The reason was that the country demanded it. To have let the British seize the capital without a struggle would have depressed the patriots everywhere. They were blind to the true condition of affairs. Some idea of the state of feeling can be judged from the letters of John Adams, August 29th he wrote, "I am afraid Howe will run on board his ships and go away plundering to some other place;" and four days later he said: "Whether Washington will strike or not, I cannot say. He is very prudent. By my own inward feeling, I judge I should put more to risk if I were in his shoes; but perhaps he is right. Gansevoort has proven that it is possible to hold a post; Herkimer has shown that it is possible to fight Indians, and Stark that it is practicable even to attack lines and posts with militia. I wish that the Continental army would prove that anything can be done. I am weary, I own, with so much insipidity, I am sick of Fabian systems in all quarters."

In the face of such sentiments the Battle of Brandywine was a political necessity. To us the defeat has lost its sting, and it appears now but a temporary reverse in a war which was fought to a glorious conclusion. We can see that the fruits of Howe's victory turned to ashes in his hands, and in less than a year his troops were withdrawn from Philadelphia, the capture of which had cost the British the surrender of Burgoyne. We can forget the unfortunate mistake of Sullivan in the light of his continued devotion to his country; and when we think of

Washington's heroic though vain endeavors to repel the enemy, we see him surrounded by Greene, Stirling, Lafayette, Knox, Nash, Woodford, Weedon, Muhlenberg, Pulaski, Armand, Maxwell, Marshall, Bland, Pinckney and Lee, inspiring all with a zeal equal to his own.

We of Pennsylvania remember that on that day her sons fought with a bravery worthy of a higher reward. Captain James Calderwood and Lieutenant Samuel Boude died on the field. It was our own Wayne who held Knyphausen at bay. St. Clair and Cadwalader aided Washington with their advice. Reed and Armstrong guarded the fords below Chadd's. Walter Stewart, under Greene, assisted in covering Sullivan's retreat. Chambers, Grier, Bayard and Robinson were among the wounded. Butler was thanked in general orders for his conduct in endeavoring to rally the troops. Frazer and Harper were captured a few days after the fight, while reconnoitering. Endeared as these names are to us by brave deeds, equally dear are the memories of the men who sleep in unmarked graves nearby. They died in defeat, but they fell in the same cause with those who died at Lexington and Yorktown. But there is a debt owing to them which you should claim it as your own to pay. On the old muster rolls that have come down to us, many are returned as "Killed at the battle of Brandywine." The list is far from complete, but you can gather the precious entries and on a stone nearby record the names of those who, with their life blood, have made the fields which surround this sanctuary hallowed ground.

FREDERICK D. STONE.

## TABLET FOR HENRY ADAMS' GRAVE

WHEN he placed a bronze tablet in the headstone on the grave of Henry Adams in the old Hancock cemetery in City Square, in February, Hon. Charles Francis Adams made definite the date of Henry Adams' burial and incidentally established the fact that this grave, as far as dates go to prove, is the oldest in the cemetery, antedating the burials in Copps' Hill cemetery, Boston, by several years.

The tablet which Mr. Adams had inserted in the headstone is a small affair and reads as follows: "Here Lyeth the body of Henry Adams, founder of the Braintree branch of the Adams family in America. Buried in this cemetery Oct. 8, 1646."

While this may seem a late day to be erecting a tablet to a man who died 261 years ago, there has been standing to the memory of Henry Adams for 90 years past a large granite tombstone, rectangular in shape and surmounted by a marble slab.

This memorial was erected in 1817 by Pres. John Adams, a great-great-grandson of Henry Adams. A peculiar thing about the inscription on this larger memorial, though, is that while it dilates at length upon Henry Adams and his many qualities of heart and mind, it fails to record when he died or when he was buried. This may be accounted for by the fact that it was not generally known when Henry Adams was buried. Recently, while reading through an old book in the library of a friend, Walter T. Babcock of this city came upon the date of Henry Adams' death and burial.

He at once communicated the fact to Charles Francis Adams, and the latter ordered a bronze tablet, with the above inscription, to be placed in the small headstone of slate which stands at the head of Henry Adams' grave, and a little way from the big memorial erected by Pres. John Adams.

Up to this time it was generally supposed that the grave of Rev. William Thompson, once pastor of the old First church, was the oldest in the cemetery, for its headstone bore the date of 1666, but that grave will now have to give way to the Henry Adams grave in point of antiquity

although many historians still say that the stone of Rev. Mr. Thompson's grave is the oldest in the cemetery, as it was placed in position shortly after his burial. For many years it was covered over with dirt, so that it was lost sight of, but a survey of the cemetery by city engineers three years ago brought it to light.

The inscription on the marble slab which forms the top of the large memorial erected to Henry Adams is somewhat unique, viewed in the light of tombstone inscriptions of later years. The inscription was written by President John Adams, who ordered the memorial built, and it reads as follows:

"In memory of Henry Adams, who took his flight from the Dragon persecution in Devonshire, in England, and alighted with eight sons near Mt. Wollaston. One of the sons returned to England and, after taking time to explore the country, four removed to Medfield and neighboring towns, two to Chelmsford. One only remained here, who was an original proprietor in the township of Braintree, incorporated in the year 1639. This stone and several others have been placed in this yard by a great-great-grandson from a veneration of the piety, humility, simplicity, prudence, patience, temperance, frugality, industry and perseverance of his ancestors in hopes of recommending an imitation of their virtues to posterity."

The one son, Joseph, who remained in Quincy with his father, is buried close by, and to his memory President John Adams also erected a memorial, similar to the one placed over Henry Adams. The tablet on Joseph's memorial reads as follows:

"Dedicate to the memory of Joseph Adams, senior, who died Dec. 6, 1694, of Abigail, his wife, whose first name was Baxter, who died Aug. 27, 1692, by a great-grandson in 1817."

Historians have long puzzled over the inscription which President John Adams caused to be placed on the gravestone of his ancestor. It has never been clear what he meant by the Dragon persecution from which he avers Henry Adams fled in Devonshire, Eng., but so far no satisfactory explanation has been given.

There is nothing to establish the date of Henry Adams' arrival in this country, but there is a tradition which says he landed with Rev. Thomas Hooker, who also was obliged to flee from England. The latter

arrived in 1632 at Mt. Wollaston. In 1640 Henry Adams was confirmed in the occupation of 40 acres " for 10 heads " by grant of the town of Boston. Thus he became one of the incorporators of the town of Braintree, and under the town became its first brewer, an important office in those days, and also first clerk and clerk of writs.

When he died, in 1646, his son Joseph carried on the Adams farm. This son married Abigail Baxter and she thus became the first Abigail Adams, although most people think of Abigail Smith, the wife of President John Adams, as the first Abigail Adams. This Joseph became first brewer of the town, selectman, and also father of twelve children. One of his sons, another Joseph, married Hannah Bass, daughter of John Bass of Braintree and Ruth Alden of the poetic Priscilla lineage.

This Joseph had a son who was called John Adams, and this John Adams, in course of time, had children of his own, seven of them, in fact, and the eldest of them he called John. And it was this John that became the second President of the United States and father of the sixth President.

Thus, it will be seen that Henry Adams was the progenitor of a race that was destined to give to the land of his adoption many members who were to become prominent in its public life, and one of whom was to be foremost in the struggle that resulted in the independence of the 13 colonies.—*The Globe,* Quincy, Mass.

## RELICS OF THE CIVIL WAR DAYS.

AS the years go by and the number of those who participated in the War of the Rebellion grows less, there is no lapse of interest in all things pertaining to the struggle. There are few American families who do not possess some relic or curio of the days of 1861-65, but it is doubtful if any other person has succeeded in gathering under one roof so varied a collection of war objects as that brought together by James W. Eldridge of Hartford, Conn. This collection is for sale, but not at auction, and perhaps the State of Connecticut may eventually purchase it, an attempt having been made at the last session to secure an appropriation of $35,000 for this purpose.

Mr. Eldridge has been an enthusiastic collector of articles of historic merit, pertaining to the great war, and he has striven to obtain objects which were authenticated by strong evidence and verified, if possible, by affidavits and certificates from persons of character.

The article marked No. 1 is a writing set at one time owned by John C. Calhoun, exponent of the doctrine of secession. The set was given to Calhoun by his wife upon his first election to Congress. It was hidden during the war by slaves, who regarded it with superstitious awe, and it afterward fell into the hands of Union troops.

Thirty or more objects were associated with or belonged to John Brown. There is, for instance, the pair of handcuffs worn by Brown immediately after his capture at Harper's Ferry, and his leather wallet, sword, eye-glasses, and pocket rule. Two pikes with which Brown expected to arm the slaves are also among the relics. It is said that the pike heads were made in Torrington, Ct. The wooden handles were shipped from Connecticut as agricultural implements. Another exhibit is the hatchet which was used to cut down John Brown's body from the gallows.

The "Big Bethel Ball" was the first to be fired from a cannon in Virginia. The cannon was aimed by Nicholas Crouch, author of "Kathleen Mavourneen." Crouch was a resident of Richmond, and although a British subject he went to the war as a member of an artillery company

with which he had been connected before. Crouch dedicated these lines to the " Big Bethel Ball ":

" It was an Alien's hand that sped this ball,
This mimic iron bolt of war's dispute,
The first to leap from a Cannon's lusty throat
On all dear Old Virginia's sacred soil.
I, who had piped of tender love and
Sweet confiding peace, had now lent my hand
To fret the common air that brothers breathed.
The daily screech and awful roar of war
Stilled the voice of the soul's sweet strain,
And so stifled the best within, that those
Who most of murder did, were hailed as heroes,
And earned a Nation's thanks. 'Tis well that I
A stranger, tho' of blood akin, should be the
First to offend the God of Peace. If it be
In other days my deeds, and words, had far
Less of strife, and more of tender love, remember
Me then, not as one whose hands are red with
Blood, but rather as a lisping singer,
Who, in the maddening tide of war, was swept,
Half in recognition of favors shown,
And half by blind impulse hurled into a
Wild and awful strife, whose thundering notes
Were sadly out of harmony with the
Carols my lips had often sung before."

Mr. Eldridge has a fragment of the first shell that burst inside Fort Sumter, the first weapon, a sabre, to be captured by a Union soldier from a Confederate on Virginia soil, and the lock from the vault door of the Alabama State Bank, where the funds of the Confederate government were held. Among the flags is the English cross of St. George, which the Confederate vessel *Sumter* used to decoy American merchantmen. Another is the first Confederate " stars and bars " flag to be carried across the Potomac River. It was made in the city of Washington, in the winter of '60 and '61, by young women who were Confederate sympathizers.

A memento of General Robert E. Lee, is a Navajo Indian blanket. This is accompanied by an autograph letter of presentation from the

general's wife. A curiosity of unusual interest is a "Jeff Davis necktie." This is a rail from a Southern railroad which was destroyed by Sherman on his march to the sea. After the ties were loosened the rails were laid on top of the burning pile, and after being heated sufficiently were twisted around trees, or telegraph poles and thus destroyed.

From the frigate *Hartford,* flagship of Admiral Farragut, there is the starboard gangway board, which was used only by officers of high rank. One of the two mailbags belonging to the *Hartford* is another naval relic. Others are a magazine lantern and a binnacle from the *Kearsarge,* a section of armor plate from the Confederate iron-clad *Merrimac,* and a cup and saucer which formed part of a set of crockery made for the proposed successor of the Confederate cruiser *Alabama.* As she never had any successor, the crockery was not needed.

In the literary collection there are about twenty-five thousand separate items, consisting of books, pamphlets, photographs, lithographs, engravings, and maps. The Lincolnalia includes about 200 titles, 150 deal with Grant, and about 50 with John Brown. Histories of regiments and other organizations number 125 titles, and there are 175 maps, one-third being Confederate.

There are 175 pieces of sheet music, three-quarters of which are Union songs, and a Confederate song-book in manuscript. Penny ballads, Union and Confederate, slave bills of sale, and handbills for runaway slaves, and war recruiting posters are also owned by Mr. Eldridge. He has odd Confederate newspapers, some printed on wall paper, others on dress patterns. Of the Houston, Tex., *Telegraph,* Mr. Eldridge has nearly a complete file for the years 1862-'65. In this file there are 563 issues, which are of many colors, including brown, yellow, and dark blue.

Another newspaper is the *Index,* a weekly journal "devoted to the exposition of the mutual interests, political and commercial, of Great Britain and the Confederate States." This sheet was barred from the United States mails and after the war was not looked upon with favor by the British government.

Mr. Eldridge has what he calls a "note and bond album." The bills are arranged in serial numbers, and information is given about each issue. There are no duplicates, the bills, bonds, and fractional currency numbering 3100 items. In the collection are the rare $1000 and $500 bills, which were made for the Confederates by the bank-note company

which at that time made the Government money. When the Government heard about the Confederate bills it compelled the company to recall the issue, as far as possible. The destruction of the money naturally made the bills of large denomination very scarce.

An interesting Confederate document is an order printed at the office of the *German Reformed Messenger,* just prior to the battle of Gettysburg. It says: " In moving through the enemy's country the utmost circumspection and vigilance is necessary, . . . all straggling and wandering from the ranks, and all marauding and plundering by individuals are prohibited, upon pain of the severest penalties known in the service. . . . Lieutenant-General R. S. Ewell."

One of the Confederate maps in Mr. Eldridge's collection is that of Richmond and vicinity. It was made under the direction of Captain A. H. Campbell, C. S. A. This map is 36 x 40, and is divided into forty-eight sections, each mounted on muslin, and can be folded so as to form a pocket package, about one inch thick.

*Evening Post,* New York.

# OF HISTORY AND ROMANCE

Second Paper

It was a wild and terror-filling sight to a child then, that dreadful prairie, name so dear to us Illinoisans now, but since that day the population of this prairie state has grown from something like 200,000 to more than 5,000,000. We have witnessed the growth of towns and cities, of an empire here, and not without heroic labors on the part of the early settlers. Do not tell me there is no history here, for Illinois has a noble history, not unmingled with romance. Let me recount one little story of the hundreds which might be told. I had it years ago from the lips of that brilliant woman, my early and dear friend now no more, Mrs. Eliza Hall Shallenberger of Toulon, historian of Stark county.

In the summer of 1837 John Turnbull, who had been a shepherd in the Highlands of Scotland, determined to come to America.

After six weeks at sea with his mother, his wife and her father's family, they arrived at Quebec, journeyed up the St. Lawrence to Niagara Falls, to Buffalo, where they took passage on an old schooner, the best at hand, bound for Chicago. When at length, after a long and tedious voyage, they reached Chicago, they were surprised to find it a low, sandy flat, with here and there a cheap shanty or warehouse, and they thought the Americans must be short of land to build a town on such a place as that. From Chicago the little party shortly made their way to Joliet, drawn thither by the tidings of a canal in process of construction, which would pretty certainly afford work for the men, for they were sorely in need by this time, their slender resources nearly exhausted.

At Joliet they found two vacant cabins; the neighbors told them to "move right in," which they thankfully did. Everybody was kind to them; one man lent them a scythe, with which they cut the prairie grass growing so luxuriantly about them. This afforded them clean beds and also means to fill the crevices in their rude log huts. Then each family bought a cow from a drover passing by, and as they had to be kept tied to a stake to prevent their straying away, the fresh cut grass was indispensible.

Of course these people were looking for land to enter, as everybody was in those days, and they fell in with a Kentuckian named Parker, who had a patent on a quarter section down near Wyoming in Stark county,

as he supposed, and agreed to meet Mr. Turnbull there, "thought they could probably strike a trade." Parker left Joliet on horseback, Turnbull on foot, on January 1st, 1838. Occasionally Turnbull could catch glimpses of the horseman as he rode over some ridge in the far distance, and this and the points of the compass was all he had to guide his steps for sixty or seventy weary, lonesome miles over a trackless expanse of snow in a wild, new country in mid-winter.

Towards night of the third or fourth day, having lost Parker's trail, exhausted and discouraged, alone on a "wide, wide sea" of snow, he saw in the distance the gleam of a candle, and making his way to the rude cabin, timidly rapped on the door. A woman opened it—a Mrs. Holgate—and cheerfully offered him shelter and food—comforts never denied to a stranger in thos early days.

> "How far that little candle throws his beams!
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

I never read those lines from the "Merchant of Venice" but I think of John Turnbull on that wintry night, in a strange land, knocking at that low door, and Mrs. Holgate opening it wide and asking him in.

Need I tell more? It is a long story, the same old story of brave men and women enduring the privations of our early pioneer life, but the end of it was that Turnbull brought his family, others followed later, to the place where he had found hospitality. For weeks the men split rails, with no food save boiled corn and no drink save from a frozen stream. There is no mention of saloons in those days; the founders of our state were not swillers of beer, abandoning their wives and children to the care of associated charities; and the Scotch settlement in Elmira township, Stark county, as sturdy and thrifty a body of brave, God-fearing men and women as ever chose Illinois for their home, is there to-day to show for it.

Do not doubt it, from the days of Marquette and LaSalle down to our own time, Illinois, in all its length and breadth, is full of delightful history, and, as we look back on it now, full of romance.

And it is rich also in well written histories of the state. I doubt if any state in the union has more or better. Bateman, Beckwith, Blanchard, Breese, Brown, Caton, Davidson, Edwards, Ford, Gillespie, Hoffman, Mason, Matson, Moses, Porter and Reynolds; here are sixteen

names in alphabetical order of historians of our state whose works we have in our public library, all written by men who had taken an active part in public affairs, who had seen with their own eyes; and this is a state not yet eighty-seven years old, not as old as many men now living.

Of local histories, town and country, monographs on special matters of historical interest, of biographies and narratives and regimental histories we have, I can almost say, no end—anyway, all we can get. Of another branch of historical study, genealogies, I suppose we have with perhaps one exception, the most extensive collection in the state or in the west.

However, I have noticed this, that very few young people under thirty years of age seem to be aware that there ever were great-grandfathers. Yet it is to be presumed that there must have been somebody before there were grandfathers.

As to the histories of our own city, we have at least three deserving of our highest regard—that of C. Drown, published in 1844 and 1851, to which we refer for our earliest annals; that of Ballance, published in 1870, doubly valuable from the fact that the author came here to live in 1831, and during a long and active life took a prominent part in building up our city and its institutions, and then in his last years left us a most graphic account of men and things as he knew them. It will always remain a delightful narrative of those early days; and last, the "History of Peoria County," by Judge McCulloch, published in 1902, the most accurate and comprehensive history of our city down to the present time that has ever been written or, I do not hesitate to say, ever will be written. It will be for long years hence a monument to the name and memory of David McCulloch, more durable than brass, *monumentum aere perennius.*

I envy him his assured fame as the historian of Peoria. It was a long, laborious task to assume, and in the fifty years I have known Peoria I have never known any one who would or could have done the work as well.

And now with this noble "History of Peoria" as a first example, a cornerstone, I may say, to our young historical society, with the four valuable historical papers already, the first year, read before the society—two by Judge McCulloch, one by Mrs. Ellis and one by Mr. Wycoff—let us take courage and go on with the good work we have undertaken.

E. S. WILLCOX.

—Read before the Peoria Historical Society.
PEORIA, ILL.

## MINOR TOPICS

### THE FIRST DAGUERREOTYPE IN INDIANA.

THIS is the day of the camera. The click of the picture-making machine has become one of the biggest noises of the age.

Yet it was only sixty-eight years ago that the world first learned of the marvelous discovery of Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre. It was a year later, in 1840, that the first sunlight picture of a human face was made by an American. Wonderful has been the development of the camera from that day to this. Now there are a thousand and one uses for the camera, and the process of photography is by no means near the limit of usefulness and practicability in its present stage of development.

In many Indiana homes one of the most treasured relics of days which only grandfather or grandmother can recall is a well-worn album containing strange, old-fashioned pictures of ruddy-cheeked, quaintly dressed people. Perhaps you have a hard time to recognize grandfather or grandmother as they appear in the bloom of youth, when they posed for the picture, the greatest event of their lives at that time, yet after all the likeness is excellent considering the handicaps of its early-day photographer. Daguerreotypes—the word is seldom heard in the modern "photographer's studio," but in the old days it was just as common as the word photograph.

There is still living in Indiana the man who made the first daguerreotype in this State. He still has the picture, and it is yet remarkably clear, considering the sixty-three years that have passed since the sunlight brought forth the image from the magic surface of the copper plate.

Dr. Oscar F. Fitch, now a resident of Morristown and close to his ninetieth year, was making a scant living at teaching the backwoods schools of Franklin County when he first began to read in the weekly newspapers which reached Brookville from Indianapolis, of the wonderful sun-picture process invented by the Frenchman Daguerre, and still further perfected by John W. Draper, of New York, who, in 1840, had succeeded in making a perfect image of his sister, Dorothy Draper, by Daguerre's method. The young teacher was always a student, and he became particularly interested in the picture-making process. He read all that he

could find about it, brushed up the knowledge of physics that he had obtained in college, and determined to try to make a daguerreotype.

He was handicapped by the lack of funds, and as material was very costly, it was not until in 1844, after months of work and saving, that he was enabled to construct a crude camera. In the winter months he must teach the district school and the rest of the year he worked constantly as a farm hand, so he had but little time for experimenting.

The camera with which Dr. Fitch made his first picture would be very much of a curiosity if exhibited to-day. It had no ground glass in rack and pinion. The point of exposure had to be determined by mathematical calculations of the focal powers of the instrument. There were many failures before the first Hoosier amateur photographer succeeded in getting his camera and material in condition to put it to the supreme test—that of attempting a picture of the young woman whom he had learned to love.

Thus the first daguerreotype made in the State was not without its romance. The comely young woman, Miss Phoebe Shirk, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Shirk, who preached at the "Big Cedar Church," had attracted the attention of the young school teacher the very first Sunday he had seen her at the old-fashioned house of worship. The schoolmaster himself was a devout Baptist and the pastor often invited him to his home. In time he and Miss Shirk became intimate friends, and then he told her of his hopes of perfecting the new picture-making process and of his desire to make a picture of her. The picture was a success and the romance was a success, for the subject of the daguerreotype later became the bride of Dr. Fitch. She lived but five years after the happy marriage. The grief-stricken husband placed a slab of marble at her grave and in it he set the girlhood picture of his young wife. Since the death of Mrs. Fitch, in 1853, the picture has faced storm and sunshine unprotected, and yet the hand of love had done its work so well that the picture may be copied to-day by any ordinary camera.

Although Dr. Fitch seldom mentions the daguerreotype now, the making of the picture is one of the tenderest and most sacred memories of his long and useful life. The process which he employed was practically the same as that of Daguerre and Draper, although his work was necessarily more crude in every way, as he was forced to do without some material that he had not the funds to purchase. The daguerreotype process, briefly stated, consists in coating with silver a thin copper plate,

which is then polished as brightly as possible. Next it is exposed to the vapor of iodine and the vapor of bromine to render it sensitive. It is then ready for the camera. The bringing out of the latent image is the next action of vapor of mercury, which attaches itself to the various sides of the picture in proportion as it has been acted on by the light. Those portions unaffected by light are removed by a wash of hyposulphite of soda. The picture is "fixed" and intensified by pouring over it a solution of hyposulphite of soda and chloride of gold, then baking it over flame. The picture is thus coated with a thin film of metallic gold, which renders it proof against all but chemical agencies. This was the course followed by Dr. Fitch, and that he did the work well the excellence of the likeness to-day testifies. The artist had to be a chemist of high intelligence and patience, and Dr. Fitch's success in that early day is a tribute to the thoroughness of his few months of study of the sciences during his college course.—*Star,* Indianapolis.

# ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

## GEN. JEDEDIAH HUNTINGTON TO COL. HENSHAW.

[Letter of Gen. Jedediah Huntington to Col. Joshua Henshaw of Dedham. An odd mixture of patriotism, piety and trade.]

NORWICH, (CONN.), July 3d, 1775.

DEAR SIR:—

Your esteemed Letter of the 26 June by Deacon Phillips came to Hand, it gives me much pleasure to hear by your Letter and other ways of the Preparations which our Army is made and making for their Defense, and Annoyance of the Enemy, in case they should come out to attack them. The Success on our Side in the Battle at Bunker's Hill, by the last and best Intelligence, is astonishing—five of theirs have fallen to one of ours, the Lord of Hosts must have been on our Side, indeed my dear Sir, we have much Occasion of Rejoicing whilst we are called to lament over the Calamities & Distresses of our Land, how are all lesser Controversies & Animosities swallowed up in the Grand Contest; how much unanimity & Brotherly Love throughout our Land; what hopeful Prospects of the Fruits of the Earth! Scarcely a House where the gladsome Voice of Health is not heard! Surely the Lord has a Favor for this People when he is righteously calling them to consider his Judgments and to feel the Weight of his Anger for their Backslidings—from the Aspect of the last Accounts from England I think it probable that civil Commotions will very soon shake that Land of Wickedness and oppression.

I am glad you have still thoughts of Norwich in case a Removal from your present Residence shou'd be prudent, you would soon be here, I trust, if you had nothing to regard but the Gratification of your Norwich & Lebanon Friends, at least our little Party who were at your House would be willing to bury the Regret of leaving those agreeable Scenes in recent Enjoyments. As to Business I do not know what to say to you—I hope the want of that here will not prevent you, for the little mercantile Business there now is among us seems to be dwindling to Nothing, which of Course stops all others except Husbandry, and I don't imagine you have Thought of engaging in that Branch, tho' 'tis an important one; if you are here, and nothing to do, you will not be without the Consolation of having much good Company to keep you in Countenance. I have made Enquiry about a School for Master St(e)arns, but find there is not that Opening which I expected, the Pupils of the Master

who lately left us are gone into other Schools and the Parents are contented to have them remain there for the present—my Sister Hannah received Benefit from her late Journeying—who with Miss Huntington & Self send our Salutations to you & Lady, Miss Adams, Miss Seabury, &c.

I remain your sincere Friend,
JED. HUNTINGTON.

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LETTER OF JAMES BUCHANAN TO F. BYRDSALL.

[Referring to the defeat of General Scott for the Presidency. The writer did not foresee that U. S. Grant would become President, and W. S. Hancock be an unsuccessful candidate for the office, both from the regular army. Seven years later than the date of this letter came John Brown, eight years later, Secession—the rest is history. Mr. Buchanan in his Presidential term might well have echoed Hamlet's

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"]

WHEATLAND, Nov. 4, 1852.

What a Waterloo defeat the Whigs have sustained! *Laus Deo!* And this ends the race of Presidential candidates from the regular army, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Whether our success will put down the slavery agitation is a question still in doubt.

Very truly yours,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

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LETTER OF THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN AT RUGBY," TO AN AMERICAN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR.

[With interesting comments on the Tariff System. What would he say were he living to-day?]

AMPTHILL, September 19, 1879.

*Dear Sir:*

I have pleasure in complying with your request, and send you a couple of signatures on the other side, which I should think will more than supply the demand in your parts.

We are in great trouble here with bad harvest and all the world shutting out our goods. You at any rate ought to show a better example, being surely old and strong enough now not to want handicapping in your favour against any produce in the world.

Your people (meaning thereby the poor majority), can't after all be either so sensible or so powerful as one is told they are, or they would be tired of paying so heavily to build up fortunes for the small minority.

Ever yours very truly,
THOS. HUGHES.

# NOTES AND QUERIES

## The Discrediting of Betsey Ross.

The Historical Sites Committee, upon which rests the responsibility for marking correctly buildings and objects of patriotic interest in preparation for founders' week in Philadelphia, which will be celebrated next October, has pronounced the story that Betsey Ross designed, stitched and hemmed the first American flag as fiction. The story is in the school books. Peleg D. Harrison indorsed and exploited it in his "Stars and Stripes" after conscientious inquiry, and Americans generally believe it to be true. In Philadelphia the Sites Committee is on the defensive, and an uphill job it will have to prove that Betsey Ross was an impostor.

The case for her rests mainly upon the testimony of her grandsons, Mr. William J. Canby and Mr. George Canby, who had the story from Mrs Clarissa Wilson, who reduced it to writing in 1857 after hearing her aunt, who was Betsey Ross, tell it. The story is that after Congress had authorized General George Washington, Colonel George Ross (brother of John Ross, husband of Betsey and dead at the time) and Robert Morris "to design a suitable flag for the nation," Washington called upon Betsey Ross at her house, 239 Arch street, and employed her to make a flag from a rough drawing which called for thirteen stars and thirteen stripes. The General wanted six point stars, but she convinced him that five point stars would be better. He knew her to be a good needlewoman, for she had embroidered his shirts with ruffles. She went to work and produced the first American flag, some time in June, 1776. So the story was rehearsed and printed over and over again with copious illustrations. She was soon married to Captain Joseph Ashburn, who died a prisoner of war in England, and after him to John Claypoole, whom she survived, passing away in 1836. Now comes William J. Campbell of the Historical Sites Committee and says:

"The story is nothing but a foolish tradition. Betsey Ross never had any interview with George Washington; she no more planned a five star flag and, in fact, probably never gave a thought to how many stars were on any flag. Betsey Ross was no more than an ordinary seamstress, and no doubt was glad to get a day's work sewing on any flag, five stars or otherwise."

Into the discussion surge the indignant orthodox. "As well eliminate Shakespeare, cast out Key from the 'The Star Spangled Banner' and discard Washington's prayer at Valley Forge," exclaims President Adam H. Fetterolf of Girard College, who feels keenly on the subject as director of the American Flag and Betsey Ross Memorial Association, formed to preserve 239 Arch street, where Betsey Ross made the flag designed by Washington, and "to erect a national memorial in honor of this illustrious woman." An affidavit by S. B. Hildebrandt, another grandson of Betsey Ross, has been produced in which Mr. Hildebrandt deposes that he often heard the lady tell the story of her mak-

ing of the flag, and avers that until the time of her death she supplied the Government with flags. Then there is this entry in the Treasury records in May, 1777: "To pay Betsey Ross £14 12s. 2d. for flags for the fleet in the Delaware River." It is true that in the following month Congress adopted this resolution:

"That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Presumably the iconoclast Campbell, who made the report accepted by the Sites Committee (239 Arch street is to be marked, but not as the house where the first American flag was made), points to this resolution as proving that the flag sewed by Betsey Ross could not have displayed such a design previous to its authorization by the Congress. Here we can quote Peleg D. Harrison: "There was no occasion for the members of that body to discuss the design of a flag that had been in use for a year." Hence official approval by bald resolution.

Has the Historical Sites Committee any evidence that the Stars and Stripes (thirteen of each) were flown from any fort or borne on any field before June, 1776, when Betsey Ross, according to her often repeated story, made the flag on the order of General Washington? Can the committee prove that the General never visited Betsey Ross on the patriotic business of Congress? What is its case? Millions believe in Betsey Ross and her inspiring story. Must the Memorial Association disband? The vandals of the Sites Committee had better beware how they trifle with a tradition that has such deep roots.—*Sun*, N. Y.

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### MORE OF THE LEVANT

The head of the Admiralty Record Office presents his compliments to the Editor of *The Magazine of History* and begs to inform him in reply to his inquiry of the 7th April that the *Levant* Sloop (registered as 6th rate) armament 2 9 pounders, 18 32 pounder carronades, was built at Chester in 1813. On 20th February, 1815, the *Levant* was captured by the United States Ship *Constitution*—44 guns— and was retaken by the British in the same year. She was finally taken to pieces in 1820.

Admiralty, London, 18th May, 1908.

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### MOVEMENT TO ERECT HAMILTON MEMORIAL IN WASHINGTON.

Parks and public spaces in Washington are fairly littered with bronze statues and memorials of statesmen and heroes more or less great. Among all these there is no memorial to commemorate the services rendered to the United States by Alexander Hamilton. To atone for this neglect the Alexander Hamilton National Memorial Association has been formed, and is seeking to raise funds to erect an adequate figure in marble or bronze.

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### THE FIRST FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES.

*Editor Magazine of History:*

I am surprised to see the claim made

(MAGAZINE, October, 1907), that the Stars and Stripes were first displayed in battle at Cooch's Bridge, Delaware, on September 3, 1777.

There is hardly a doubt that the flag of Fort Stanwix was the first in the field, and that it was made by the garrison, and not by the official flag-maker, makes but a technical, not an actual difference. In the *Swartout Chronicles,* edited by A. J. Weise, 1899, it is shown that the news of Congress' formal enactment of a "flag act," on June 14, reached Fort Stanwix on Saturday August 2d, and that the flag was made according to the new law, and displayed for the first time on Sunday, August 3d (not the 2d, as Mr. Conrad's article says). Nor, so far as I can see, is there anything to show that the Cooch's Bridge flag was scientifically and legally accurate.

Yours,
BUCKEYE.

CINCINNATI, O.

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*Dear Editor:*

If you will consult General de Peyster's "Justice to Schuyler," and William L. Stone's "Burgoyne's Campaign," you will find evidence that the claim of Delaware to have first flown the Stars and Stripes in battle is unfounded. Fort Stanwix, as heretofore claimed, is entitled to the honor—a siege is as good as a battle—and it was a month earlier than Cooch's Bridge.

Yours,
ALBANY.

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THE ALDEN HOUSE TO BE SAVED.

The Alden Kindred Association of America has purchased for $200 the picturesque old homestead of John and Priscilla Alden in Duxbury, Massachusets. The house was erected in 1653. It will be repaired, improved and perpetuated as a memorial to the famous *Mayflower* Pilgrims.

The place was sold under a foreclosure of outstanding mortgages originally held by Frank and John Alden, direct descendants of John and Priscilla Alden, which were made out to the Plymouth Five Cents Savings Bank.

All the characteristics of the early builders are shown in the Alden house. It is seemingly erected around a great central chimney and displays the plain rectangular lines of Puritan architecture, with shingles rather than clapboards covering the unpainted walls, and small windows instead of panes.

Never in the 250 years and more that have elapsed since the homestead was constructed has it passed out of the hands of direct descendants of its builders. It is at present occupied by John Alden, a gate tender for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

## CHAPTER XLI

### AN EXPLANATION

THIS was a bloody day for England and her colonies, and its consequences fatal to the success of their combined arms during the remainder of the war. The shattered remnant of the army found its way back to Ticonderoga, two thousand less than it went out. But fortunately the French did not pursue, owing to the defection of their Indian allies; they being as usual discouraged by their losses, which had been great, owing to the bravery and conduct of Sir William Johnson and his Mohawks. They employed themselves in running about the wood where the battle was fought, plundering the slain, and inflicting the last act of barbarity upon those in whom life remained. Many a gallant soldier fell in this forest-fight who deserved a more illustrious field and a more worthy commemoration than mine. Among these was Lord Howe, of whom the records of the times speak as of one whose high honour, signal courage and martial qualities gave promise of a life of glory and success. But what are the auguries of hope, even when drawn from such well-founded inspirations as these, but the heralds of disappointment?

For some hours there was a blank in the life of our hero; and that the blank did not last for ever was owing to his trusty companion of the night but one before, Timothy Weasel. Timothy had joined the army that day as a volunteer, or rather amateur, and long afterward boasted that he had sacrificed one of the critters to the shade of each of his murdered family. After rescuing Sybrandt and Gilfillan from the savage in the manner just related, he came up to the young men, the former of whom he found insensible. He examined his wounds, of which his long experience in the trade of vengeance had made him no indifferent judge.

"Is he dead?" asked Gilfillan, faintly.

"Only in a swound," replied Timothy; "the blood is almost out of his body, and that's mostly what's the matter with him. It's a pity he should die of nothing, as I may say; for I can tell you he's a decent sort of a critter—he isn't afeard of nothin'."

"I know that—I owe him my rescue from the scalping knife, and I would give what remains of life, if it were a thousand times as much, to save him. Can't it be done?"

Timothy considered a moment. "It's likely it may. Stay here till I come back, and, mind don't neither of you stir a peg from the place."

"There's no danger of that," answered Gilfillan, with a melancholy smile, glancing his languid eye from his broken leg to the inanimate body of Sybrandt.

Timothy strode away in haste, leaving the two young men to await his return. He staid till the shadows of evening began to fall; and Gilfillan, worn out with pain, anxiety, and weakness, had sunk down by the side of our hero. In this situation they were found by Sir William, who had been apprized by Timothy of their melancholy state. He lost not a moment, but came, conducted by Timothy, with a body of his Mohawks to their relief. In a few minutes they made a litter of boughs, on which they placed the two wounded soldiers and forthwith bent their way as fast as possible for Ticonderoga. The motion of the litter put into circulation the little blood that yet lingered in Sybrandt's veins, and brought him by degrees to a consciousness of his situation. Gilfillan also came to himself betimes. It was morning before the party arrived at the intrenched camp: the cold dews of the night had operated on the exhausted frames of the young soldiers, and chilled them almost into ice; so that when they arrived it was a moot point whether they were dead or alive. Immediate care was taken to dispose of them as comfortably as possible, and the assistance of surgeons obtained.

The wounds of Sybrandt were found in no way dangerous of themselves; but it was feared that loss of blood and exposure to the night air might be followed by consequences that would endanger his life. The situation of Gilfillan was still more critical. A ball had struck his knee, and shattered it in a terrible manner. The surgeons at once pronounced the necessity of amputation the next day, when his strength was a little restored. A groan, such as his previous sufferings had never forced from him, marked the feeling with which the handsome Gilfillan received this annunciation; but he uttered not a word. They were in the same room together, at the request of Gilfillan, who lay awake that night, restless and feverish. Sybrandt was also so much exhausted that he had scarcely strength to sleep; and ever and anon he could hear Gil-

fillan mumbling to himself in tones of feverish indistinctness, "They shan't make a sight of me." "What's the use of paying such a price for a life?" "What will the girls say to my wooden leg?" and such like exclamations.

About daylight in the morning he asked Sybrandt if he was awake, and finding that he was, spoke to him as follows:

"Westbrook, I have something to say to you; and perhaps I'd better say it now, for upon my soul I think, nay, I'm sure, it's all over with me."

"Be of good cheer, Colonel Gilfillan," replied the other; "after the amputation you'll be better."

"And by the glory of my ancestors, Westbrook, if I'm not better before that happens, I shall never be better. I mean to die with both my legs on."

"Surely you are not afraid of an amputation?"

"Afraid!" cried Gilfillan, raising himself in his bed—"Look you, Major Westbrook, if I had a pair of pistols here just now—but what am I talking about; don't I owe my life, at least what's left of it, to you? Now listen to me, and mind what I say." He then disclosed to him the true history of the picture, and his rejection by Catalina the day he was seen by Sybrandt at the feet of that young lady, kissing her hands. "She loves you," said he, faintly, "and none other. She told me so with her own sweet lips, and the tears in her truth-telling eyes."

"Is this true, on your soul, Colonel Gilfillan?"

"True, on the word of a dying man. Now let us be friends while I live, and faith there will be little time for our friendship to wear out."

When the surgeons visited the young men in the morning, they found Sybrandt somewhat better, though feverish: but they shook their heads when they examined the wound and felt the pulse of Gilfillan, declaring that nothing but immediate amputation could save him.

"Then I am a dead man," said he; "for my leg shall go with me to the grave. We have kept company all our lives, and I won't part with my old friend now, at the last pinch. Any thing else, doctor."

"Any thing else will be nothing—you will be dead in less than four-and-twenty hours; and indeed, it is extremely doubtful whether even that will save you."

"Then the matter is settled," said Gilfillan.

"Then you are a dead man," replied the surgeon, bluntly.

"Be it so," was Gilfillan's reply.

## CHAPTER XLII

### THE BURIAL OF A GALLANT SOLDIER

ALL that day and until the next morning, Gilfillan was at times delirious with pain and fever; but towards the evening he came to himself, was entirely free from pain, and addressed Sybrandt coherently.

"You feel better?" said Sybrandt, hopefully.

"I feel no pain now."

"Then you must be better."

"I *am* better—my sufferings are past—by sunset I shall be well."

Sybrandt understood him, and did not reply. After a silence of a few minutes, Gilfillan spoke again.

"Westbrook," said he, faintly, "can you lift me that little trunk on the table?"

"I cannot stand," said the other.

"Perhaps *I* can reach it;" and with an effort he raised himself, and managed to reach it himself, though he almost sunk under the exertion. The attendant came in at that moment to expostulate against his talking.

"Pooh!" said Gilfillan, "go about your business, will you? But stay; I want you to bear witness that I charge Major Westbrook with this trunk. As to the rest, I don't care who has it. Now go away." The attendant retired.

"Westbrook," continued he, after a pause, "there is a picture in this trunk which belongs to you. I procured it like a rogue, and I restore it like an honest man, now that it can be of no further use to me. There are some little keepsakes of my sister, who married and died in France. Give them to Catalina; she need not be afraid of my claiming them when I am dead. My watch you will take the first opportunity of sending home to my father. I can't write to him—but you will do it. Say to him that I blessed his old gray head, and died a true son of my father and of old Ireland. There is a seal attached to it, with my crest—the crest of the ancient Connaught kings; wear that for my sake, and——"

Here his ideas seemed to become indistinct; at least Sybrandt could not understand what he said for a minute or two.

"Westbrook," whispered he, "I am going."

"Shall I call assistance?"

"No; but I wish I could reach your hand, to give it one shake. No matter—we are friends. God bless you—my father—Catalina—old Ireland!"

The last words were almost unheard by Sybrandt, and in a little while the soul of the gallant Gilfillan was on its way to that country which all visit in turn; of which none know any thing but the dead, who "tell no tales."

Gilfillan was buried with the honours of war,—one of the most solemn and affecting ceremonies that can be offered to our contemplation. The scene and the occasion combined to render it peculiarly striking and magnificent. The remnant of the army followed his remains to the grave with arms reversed and muffled drums, while the whole concentrated band poured forth the rich and tender music of "Eileen Aroon," the favourite air of the dead soldier. The minute-guns roared among the recesses of the mountains, and echoed along the lake, as the ceremony proceeded; and three rounds of musketry announced that the body of the gallant Gilfillan was deposited in the bosom of its mother earth.

"It is over!" exclaimed Sybrandt, who had lain stretched on his bed, listening to the strain of music and the roaring artillery. "He is gone, poor fellow! perhaps I shall soon follow." The thought was not pleasant; for he felt that he had something to live for now.

The French army had been prevented from immediately following up its victory—for such it was, in fact—by the disaffection and insubordination of the Indians, who formed an indispensable ingredient in these border wars. They had suffered severely, gained little plunder, and become tired of the service; for perseverance in war forms no part of their character. It was with difficulty they could be kept together; and this circumstance afforded a respite to the English force, which, reduced as it now was, took the opportunity to retreat to the head of Lake George.

During this period, the situation of Sybrandt continued very critical. His wounds were of little consequence; but the loss of blood, the exposure to the night-air, and the subsequent agitation of his mind occasioned by the explanation with Gilfillan, brought on a slow fever, which threatened fatal consequences. Such was his weakness, that, though his friend Sir William paid the kindest attention to his ease and comfort, he scarcely survived his removal by water to Fort George, and was brought there in a state that rendered recovery almost hopeless.

In the mean time Catalina had returned to the house of her father; but not the Catalina who had left it the autumn before. After the departure of Sybrandt, Gilfillan and Sir Thicknesse Throgmorton, she had nothing to gratify either her affection or her vanity. The resources of dissipation and flirtation, so frequently successful in curing the wounds of the heart, all failed her. Nothing was talked or thought of but the war; all business and gayety was at a stand; and the officers, who constituted the ingredient which gave a zest to balls, parties, and general society, were all gone to the frontier. She had, therefore, ample leisure for reflection and regret. Though she blamed Sybrandt for not entering into the very recesses of her heart, and seeing himself there struggling with a little troop of vanities and caprices for mastery, still she could not in conscience deny that he had sufficient apparent cause, at least, for his desertion; and thus to the disappointment of her hopes was added the sting of self-reproach. Her vivacity departed; her colour faded; and the rich fulness of her form, where youth and health had united—with a happy consciousness of the present, a sanguine anticipation of the future—to consummate the face and figure of a Hebe, gave place to paleness, lassitude and indifference. To this succeeded a fretful impatience to go home, which was met by an equal though secret impatience on the part of Mrs. Aubineau to be rid of her. That good lady never, to the last day of her life, forgave Catalina her folly in not jumping at the opportunity of becoming a titled lady.

In this state of things the summons of Colonel Vancour for his daughter to return home was a relief equally welcome to Catalina and her lady hostess. The guest who is tired of the hostess, and the hostess tired of her guest, are remarkably civil at parting. Nothing could surpass the affectionate farewell of Mrs. Aubineau except the grateful acknowledgments of Catalina. Let not our stern moral readers—for the sternest moralists now regularly put on their spectacles to read a new novel—let them not cast the bitterness of their censures upon this elegant simulation. What would this world be, and who would or could live in it, if every body blurted out the secret feelings of their hearts in each other's faces? Neither friendship, nor love nor the ties of kindred, let them be ever so strongly knit, could stand such a test. They would perish and be rent in twain by the rough application of such a touchstone. Civility and good words are not perhaps so much actual hypocrisy, as the triumph of reflection and propriety over the impulses of prejudice and ill-nature.

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(*To be continued.*)

# BOOK REVIEWS

THE HISTORY OF NUTLEY, ESSEX COUNTY, NEW JERSEY: By Elizabeth Stow Brown. Ill. 16mo. 70 pp. The Woman's Public School Auxiliary, Nutley, New Jersey. 1907.

A woman's club was organized in Nutley. Its members, seeking a new field of study, decided upon taking up local history. Six special topics were assigned to as many members. The preparation of the subjects opened a rich field to those making the searches. At the end of the season it was decided to compile a history of the town, based upon the eason's studies. The organization known as the Woman's Public School Auxiliary assumed the responsibility of the publication, and one of its members edited the accumulated material. The result is this little volume.

A condensed history of the town of Nutley, originally a part of Newark, cannot fail to awaken its citizens to cherish with pride all that is best in the township.

Its chief value will be found in its initiative—the preservation of the historical material of the locality and the marking of historic sites. The Nutley children who read this unpretentious volume must form a higher appreciation of what is worth remembering of their native town.

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FATHER PIERRE FRANCOIS PINET, S. J., and His Mission of the Guardian Angel of Chicago. 1696-1699. By Frank R. Grover. 12mo. Pp. 155 to 180. Chicago Historical Society, 1907.

This paper was read before a joint meeting of the Evanston Historical Society and the Chicago Historical Society, Nov. 27, 1906. It gives an account of the Jesuit missionary Pinet, of the Miami Indians, among whom he labored, and of the location of the Mission (L'Ange Gardien).

THE SOUTH IN HISTORY AND LITERATURE: A Hand-Book of Southern Authors. From the Settlement of Jamestown, 1607, to Living Writers. By Mildred Lewis Rutherford, Chair of Literature, Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga. 12mo XXXVIII. 866 pp. The Franklin-Turner Co., Atlanta, Ga., 1907.

The compiler of this hand-book prepared the volume with a two-fold purpose in view. "First: To aid any who wish to know the truth concerning the South and what her great men and women have accomplished in the realm of letters. Second: To give to others the benefit of any records that the author has found available, with the hope that an interest may be thus awakened that shall lead to further investigation on their part along the same lines."

Among the four thousand writers of the South, the author found it not an easy task to give sketches of all who may properly be considered great as makers of literature and history. Captain John Smith and Sir William Berkeley, George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and John Randolph, David Ramsay and John Marshall, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, John J. Audubon and Matthew F. Maury, Francis Scott Key and Edgar Allan Poe, and scores of other possessors of literary genius have furnished the material for a most entertaining volume. Gems of literature by which many a Southern writer will grow in literary greatness with the passing years enhance the permanent value of the work. Entertainingly written explanations of the circumstances under which many productions were originally written increase the value of the hand-book.

Those parts of the introduction which treat of the colonial manners and customs in both North and South vividly present differ-

ences by contrasts, graphically traced from the inception of the colonies on American soil and in some degree account for the different views of civic principles held by the sections in later years.

In its interpretation of civic rights and duties pertaining to the South the volume is an epitome of the generally accepted ideas of the people of that section. Interwoven with every fibre of the life and literature of the South appears the belief in slavery and that the rights of a State were superior to the rights of the Union.

The history and literature of the section must of necessity epitomize those ideals, and the volume will find a place in many secondary schools and public libraries, where diversity of ideals and principles are studied.

As a piece of book-making the volume is well printed in large type and fully indexed, but the quality of the paper used is inferior when the permanency of the book is considered. Such paper cannot be expected to preserve the text for more than fifty years at most.

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VII JUNE, 1908 No. 6

# WHEN THE POPULATION OF BOSTON WAS *ONE*

(*Second Paper*)

BY a curious freak of fortune we are not left to baseless fancy to help us picture the *garb,* also, of our hero, as he sat, in his snug nook of winter evenings, busily turning the leaves of his vellum-bound folios, or paced up and down his garden, of summer days, gathering apple-blossoms and roses. Edward Johnson,[18] referring to a certain Mr. Bright, as well as Mr. Blackstone, remarks with the characteristic amiability of the period, "The one betook himself to the seas again and the other, Mr. Blaxton, to till the land, retaining no *simbole* of his former profession but a *canonical cote.*"

What this "canonical cote" may have been, whether a straight-cut, sable-hued garment, with buttons up and down the front, in number corresponding to the hills of Rome, or which is more likely, an ordinary cassock, does not appear. But its authentic introduction, as suggesting the *dress of Boston,* when its population was represented by unity, surely lends picturesqueness to the scene.

Oddly enough, too, the casual and rather caustic citation of the garment arouses a doubt, in spite of the title of this paper, as to the absolute solitariness of the wearer. While all authorities agree in denying to Mr. Blackstone companions of his own rank, there is nothing positively conflicting with the supposition that he may have had one or more servants or farm-laborers to assist him in the multifarious avocations of house, garden, pasture and field. There is something rather incongruous in figuring to ourselves the polished alumnus of Cambridge, clad in "canonical cote" attesting his priestly orders, turning from his Latin tomes, to cook and sweep, dig and plant, and take care of cattle. In fact nothing is more probable than that, gentleman as the recluse un-

[18] Johnson's *Wonder-working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England,* London, 1654, p. 20.

doubtedly was, the chroniclers of his residence in the cradle of Boston take it for granted that he enjoyed the ordinary attendance of his station, but see no need of specifying the circumstance, as if it militated with his addiction to solitude.

There is, moreover, a positive intimation that Mr. Blackstone had, at some part of his career in Boston, *two* other persons in his household. When some outlying lands in Brookline came to be allotted to the Shawmut proprietors, there was set off to him an amount corresponding to *three* heads in his house, not to only one. When, too, after his settlement in Rhode Island, the master gave his name to the beautiful river, which flowed by his domicile at "Study Hill," his man, supposed to have emigrated with him from Massachusetts, found also a kind of immortality in the smaller affluent named for him and known to this day as "Abbott's Run."

Although our hero, at ordinary seasons, shunned the society of his equals, it is not to be inferred that no visitors were ever welcomed to his cottage-door, to share with him the learned atmosphere of the interior and to bask in the glow of his cheery fireside. While Blackstone was long the lone inhabitant of the eight hundred acres constituting the neck of land, known as Shawmut, he was not without neighbors, in the form of other settlers around Massachusetts Bay. Under the picturesque title of "the Old Planters," there have been recognized a set of gentlemen living at isolated points on the islands and promontories of the bay. It is probable that several of them,—perhaps all,—were survivors of the ambitious expedition of Gorges, holding their domains under titles derived from him.

Samuel Maverick, of Noddle's Island, now East Boston, Mr. Thompson, who died in 1628, on the island still bearing his name, in Boston Harbor, and Thomas Walford, at Mishawum, now Charlestown, were, like Blackstone, Church of England men, the most prominent of a class reputed to be members of the company of a projected plantation.[14]

Much going to and fro must there have been between these gentlemen, possessing so much in common. How must they often have talked together of Old England and gone regretfully over the vanished expedition designed to plant the Church on Massachusetts Bay, while the flames

[14] Amory's *Blackstone, Boston's First Inhabitant*, p. 6.

flickered on Blackstone's walls and lighted up the faded gold on the backs of his ponderous tomes.

But when the hermit of Shawmut had dwelt for five or six years on the fair promontory, as "monarch of all he surveyed," there came an unanticipated change in his condition. In 1630 John Winthrop and his company, occupying about a dozen vessels, arrived on the Massachusetts Coast and, after a short stay at Salem, settled in the immediate vicinity of the recluse at what is now Charlestown.

Blackstone, with all his love of retirement, was no misanthrope, hating his kind; but seems rather to have been always on the alert to perform friendly offices for all who came in his way. When he discovered that his new neighbors were being decimated by disease, due to the impurity of the drinking water at Mishawum, he proceded to enlighten them as to the abundant and pure springs of Shawmut, and to invite them to share with his his pleasant domain.

There can be no doubt that there was also, at the outset, a broader community of sentiment between himself and these late comers than he could have been able to establish with the earlier settlers at Plymouth. The Pilgrim Fathers appear to have been, not unnaturally, vigorously opposed to the introduction of the Church of England into their part of the New World.

But Winthrop, on the other hand, although a Puritan, had not relinquished his attachment to the Church of his fathers. It appears that it was with genuine cordiality that he accepted the equally cordial invitation of Mr. Blackstone, neither of them anticipating the final result of the experiment. Preparations were at once made to remove across Charles river. Half-built houses were taken down and set up again in the Boston that was to be, not without natural grumbling on the part of some who had gone farthest towards establishing themselves in the earlier territory. Winthrop himself is said to have transferred to Shawmut a dwelling partially constructed at Newtown (now Newton), where it had at first been planned to find a refuge from the insalubrity of Charlestown. Before the end of August, 1630, many of the colonists had passed over the narrow strait to Blackstone's peninsula.[15] At a Court held at Charlestown, September 17th of that year, the records of the *Massachusetts Company* declare, "It is ordered that Tri mountaine [the earlier new

[15] Drake's *History of Boston*, p. 95.

name for Shawmut] shall be called Boston," doubtless in honor of a daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, the Lady Arbella Johnson, who came from Boston, England, with Winthrop, in the ship *Arbella.*

By the beginning of winter fifteen hundred or two thousand settlers, including many additions to the first company, were dwelling where our hero had hitherto lived alone.

When Mr. Blackstone, in October, 1630, very naturally applied to his new neighbors to be made a freeman of the commonwealth seated upon his own estate, he rather incongruously met with a rebuff. Nor was it until the following May that his petition was granted. Indeed, had the later law, making church membership an absolute condition of the enjoyment of civil rights been already adopted, it is not likely that the first settler would ever have become a freeman in Boston, inasmuch as we are quaintly informed by Lechford, in his *Plain Dealing,* that the sturdy pioneer flatly refused to "join with the church." But he was, as it resulted, very appropriately if somewhat tardily, the first outsider to be permitted to take the freeman's oath.[16]

It has often been asserted that Mr. Blackstone had no tenure of his domain except that originating in first occupation. Cotton Mather's remarks, in his accustomed taunting strain, "There were also some godly Episcopalians; among whom has been reckoned Mr. Blackstone; who by happening to sleep first in an old house, upon a point of land there, laid claim to *all* the ground, whereupon there now stands the metropolis of the whole English America, until the inhabitants gave him satisfaction." [17] Batchelder declares, "Respecting the origin of his title to this land, nothing is now known."[18]

Even Blackstone himself appeared, at times, to rest his claim upon the bare right of possession.

There is a curious, but still strictly characteristic speech (said, rather doubtfully, to have been handed down by tradition), put into his mouth, in an old novel, entitled *The Humors of Eutopia,* of which an imaginary daughter of the clergyman figures as the heroine. When Winthrop is represented, in this romance, as at first inclined to oust Blackstone, with-

[16] Batchelder's *History of the Eastern Diocese,* I., pp. 314-15. Winthrop's *History of New England,* pp. 53-4. Arnold's *History of Rhode Island,* I., p. 16.

[17] Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana,* B. III., p. 7.

[18] Batchelder's *History of the Eastern Diocese,* I., p. 314.

out ceremony from the land he was, himself, about to occupy under a grant from the king, the early settler is declared to have rejoined: "The King asserteth sovereignty over this New Virginia [as New England was then called] in respect that John and Sebastian Cabot sailed along the coast, without even landing at any place; and if the quality of *sovereignty* can subsist upon the substitution of mere inspection surely the quality of *property* can subsist upon that of actual occupancy which is the foundation of my claim." [19]

But considering the nearly proved association of the first inhabitant of Boston with Robert Gorges, in the Weymouth expedition, and the fully proved circumstance, already adverted to, of his later acting as an agent of John Gorges, Robert's brother, it is extremely probable that, however his title may have been somewhat clouded by Gorges' subsequent surrender of his patent and the issue of another, covering the same territory, to Winthrop, Mr. Blackstone originally possessed Shawmut by purchase or grant from the "lieutenant-governor of New England." The evident disposition of the later comers to recognize the title of the earlier settler is a strong indication of its having been conceded to be of a legal origin. Drake remarks, upon this point, "It is certain that Blackstone had a good title to what he had, which was acknowledged by the settlers under Winthrop, who in due time bought his lands of him." [20] So, likewise, Daggett testifies, "It is now the accepted fact that Winthrop's Company acknowledged Blackstone's claim, under the Gorges' patent, to the territory subsequently granted to them and so purchased his right to the territory to which he had invited them." [21]

On April 1, 1633, the pioneer's rightful demand was quieted, to his apparent satisfaction, by his having "fifty acres of ground sett off for him neare to his house, in Boston, to injoy forever." [22] Even this restricted domain was about one sixteenth of Shawmut in its then existing form.

But "forever," in this case, did not last very long. No later than the following year, 1634, Mr. Blackstone saw seven-eighths of his fifty acres pass to the public, by purchase, probably not without some moral

[19] Bliss's *History of Rehoboth*, p. 3. Daggett's *History of Attleborough*, p. 66.
[20] Drake's *History of Boston*, p. 95.
[21] Daggett's *History of Attleborough*, p. 66. Note.
[22] *History of Attleborough*, 66, Note. Batchelder's *History of the Eastern Diocese*, I., p. 315. *Massachusetts Colonial Records*, I., p. 104.

compulsion, each of the householders, to the number of one hundred, paying him a minimum of six shillings. It would be interesting to calculate how many millions of dollars would express the value of forty-four acres in the heart of Boston to-day, then parted with for six hundred shillings.

As this public territory was set apart for a training-field and common pasture, corresponding, in location and extent very nearly with the far-famed Boston Common, it is not hard to trace its origin to this transaction, as has been previously intimated.

The former recluse,—recluse no longer,—reserved six acres,[23] including house, garden and small pasture, immediately around his dwelling, realizing by the proceeding at least thirty pounds sterling, which he later expended in the purchase of cattle for his final migration. It is gratifying to learn from a deposition made January 10, 1684, by a certain John Odlin, aged eighty-two, and three other "ancient dwellers and inhabitants of the town of Boston," that this sum was "paid to Mr. Blackstone, to his full content and satisfaction." [24]

By the year 1635, our hero seems to have become convinced that his Puritan neighbors did not very much enhance his happiness and that, with his inherent predilection for peace, he would better be seeking for himself a new home. The fact that it was at this juncture that he formulated his familiar pronouncement, the first part of which has already been quoted, "I left England because of my dislike of the Lord Bishops, but now I do not like the Lord Brethren," creates a presumption that some difference with the church authorities was the occasion of Blackstone's again folding his tent and seeking a new place of encampment.

Four days after the holding of the first General Court at Charlestown, John Wilson had been ordained pastor, or *teaching elder*. It is not impossible that the Church of England's parson's flat refusal to "join with the Church," under Mr. Wilson, may have served to develop whatever traces of the Old Adam still lingered in the good Puritan's heart. It would not have been unnatural. But it cannot be questioned that the moving cause of the separation was rather a general incompatibility between the two, than any unseemly quarrel.

Mr. Blackstone was not, like the founder of Rhode Island, who

[23] Batchelder's *History of the Eastern Diocese*, I., p. 315.
[24] Bliss's *History of Rehoboth*, p. 5. Daggett's *History of Attleborough*, pp. 66, 67.

followed him about a year later, forced to leave Massachusetts Bay. He appears to have parted pleasantly enough with his neighbors of five years standing and frequently to have visited Boston during the remaining forty years of his life.

His frame of mind at this crisis is well depicted by Mr. Amory, in his poem, *William Blackstone,* more conspicuous for its good sense than as an example of the *divine afflatus:*

When Antinomians disturbed
The peace that reigned before,
And women, gathered near at hand,
On husbands closed the door,
Dared boldly to assert their right
To think as they saw fit.

* * * * * *

Blackstone loved liberty of thought,
His views were too defined
For any subtle points like these
To fret his equal mind.
He told them plainly he had come
Of lord bishops to be rid,
And not disposed to be controlled
By lord brethren instead.

The "rate for £30 to Mr. Blackstone," alluded to above, was made in November, 1634, and his removal to that part of Rehoboth, which is now Cumberland, Rhode Island, occurred, in all probability, during the subsequent spring. This date agrees very well with Lechford's allusion, in his *Plain Dealing,* to "one Mr. Blaxton, a minister," who "went from Boston, having lived there nine or ten years," *i. e.,* from 1625 or 1626 to 1635. Thus was closed the career of William Blackstone in Massachusetts.

The disposition of the hermit's final six acres at his beloved Shawmut is too interesting to leave unnoticed. It seems as if the original atmosphere of refinement, engendered in the gentle scholar's day, has lingered over the spot ever since. After passing through various hands—first of all (perhaps in 1659), those of Richard Pepys, supposed to be a cousin of the famous diarist, Samuel Pepys, and later figuring as "Bannister's Gardens,"—the tract fell, previously to 170, into the possession of John Singleton Copley, the painter. On this charmed soil was it, that he produced the stately portraits, which still hang in the old houses of New

England, and that his noted son, Lord Lyndhurst, was born. When the artist decided to make London henceforth his home, he conveyed the estate to Harrison Gray Otis and Jonathan Mason.

In the immediate vicinity, doubtless upon a portion of Blackstone's garden and orchard, where grew probably the first rose-bushes and apple-trees in New England, have lived John Phillips, earliest mayor of the city of Boston and father of the brilliant Wendell Phillips, John Lothrop Motley in his boyhood, Dr. Channing, Vernon, Prescott, Francis Parkman, Charles Francis Adams, the philanthropist John McLean and David Sears.

DANIEL GOODWIN.

EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

## AT VALLEY FORGE TO-DAY.

ONE hundred and thirty Christmases have come and gone since the winter that George Washington spent at Valley Forge, until at length the ground has been opened to visitors, and the preservation of the spot insured for future generations.

The sufferings of the 11,000 Continentals in this camp during the dark winter of 1777-78, after the British occupation of Philadelphia, are the most pathetic chapters in the history of the American Revolution, and deserving of the tardy but adequate recognition finally given by a nation which has grown in these 130 years from questionable existence to world eminence.

Twenty-three and one-half miles from Philadelphia, along the banks of the Schuylkill, we rode, and then the brakeman called out, "Valley Forge." We alighted at the little station and looked about with interest. On the north lay the rich bottom lands of the Schuylkill. On the west was a deep gorge in the mountain wall of the Schuylkill, cut by Valley Creek, which here comes down from wide table lands above to join the larger stream, the walls of its gorge covered with heavy timber.

Where creek and river meet is a small, semi-circular plain, on which stands the hamlet of Valley Forge. In 1843, we learn from the old gazetteers, it contained two stores, a cotton factory of 2,000 spindles, a rolling mill, a gun factory, a flouring mill, thirty dwellings and some two hundred inhabitants. Now the mills are in ruins and, except for the park visitors, few signs of life are visible.

Washington's headquarters were in the village, but the historic encampment began on the hills to the east. One line swept south a mile or more on the high bluffs of the Schuylkill; another south on the constantly ascending right bank of Valley Creek to Mount Joy, to its highest point, thence southeast nearly a mile more, to Little Round Top, where Scott's, Wayne's and Poor's brigades were clustered; thence nearly due east a mile more to the King of Prussia Road. To follow the whole line requires a drive of eight miles or more.

For more than a hundred years no effort was made to secure and

preserve this, one of the most interesting spots in the annals of the race. The credit of initiating the movement for its preservation belongs to a woman, Mrs. Mary E. Thropp Corn, a native of Valley Forge, whose schoolgirl verses on the old Trappe Church, a few miles distant, led to the preservation of that historic edifice.

In 1882 she and her sister Amelia formed the Valley Forge Monument Association with Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., as treasurer, and George W. Childs a member. They appealed first to Congress, with the idea of making a national park of it, but Congress turned a deaf ear. Next they went to the Pennsylvania Legislature, and that body in 1893 appropriated $25,000 for acquiring the ground, and in 1895 $10,000 additional. Since then, in making roads, fences, and walks, and restoring the entrenchments, the State has spent $197,715 more, and now owns some 470 acres, covering all the points of interest, which is maintained as a public park free to all visitors.

We were so fortunate as to have for our companion in the tour of the encampment Major I. Heston Todd, an officer in Kilpatrick's cavalry during the Civil War, and a member of the first commission appointed by Pennsylvania for securing the grounds. Major Todd's residence is a stone's throw from the Waterman monument, and the Schuylkill line of encampment, and he has been one of the leaders in the movement for preservation, having given the land for several important positions.

Visitors usually begin the tour of the lines at the little station of Valley Forge, crossing the railroad and entering a smooth boulevard built by the State and winding up to the summit of the Heights, where it meets the River Road leading to Philadelphia.

Going up we passed on the right the camp of the Life Guard, the crack organization of the Continentals, formed in Virginia in 1776, soon after the siege of Boston, and which was chosen by Washington as a model corps for the execution of the maneuvers of Baron Steuben. It comprised a major's command, and gave its first exhibition drill here on April 6, 1778, at which time the men carried muskets and side arms, and wore blue coats with white facings, white waistcoats and breeches, black half gaiters, and cocked hats, with blue and white feathers.

From the summit one gets fine views of the valleys of the Schuylkill, and of Valley Creek, and can look southeast across a basin-like expanse of fruitful farms to the opposite line of encampments, running east from

the front line. At this point we turn southeast down the River Road, and come in half a mile to the Star Redoubt, and a short distance farther on to a forest marking the site of Varnum's brigade of Rhode Island and Connecticut troops.

This is a most interesting spot because here are a number of depressions marking the sites of the log huts which sheltered the soldiers during that severe winter. Fortunately, we know just how these huts were made, for explicit directions for building them were given in Washington's orders of the day. They were to be fourteen by sixteen feet each; the sides, ends, and roofs made with logs, the roof made tight with slabs, " or some other way," the sides made tight with clay, a fireplace made of wood and secured with clay on the inside eighteen inches thick, this fireplace to be in the rear of the huts; the door to be in the end next the street, to be made of split oak slabs " unless boards can be procured "; the side walls to be six feet and a half high. The officers' huts were to form a line in the rear of the troops, one hut to be allowed to each general officer, one to the staff of each brigade, one to the field officers of each regiment, and one to every twelve non-commissioned officers and soldiers.

The regiments were divided into squads of twelve, and Washington offered a bonus of twelve dollars to the squad which should erect its hut in the quickest and most workmanlike manner. He also offered one hundred dollars' reward to any officer or soldier who would invent a cheaper covering than boards.

The Daughters of the Revolution have restored one of these huts as it was. It stands on the edge of the wood, by the road, near the memorial chapel and bears a tablet over its door which reads:

On this spot stood one of the huts
Occupied by the soldiers of
Washington's Camp
During the winter of 1777-1778.

This reproduction was erected by
Colonial Chapter of Philadelphia
Daughters of the Revolution,
May, 1905.
Site was presented by I. Heston Todd.

Nearly opposite, across the road, out several rods in the meadow, is the only marked grave of the thousands who died here of their sufferings that terrible winter—the grave of Lieut. John Waterman. A few days before his death, so frequent were the deaths in camp, the following order was issued:

"The Funeral honours at the Interment of officers are for the future to be confined to a solemn procession of officers and soldiers in numbers suitable to the Rank of the Deceased, with reversed arms. Fireing on these occasions is to be abolished in camp."

So the procession came here in silence, but some friend of the dead raised a rough stone and cut on it, "J. W. 1778." It is the only gravestone of a soldier found on the encampment.

Beside it the Daughters of the Revolution have raised a fitting monument of granite to the memory of the men who died at Valley Forge. Its plinth bears the inscription:

"To the Soldiers of Washington's Army
Who sleep at Valley Forge, 1777-1778.

Erected by the
Daughters of the Revolution.

A paved walk leads from the monument back to the River Road, and a few yards east stands the unfinished Washington memorial chapel, on which the builders were at work when we inspected it. This will be, when completed, one of the most beautiful and interesting objects in the park.

It is the conception of the Rev. W. Herbert Burk, rector of All Saints' Church, Norristown, who has taken great interest in the work of restoring Valley Forge, and is the author of an excellent guide to the encampment. Its cornerstone was laid on the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the evacuation of Valley Forge, according to the rites of the Protestant Episcopal Church, "in memory of George Washington, communicant and lay reader of this church, and the patriotic churchmen and churchwomen who served their God and country in the struggle for liberty."

Shortly below this point the line of the Schuylkill ended, and we returned by the River Road to the State boulevard, and followed it along

the front line of entrenchments, parallel with Valley Creek, for nearly a mile, constantly ascending until we were near the summit of Mount Joy, loftiest of the spurs on this side of the creek, and dominated only by Mount Misery, which rises across the narrow valley.

"There is a tradition as to how these two peaks got their names," said Major Todd, as we drew rein. "This region is a portion of Mount Joy Manor, which William Penn granted to his daughter, Letitia, on October 27, 1701. While surveying it, Penn and his associates got lost, and, coming out on Mount Misery, could see nothing to the northward but peak on peak covered with forest, a most inhospitable wilderness. 'O misery,' exclaimed the great landholder. Then they crossed the valley to Mount Joy, and beheld southward a cleared country of farms, quite to Philadelphia. 'O Joy,' exclaimed Penn again, and the two mountains were thereafter known as Misery and Joy."

There is a well defined line of entrenchments to Mount Joy, and one complete earthwork, Fort Huntington, which the commission has enclosed in an iron fence to keep visitors off its grassy ramparts. All the way the smooth, hard boulevard follows them. On the summit of Mount Joy the State has erected an observatory one hundred and five feet high, from which one has a magnificent view of the surrounding country.

Around the east runs the line, and the road doubles on itself and describes a loop, in which stands another earthwork, Fort Washington. Then it skips a plain and reappears on an opposite hill—Little Round Top—where Scott's, Wayne's, and Poor's brigades were quartered. But before riding thither we digressed, took a newly made road that led us around under Mount Joy, and crossed Valley Creek by a covered bridge.

Just before reaching the bridge, Major Todd pointed out a fine old country house on the estate of the present Senator Knox, as the headquarters of Gen. Knox, Washington's chief of artillery. The summer home of the Senator is just beyond. We passed it, descended a sharp hill, crossed the creek with the beautiful Chester Valley opening above, and came to a house, one of the best specimens of old Pennsylvania Dutch architecture we had seen. We were told it was the headquarters of Gen. Lafayette, in 1778, and scarcely a bit changed from his time.

Then back we drove, over to Little Round Top and along by the site of the brigades quartered there, until we came to the Gulph Road, the only feasible route by which Howe could have attacked the camp, and

which the forts and entrenchments we had visited were raised to command. We returned to the bridge by this narrow, stony road, leaving unvisited the right line of entrenchments, which promised nothing of special interest—for Washington's headquarters still remained to be seen.

Tourists with but little time at their disposal usually visit the headquarters first. It is some four hundred feet west of the station, a substantial stone structure exceedingly well preserved, two stories high, and connected by a covered way with a stone kitchen. Tradition places the date of its erection prior to 1768. When the Continentals marched in it was the residence of Isaac Potts, a sturdy Quaker, and the great man of the hamlet, owner of the valley mill and of many acres.

The familiar account of how he once witnessed Washington at prayer in the forest nearby, has often been doubted, but it comes down to this material and unbelieving generation from Ruth Anna, daughter of Isaac Potts, who had it from her father's lips. Potts at once invited the commander-in-chief to his house, which became headquarters while the army lay at Valley Forge.

The house is comparatively small, 21 feet 6 inches across the front and 30 feet 6 inches deep. There are five rooms. The front room has a large fireplace and closet, and is connected with an adjoining room by a "secret passage," as it has been called, a small entry with an outer door so arranged that any one stepping into it from either room could escape by the door, though to appearances he simply stepped into the next room. This "next room" was Washington's business office.

In a letter Mrs. Washington, the wife of the general, thus describes this room: "The apartment for business is only about sixteen feet square, and has a large fireplace. The house is built of stone. The walls are very thick, and below a deep east window, out of which the general can look upon the encampment, he had a box made which appears as a part of the casement, with a blind trap door at top in which he keeps his valuable papers."

The box still remains. It is 10½ inches deep, and divided into two compartments. This was for his state papers. Always there was the possibility of a dash by the British to capture his person and papers, and this box was designed to conceal the latter. Mrs. Henry Drinker came with a committee of Friends to seek the release of certain of her sect confined at Winchester, and wrote this interesting note about it under date of April 7:

"Arrived at Headquarters at about ½ past one. We requested an audience with the General, and sat with his wife (a sociable, pretty kind of woman) until he came in. A number of officers were there who were very complaisant, Tench Tilghman among ye rest. It was not long before G. Washington came, and discoursed with us freely, but not so long as we could have wished as dinner was served to which he invited us. There were 15 Officers besides ye G. and his wife, Gen. Greene and Gen. Lee. We had an elegant dinner which was soon over when we went out with ye Genl's wife up to her Chamber—and saw no more of him."

The old headquarters house was purchased some years before the movement for acquiring the grounds was inaugurated. To accomplish it the Centennial and Memorial Association of Valley Forge was formed in 1878, at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the evacuation. The association made a public appeal for funds, and issued a certificate of one share of stock in the association to every person who contributed a dollar. The house and one and one-half acres of land were purchased for $6,000.

Unable to pay the mortgage off, the association appealed to the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America, and that order in six months paid off the entire indebtedness, receiving in return a share in the management. The order also carried the matter to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and secured an appropriation of $5,000 to carry on the work of the association.

Additional ground was purchased in 1889 and 1904. In the latter year, the Valley Forge Park Commission (having in the meantime been formed) reported in favor of the State's acquiring the property, and on August 15, 1905, the commission took formal possession of it, paying the association $18,000 for its property. The movement to secure it was made in good time, as it was about to be sold for factory purposes.

The headquarters is used as a museum of historical relics. One of them has a story connected with it—the powder-horn of Jabez Rockwell, which has his name cut on it and this record:

Jabez Rockwell of Ridgebury,
Conn. His Horn, made in
Camp at Valley Forge,
first used at Monmouth, June 28, 1778,
Last at Yorktown, 1781.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

*Evening Post*, N. Y.

## MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD GRIDLEY.

(*Second Paper*)

BUT the people of France were bent on the recovery of their "Dunkerque of America," and the following year (1746), the Duke D'Anville, in command of a large fleet, sailed toward our shores. Governor Shirley employed Gridley to draw designs for a battery and other fortifications on Governor's Island in Boston Harbor; and from September until the cold weather set in, Gridley was employed, night and day, upon Castle William,[18] drawing all the plans for the work, both for masons and carpenters. The spring and the summer of the following year were spent in completing the fortifications about the harbor. But the famous fleet of the accomplished and elegant D'Anville was, like the Spanish Armada, scattered to the four winds of heaven.

For several years Gridley saw no active service, as the regiment of General Shirley, in which he held a captaincy, was disbanded in 1749. In 1752 we find him in attendance upon the Governor in his journey to the Kennebec, and Fort Western, the site of which is now occupied by the city of Augusta, and Fort Halifax, a few miles further up the Kennebec River, were erected under his supervision.[19] In 1755 he again entered the army as Chief Engineer, and the House of Representatives (September9, 1755), knowing the absolute need of persons that understood the artillery, voted that "Colonel Richard Gridley be desired, for the necessity of the service, to assist them in that part, and that his Honor, the Lieutenant Governor, be desired to appoint him Colonel of one of the regiments to be raised for that (Crown Point) expedition, and that an express be immediately dispatched to him for his answer." The answer was favorable. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Provincial Artillery, Colonel of Infantry, and was to receive in addition to the pay of the latter position, the same compensation he had received at the siege of Louisburg.[20] Accompanied by his brother, Samuel Gridley, who had been appointed commissary in his own regiment,[21] Richard joined the expedition against Crown Point, and under his supervision, Fort William Henry and all the fortifications around Lake George were constructed.[22]

[18] Mass. Arch., Vol. lxxiv, p. 14.
[19] Swett's Bunker Hill.
[20] Mass. Arch., Vol. lxxiv.
[21] Mass. Arch., Vol. lxxv, p. 298.
[22] Curwen's Life, p. 555. Lossing's Rev., Vol. 1, p. 546. Life of Pepperrell, p. 281.

Having complete control of the artillery, the duties of the extensive command with which the Governor had honored him rendered it liable for him to be absent from his regiment, giving directions to the train. In the spring of 1756, therefore, two Lieutenant-Colonels were, at his suggestion, attached to his regiment.[23] In June of the same year we find him, under General Winslow at Albany, forming a camp at Half Moon, and drilling his men. He was not supplied either with provisions or with tools; his ammunition was unfit for use; his gun carriages were constantly breaking. But in these adverse circumstances, he writes: "You may depend upon it, the army will push forward, let the consequences be what they will, and if we are not provided with those things which are of consequence to us, and may be provided, it's entangling us more than we ought to be."[24] And the army did push forward; but ere it reached Crown Point, the sad news of the fall of Forts Oswego and Ontario caused it to return to a place of safety, and the campaign against Canada was ended for that year.

Gridley was not only the trusted officer, but the valued friend of Winslow, and was selected by that General to accompany him when, on the fourth of August, 1756, he went, "with our Chief Engineer, Colonel Gridley," to meet his Excellency, the Earl of Loudoun, then Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's forces in America.[25] On the muster roll of Gridley's regiment this year, appears, as Second Lieutenant, the name of Paul Revere, who had just attained his majority. In 1757 Governor Pownall ordered Gridley to prepare and form a train of artillery. This he did, and sailed for Halifax, intending to visit Louisburg; but the expedition was turned from its purpose by the proximity of the French fleet.

Cape Breton having been restored to France, Louisburg in 1758, again became the scene of contention and hostilities. Gridley revisited his earliest field of glory, and was present at the second taking of the city. He had charge of the advanced stores of the army, and so distinguished himself at the siege, that on the evacuation of the city by the French, Lord Amherst offered him the valuable furniture of the French Governor's residence, which offer he, with chivalrous delicacy, declined, ever unwilling to appropriate to his private use spoils taken from an enemy.

[23] Mass Arch., Vol. lv, pp. 181, 305.
[24] Mass. Arch., Vol. iv, p. 341.
[25] Mass. Hist. Soc. Col., Vol. vi, p. 36.

In 1759 Gridley was appointed by General Amherst to the distinguished honor of commanding the Provincial Artillery, which, under General Wolfe, was about to besiege Quebec; his knowledge of the needs of an army was so exact, that he was applied to for information respecting the quantity of provisions and clothing the Provincial troops would require during the siege. General Amherst did not form a junction with Wolfe, deeming the slender forces of the latter inadequate to the capture of a city so strongly fortified by nature and art. Notwithstanding discouragements and disappointments, Colonel Gridley and the other principal officers warmly seconded the hazardous plan conceived by Wolfe, and with intrepidity and valor, landed in the night under the Plains of Abraham, and succeeded in attaining the summit of that precipice. It was Gridley's corps that dragged up the only two field pieces which were raised to the heights.[26] And in the battle which ensued, when the two gallant armies, in proud array, with flags and banners, and bright, glittering arms, met in the heat of conflict, Gridley fought with bravery, and stood by the side of his renowned commander when that gallant officer fell, victorious.

Peace having been restored, Gridley went to England to adjust his accounts with the government. He was received abroad with great cordiality. For his distinguished services, the Magdalen Isles, with an extensive seal and cod fishery, and half-pay as a British officer, were conferred upon him. Much of his time was passed during the next few years at his island home. He was not troubled by wars or rumors of wars. In 1762 he purchased a house in Prince Street in Boston; whether he occupied it himself or not is uncertain. It was in 1773 that the Governor of New Hampshire, in acknowledgment of his meritorious services, granted him three thousand acres of land. Advancing years induced him to resign the business at Magdalen Islands to his sons.

In 1770, Richard Gridley, Esquire, purchased of Edmund Quincy one-half of Massapog Pond in Sharon, for the sake of procuring from its bed iron ore.[27] He also, in connection with Edmund Quincy, purchased or erected a furnace for smelting the ore. It is probable that he came to reside in this town in 1773, as we find him taxed in his individual name that year for the first time, and the designation "of Boston" is dispensed with.[28] He was now sixty-two years of age. To himself and to his contemporaries it must have seemed as if his work was done,

[26] Everett's Orations, Vol. i, p. 393.
[27] Suffolk Registry, Vol. cxxi, p. 93.
[28] Stoughton Tax List.

and that nothing remained to him but to enjoy the consciousness of a well-spent life. With the honors of a veteran of the French wars, and a pension from the Crown, he might pass the remainder of his life in his rural home at Canton, with comfort and with the respect of his countrymen. But it was not so to be.

General Joseph Warren was an intimate friend of Gridley's. It is asserted that as early as 1774 they signed a secret agreement, pledging themselves in case of an open rupture with the Mother Country, that they would together join the Patriot Army.[29] Be this as it may, Warren writes in January, 1775:—" Mr. Gridley, as an engineer, is much wanted. We have an opportunity of obliging him, which will, I believe, secure him to us in case of necessity." [30]

At the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, despite his age, he eagerly accepted the overtures that were made to him by his appreciative countrymen. They could ill spare one of such marked ability in the profession of arms. The men who had seen service in Nova Scotia and Canada were the very men needed to regulate and discipline troops who possessed, at this period, only one of the requisites of a soldier, courage. Throwing aside, then, the inducements which would naturally have held him to the service of the King, Colonel Gridley, in answer to a letter from his British agent in England, requesting to be informed on which side he should take up arms, replied:—" I shall fight for justice and my country; " [31] and cast his lot with the Patriots. His half-pay ceased, and the arrears already due, he had too much spirit to receive.

On the 21st of April, 1775, the Provincial Congress voted " that a courier be dispatched to Stoughton to require the immediate attendance upon the Committee of Safety, of Colonel Richard Gridley and his son, Scarborough Gridley." [32] Gridley was appointed to the command of the First Regiment of Artillery, the only artillery regiment in the Provinces at the opening of the war.[33] He was requested to select proper persons for officers, and we observe the name of Scarborough Gridley [34] as Second

[29] N. E. Hist. Reg., Vol. xii, p. 351.
[30] N. E. Hist. Reg., Vol. xxx, p. 307.
[31] A. H. Everett's B. H. Oration, 1836, p. 18.
[32] Jour. Prov. Cong., p. 520 [33] Bradford's N. E. Biog., p. 213.
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Major. Ezra and Stephen Badlam appear respectively as First and Second Lieutenants in Samuel Gridley's Company, all Canton men.[35] The second day after the meeting of the Provincial Congress at Concord, April 23, 1775, it was "Resolved that an army of thirty thousand men was needed for the defence of the country." Artemas Ward, who had served under Abercrombie, was appointed Commander-in-Chief; and it was further "Resolved that Richard Gridley, Esq., be and hereby is, appointed Chief Engineer of the forces now raising in the Colony for the defence of the rights of the American Continent, and that there be paid to the said Richard Gridley, out of the public treasury of this Colony, during his continuance in that service, at the rate of £170 per annum; and it is further resolved that from and after the time when the said forces shall be disbanded, during the life of said Gridley, there shall be paid to him, out of the said treasury, the sum of £123 per annum."[36]

On the 26th of April, Gridley entered the service and was soon actively engaged in the duties of his office. During this time he was stationed at Cambridge, and was in constant communication with the Provincial Congress, desiring them to appoint clerks, to keep carefully the account of ordnance, stores, etc.[37] In May, Colonel Henshaw, Colonel Gridley, and Richard Devens, were ordered by General Ward to view the heights in Charlestown. They attended to this duty, and reported it

determined, as he said, to cover the retreat, which he considered inevitable. Col. Frye, seeing Gridley, the younger, in this position, said to him, "What are you waiting here for?" "We are waiting to cover the retreat." "Retreat!" cries the veteran, "who talks of retreating? This day, thirty years ago, I was present at the taking of Louisburg, when your father with his own hand lodged a shell in the citadel. His son was not born to talk of retreating; Forward, to the lines!" Gridley proceeded a short distance with his artillery, but overcome with terror, ordered his men back upon Cobble Hill, to fire with three-pounders upon the Glasgow and the floating batteries. This order was so absurd that Capt. Trevett refused to obey it and proceeded to the scene of action with two pieces of artillery; this little fragment of Gridley's battery was the only re-enforcement that the Americans received during the battle. For his conduct at the battle, Scarborough was tried by court-martial, Maj. Gen. Greene presiding. The sentence of the court, Sept. 24, 1775, was, that for "being deficient in his duty upon the 17th of June last, the day of the action upon Bunker's Hill, the court find Major Scarborough Gridley guilty of a breach of orders. They do, therefore, dismiss him from the Massachusetts service, but on account of his inexperience and youth, and the great confusion that attended the day's transactions in general, they do not consider him incapable of a Continental commission, should the general officers recommend him to his Excellency." (Frothingham, p. 185.) Several persons, living and dead, have confounded Scarborough with Richard Gridley. Samuel Gridley was also a son of the General.

[35] Mass. Arch., vol. xlvi, p. 276.

[36] Mass. Arch. vol. lxxx, p. 601, 640.

[37] Mass. Arch. cxlvi, p. 154.

advisable to fortify, first Prospect, then Bunker's, and finally, Breed's Hill.

On the 16th of June, 1775, Prescott received orders from General Artemas Ward to proceed that evening to Bunker's Hill and build fortifications, which were to be planned by Colonel Richard Gridley, the accomplished Chief Engineer.[38] At the hour of sunset the troops assembled on the Common, in front of Ward's headquarters, provided with packs, blankets and provisions. They soon set out on their silent march, preceded by two sergeants with dark lanterns. The son of Colonel Gridley, Captain Samuel Gridley, with his company of fifty men, and two field pieces, accompanied and formed part of the expedition. Slowly they proceeded through the quiet of the night, toward Charlestown, the only sound that greeted their ears being the drowsy cry of "All's well!" from the sentry on the Boston shore. They reached the heights in about an hour, when the question arose whether Breed's or Bunker's Hill was the proper one whereon to erect fortifications. The consultation was long and acrimonious. Time was precious. The veteran Gridley urged with all the force of his ardent nature that Bunker's Hill was the only proper one whereon to erect breastworks.[39] He sustained his opinion by examples from his own experience and from the chronicles of military history. One of the generals coincided with him, but the other was stubborn, and determined not to yield. At length Gridley said to the latter, "Sir, the moments are precious, we must decide at once. Since you will not give up your individual opinion to ours, we will give up to you. Action, and that instantly, only can save us." Thus the obstinacy and stubbornness of this general decided the matter, and Breed's Hill was the one selected.[40]

The first detachment had no sooner reached the hill than Gridley began to mark out the plan of the fortifications. With his usual celerity he drew his lines with a genius and skill that would have done honor to the most experienced engineer in the veteran armies of the old world,[41] gave orders to his men, and when not busy in directing others, worked himself, spade in hand, throwing up the fortifications which were to be the protection of the embryo nation. It was near being a fatal mistake for one having such knowledge and ability to do the manual labor, which could better have been done by a farmer's boy from Berkshire. The next morning, that never to be forgotten Seventeenth of June, Gridley

[38] Frothingham Siege, p. 122. Tarbox Life of Putnam, p. 127. Irving's Life of Washington, vol. i, 468.

[39] Cutter's Life of General Putnam, p. 166.

[40] Irving's Life of Washington, vol. i, p. 467. Frothingham's Siege, p. 123.

[41] Cutter's Life of Putnam, p. 166. Hale—"100 Years Ago," p. 30.

was unwell, owing to his fatigue of the night previous, and was obliged to leave the hill; but to the joy of all, he so far recovered as to return later in the day. He immediately placed himself at the head of his own battery of artillery, and, judging from all accounts, it was poor enough. It had been raised especially for Gridley, and great exertions had been made to complete it. It was believed, if confided to him, it would do great execution; yet notwithstanding all that had been done, at the time of the battle it consisted of only ten companies and four hundred and seventeen men. It had only two brass pieces and six iron six-pounders. The brass pieces were those which have since been known as the "Adams" and "Hancock," a *fac-simile* of which adorns the monument we this day dedicate.[42] Gridley seizing one of these brass pieces, pushed bravely forward, and aided in discharging it, until it was disabled and he was obliged to order it to the rear. During the whole engagement, well knowing that a price had been set upon his head by the British Government, Gridley never flinched, but was exposed to the severest fire of the enemy. He ascended the hill with the intrepid Warren, was near him and saw him fall.[43] Almost at the same time he was himself struck by a musket ball in the leg. An historian, describing the state of affairs at this critical moment, says:—"Warren was killed, and left on the field; Gridley was wounded."[44] All seemed to be lost. Finding that he could do no more, Gridley entered his sulky to be carried off, but meeting with some obstruction, had but just vacated it, when the horse was killed and the sulky riddled by the bullets of the enemy. The British sharpshooters could not overlook so prominent a mark, and rightly surmising that the vehicle contained some person high in authority, they directed their fire towards it with such accuracy that had Gridley been in it, he would most certainly have been killed. The next day one of his neighbors from Canton went to Boston and conveyed him home.[45] His wound could not have been very serious, for a few days after, assisted by his son, Scarborough Gridley, he took charge of a battery placed at the Highlands.[46]

D. T. V. HUNTOON.

CANTON, MASS.

[42] Swett's Battle of B. H. p. 5.
[43] Columbian Centinel, June 22, 1796.
[44] Frothingham, p. 151.
[45] Enoch Leonard.
[46] Frothingham, p. 212.

(*To be continued.*)

# KANSAS COUNTY NAMES.

GEOGRAPHICALLY the Sunflower State is remarkable as being almost an exact parallelogram, serving as a useful standard of area to superpose on other regions in the geographies—politically she is unique in having so large a part of her population veteran soldiers of the Union Army; and in county nomenclature she is unique in having changed the names of over one-third her total number. Finally, she is notable for having many counties named for Union soldiers, most of them unknown outside their State. The humble private soldier, popular with his comrades, is here commemorated in many cases, by a distinction older States have neglected to confer on their sons of national reputation. On the other hand, she has openly neglected, as we shall see, men who should have had immediate recognition at her hands.

Her county names fall readily into three classes—first, the usual list of national heroes and sages; second, the Indian tribes, once her only population; third, the Union soldiers. In the first we find Salmon P. Chase, Clay, Stephen A. Douglas, Franklin, Hamilton, Jackson, Jefferson, Stanton, Thaddeus Stevens, Sumner and Washington. Yet two equally distinguished names have been " wiped out "—Washington Irving and James Madison; the former one of the very few instances of a literary man having a county named for him. The scholar in politics need not look for such recognition as comes frequently to " practical " men. The Indian-named counties preserve the memory of some of the most warlike tribes that ever fought sturdy frontiersmen, or intrepid soldiers under leaders like Sheridan, Custer or Forsyth. The Cherokee (the most civilized of all), Cheyenne, Comanche and Kiowa (the three chief fighters), Miami, Osage (this tribe has also an enduring horticultural remembrance, in the Osage orange shrub), Ottawa, Pawnee, Pottawatomie, Shawnee, Wichita and Wyandotte tribes, are all thus remembered.

As to the changed names they number thirty-two in all; a remarkable record surely. Some, after existing a number of years, were changed for something totally different; while in one case, possibly the only one of the kind ever known, the question of change was left to be decided by popular vote. It was carried by a majority of less than a hundred

votes; and when we add that the decision was in favor of naming the county for John W. Geary, a Union soldier and later Governor of Pennsylvania, whereas it had for many years been Davis County, in honor of Jefferson Davis—it will be obvious that in that section at least Union soldiers were not very numerous.

Horace Greeley, the ardent and practical friend of Kansas in her troubled days, has not been forgotten. Strangely enough her other equally staunch Eastern friends, Gerrit Smith, Henry Ward Beecher, George L. Stearns and Nathaniel Thayer, have all been forgotten. Strangest of all John Brown has been neglected, while many men never heard of outside of Kansas, nor perhaps generally known even in it, have secured recognition. Allen County was named for William Allen, Senator from Ohio, 1837-'49, and Anderson County for Joseph C. Anderson, a member of the Legislature while Kansas was yet a territory. David R. Atchison, Senator from Missouri, 1843-'55, has Atchison County to his credit. Happily the men who died to make Kansas a free State have not been entirely neglected. Thomas W. Barber, murdered by pro-slavery men near Lawrence in 1855, and William Phillips, at Leavenworth in 1856, each have a county. One of the few women whose names have been given to counties in any States, is Miss Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross Society, whom Kansas thus recognizes. Bourbon County, in the banner Prohibition State, is so obvious an anomaly that it is strange indeed that it still remains; while St. John County, named for the temperance leader, Governor and Presidential candidate, has disappeared.

There is a Brown County, but not named for the man who, more than any other one person, made Kansas celebrated throughout the world—but for an O. H. Brown, member of the first Territorial legislature. Verily, a prophet hath no honor in his own country. The man of whom the Virginia Governor who hung him said: "John Brown was a great man," has no remembrance in the State he saved for Freedom. (Perhaps it was to "even things" that the name of Wise County was dropped.)

Two singular instances in a Free Soil State are R. M. T. Hunter, Virginia Senator, 1847-'61, and A. P. Butler, from South Carolina, 1847-'57. How did either come to be represented by a Kansas county? (General O. O. Howard's name took Hunter's place, only to disappear in its turn. The General lives, a remarkable instance of ingratitude from an old-soldier State.)

Nor was Finney County named for the great anti-slavery orator and president of Oberlin College, but for David W. Finney, lieutenant governor in 1881-'85.

The list of Union soldiers' names is quite a long one. Beginning with Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Logan, Kearny (Fremont, Commodore Foote, and Garfield were counties once!), we find William F. Cloud, Colonel of the Second Kansas, Matthew Cowley, lieutenant of the Ninth; Charles F. Clarke, Sixth Kansas Cavalry; Marion Harper, sergeant Second Kansas; Amos Hodgeman, captain in the Seventh; Lewis R. Jewell, lieutenant colonel Sixth Kansas Cavalry; John C. Rooks, a private of the Eleventh Kansas Cavalry; Avra Russell, captain in the Second, and Samuel J. Crawford, his colonel, and Alexander Rush, captain in the Second Kansas Colored Cavalry. Caleb Pratt, lieutenant of the Second (Infantry), is commemorated by a county, as is also his general, Nathaniel Lyon. Both were killed at the desperate fight of Wilson's Creek. Rice County is for Brigadier General Samuel A. Rice, who was killed at Jenkins' Ferry, Ark., in 1864. William D. Mitchell, another Kansas private, killed in 1865, has Mitchell County as his monument. Corporal Noah V. Ness, of the Seventh, Captain Orloff Norton of the Fifteenth, Private Vincent B. Osborne of the Second, Lieutenant George Ellis of the Twelfth, Captains John L. Graham and Edward P. Trego of the Eighth, who died at Chickamauga, Grenville L. Gove of the Eleventh (cavalry), and Lewis Stafford of the First Infantry,—all have their memories kept green by counties named for them. Harvey County was named for James M. Harvey, who was a captain in the Tenth, and afterwards Governor and National Senator.

Nor are Kansas soldiers the only ones thus commemorated. General Jesse L. Reno, of the Army of the Potomac, General Rawlins, Grant's chief of staff, who also has a statue in Washington, Colonel James H. Ford, of the Second Colorado Cavalry, General McPherson of the Fifteenth Corps, killed at Atlanta, Lieutenant Allen Ellsworth, Seventh Iowa, General John Sedgwick of the Sixth Corps, and W. H. L. Wallace, dead at Shiloh, and Judson Smith, Colonel Second Colorado, are all county names.

Not a solitary representative of the Union Navy (except Commodore Foote, as before noted) has been recognized by Kansas. Of the old Navy Commodore Decatur is the only one. Of the Old Army are three representatives: General Scott, General Bennet H. Riley, whose name

was on the Army Register from 1813 to 1853, and General Henry Leavenworth (for whom also the city of Leavenworth, and Fort Leavenworth are named).

Further back in history, Montgomery, the hero of Quebec, and Marion, the "Swamp Fox," have counties named for them—in whose lifetime the name of Kansas was unknown and a foreign power held all the territory west of the Mississippi.

Of the men who were locally prominent in their day, Coffey County is named for A. M. Coffey, Marshall for Francis J. Marshall, both of them being members of the legislature when Kansas was a territory. So, too, Gray County was named in honor of Alfred Gray, once Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, Greenwood for Alfred B. Greenwood, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1859-'60, Haskell for Congressman Dudley C. (1876-'83), Edwards for W. C. Edwards, a "leading citizen," Doniphan for Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan, of the Mexican War.

Chief Justice Samuel Kingman of the Kansas Supreme Court, is remembered by Kingman County, and Daniel Woodson, who was the Secretary of Kansas Territory from 1854 to 1857, by Woodson County. A "sutler and merchant" of Fort Scott (1843-'45), Hiero T. Wilson had admirers who secured the naming of a county for him. One county commemorates a clergyman whose long labors in what must have been as discouraging as obscure a field, doubtless deserved more substantial recognition—Rev. Thomas Johnson, "missionary to the Shawnee Indians, 1829-1858."

At the opposite pole from Mr. Johnson was "Jim" Lane, Senator from Kansas, 1861-'66, for whom Lane County was named.

Quite a number of counties bear the names of persons not apparently in any way connected with Kansas. Such are Lewis F. Linn, who was a Senator from Missouri, 1833-'43; Thomas Morris, Senator from Ohio, 1833-'39; Oliver P. Morton, the War Governor of Indiana, and Daniel S. Dickinson, Senator from New York, 1844-'51.

Three counties take their names from rivers—Labette, Nemaha and Neosho, and one is particularly well named, as preserving the name of one of the noblest of American mammals, which formerly roamed in great herds over the Kansas prairies—the Elk. Though so many of her

# GURDON SALTONSTALL HUBBARD: A PIONEER

*Introduction by President Head of the Society*

A long time ago, a young man, born in Vermont, and less than seventeen years of age, landed from a canoe at a point on the banks of the Chicago River near the site of Old Fort Dearborn, and where was a small trading-post for the purchase of furs from the Indians. No signs of what was to be, ultimately, one of the greatest commercial cities on the continent were yet visible. This young man, Gurdon S. Hubbard, was a clerk employed by the American Fur Company, whose profits laid the foundation of the colossal fortune of John Jacob Astor. Mr. Hubbard's exceptional ability, enterprise, and integrity soon commended him to his employer for promotion, and as the years went by, he visited the centers of the fur-collecting business in what are now known as the states of the Middle West, and also of a large part of Canada, having the general superintendence of the business of the company in this great region. The travels of Mr. Hubbard during this period had made him measurably familiar with the geography of the two great valleys of North America. To the east of Chicago lay the valley of the St. Lawrence River, draining the waters of the great lakes and their tributaries into the Atlantic Ocean. To the west of Chicago was the great Mississippi Valley, draining the waters of the greater portion of the region, extending from the Alleghany Mountains on the east to the Rocky Mountains on the west, into the Gulf of Mexico. Before the construction of highways upon the land, and in the days of the primitive people of North America, and of the early settlers of these two great valleys, nearly all the business was done upon the various waterways. Long before Columbus set out from Palos, the Indians in the valley of the St. Lawrence, in their expeditions for trade with the Indians of the Mississippi Valley, met them at Chicago River, where these two great valleys had their nearest point of meeting. As the white people commenced to settle in different parts of these great regions, they naturally met at the same point that had been selected for ages by the primitive peoples as their point for conference and trade. Mr. Hubbard's familiarity with the geography of these great regions brought to him early a vivid realization that the mouth of the Chicago River was the commercial centre of the future inland empire. He then became interested early in the business of the little frontier village, after a time made it his home, and until his death in 1886 was an intelligent and much-honored citizen of the metropolis. Chicago never had a more loyal son. To the day of his death, he was interested in all matters for the promotion of the growth and development of the city, and was an active and efficient worker in all schemes for the upbuilding and improvement of the city's life.

THE task which Mrs. Hubbard has assigned to me, that of presenting to this Society a bronze tablet in memory of her husband, is one I might well wish had been entrusted to abler hands.

The early life of Mr. Hubbard was filled with incidents of thrilling interest. Shortly after his death, a memorial volume, that I had the pleasure of preparing, was published for distribution among his friends.

—Read before the Chicago Historical Society.

This little volume contained every incident of interest, with which his family was familiar, and from this volume my paper of this evening is drawn. You, therefore, who are familiar with it, will hear nothing new or original. I have endeavored to show, more particularly, the thrilling and pathetic experiences through which he passed, as a boy, and to that end have selected those that appeal to me most strongly. It has been my endeavor also, to present them as nearly as possible, in Mr. Hubbard's own language, thus making this paper in some respects an autobiographical sketch.

The history of our country could not be written without recording the life and deeds of our New England forefathers. From the landing of the Pilgrims to the war of the Revolution and down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, they were called upon to endure hardships and privations which we of the present day can not realize.

A God-fearing and a God-loving people, were these old New Englanders, patriotic, brave, and faithful. From their youth, they were familiar with perils and hardships. They hewed their way through the forests, established their homes in the wilderness, and became the advanced guards of civilization and Christianity.

From such men and women, Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard descended. He was born at Windsor, Vermont, August 22, 1802, and was the son of Elizar Hubbard and Abigail Sage, the daughter of General Comfort Sage and Sarah Hamlin of Middletown, Conn. His grandfather, George Hubbard, was a captain in the war of the Revolution and his uncle, George, junior, was a drummer-boy, and drummed at the execution of Major André.

Mr. Hubbard's father, a lawyer by profession, about the year 1810, entered into some speculations that resulted disastrously, caused the loss of his property as well as his clients, and he decided to remove to Montreal, which he did in the spring of 1815. Young Gurdon had, in the meantime, been sent to Bridgewater, Mass., to reside with his aunt, Mrs. Saltonstall, and he there entered upon a course of study under the tutelage of the Rev. Daniel Huntington. Mr. Hubbard states that he took no interest in books, was backward in his studies and was miserable and discontented. As he constantly pleaded to be allowed to return to his parents, it was decided to have him do so, and about the first of May, he rejoined his family and accompanied them to Montreal. On arriving there, his

father learned that he could not obtain a license to practice law, until he had resided in the Dominion for five years, so was compelled to content himself with clerical work which produced but a meagre income.

Young Gurdon, with twenty-five cents of borrowed capital, embarked in traffic. Of the farmers, he bought butter, poultry, cheese, and other commodities, these he peddled throughout the town; in this manner he accumulated about one hundred dollars, that went into the family treasury. From that time, all through his life, he contributed from his means, to the support of his mother and sisters.

The following spring, being then fourteen years of age, he procured a position in a hardware store, where he slept on the counter and was given his board in pay for his services. It was during his service as a clerk in this store that he made the acquaintance of William Matthews, who was employed by John Jacob Astor.

Mr. Matthews had been commissioned to engage clerks and Canadian voyagers for service of the American Fur Company in the Indian country, and also to purchase goods for the Indian trade. To him, young Hubbard applied for a position as a clerk. Mr. Matthews hesitated to employ one so young, and Mr. Hubbard's parents were unwilling to have him engage in so perilous an enterprise. However, his persistency finally won a reluctant consent from both, and he was engaged for a term of five years at an annual salary of one hundred and twenty dollars. Fifty dollars was advanced to him, which his mother expended for his outfit.

Mr. Hubbard says, " a part of my outfit consisted of a swallow-tailed coat and pantaloons and vest, all of which were much too large for me, and were designed to be filled by my future growth."

On May 13, 1818, he says " I started for Lachine, where I arrived about nine o'clock in the morning and reported for duty. Later in the day, the expedition started on its way to Mackinac Island. The boats were heavily laden, and were propelled by oars and poles, and their progress up the St. Lawrence River was necessarily slow."

At times, when rapids were to be overcome, three to five miles was a full day's journey. The men were fed exclusively upon pea soup and salt pork, with an extra allowance of hard biscuit on Sunday. The clerks messed by themselves, and their tables were supplied with salt pork and pea soup, and in addition they were allowed tea, sugar, hardbread, and such fresh meats as could be procured from time to time.

Breakfast was eaten at daybreak and soon after sunrise, the boats were under way. One hour was allowed at noon for dinner, and at sundown, camp was made for the night. A month was occupied in reaching Toronto, then a town of about three hundred inhabitants and called Little York.

At this point, ox-teams were employed to transport the goods and drag the boats through Yonge Street to Lake Simcoe. This portage occupied two weeks' time. From Lake Simcoe they proceeded by the Not-ta-wa-sa-ga portage, thence down the river of that name into Lake Huron, which they coasted.

In the afternoon of July 3, they reached Goose Island and camped in sight of Michilimackinac—The Great Turtle—and on the following day, they landed on the east side of the island, at the foot of Robinson's Folly.

Closely interwoven with the history of Illinois and of our own city, is that of Mackinac Island. Situated as it is, at the head of Lake Michigan and at the entrance to Lake Huron, it seems to have been designed by nature as the rendezvous of the early explorers and fur-traders. It was from this place that Tonty in 1679 started to meet LaSalle, after the disastrous trip of the schooner *Griffin,* and it was from there that LaSalle started for the Illinois Country and the relief of Tonty in the fall of 1680.

It was to Mackinac that Tonty fled when pursued by the Iroquois after the massacre at Fort Crevecœur and it was to that island that Marquette was hastening, when, on May 19, 1675, overcome by sickness and fatigue, he halted at the mouth of the Marquette River and there died, "thanking God that he was permitted to die in the wilderness, a missionary of the faith, and a member of the Jesuit brotherhood."

It was at Mackinac that John Jacob Astor established the headquarters of the American Fur Company in the closing years of the eighteenth century, and it was there that Mr. Hubbard began the life of an Indian trader in 1818, a life he followed exclusively for ten consecutive years.

Mr. Hubbard tells us that the village had at that time, a population of about five hundred people, mostly of Canadian French and mixed Indian blood. In addition to these, there were three or four companies

of United States troops who garrisoned the fort located there. It was there that he made the acquaintance of John H. Kinzie, who was then a clerk in the offices of the American Fur Company and who later became a distinguished citizen of Chicago.

Here the traders employed by the American Fur Company, congregated during the summer months, bringing the furs collected at the several trading-posts, that extended from the British dominions on the north and the Missouri River on the west, to the white settlements in the south and east and reached all the Indian hunting-grounds.

During his stay on the island, Mr. Hubbard was detailed for service in the assorting-warehouse, where it was his duty to count and record the number and kinds of furs received from the various trading-posts. "Union hours" were unknown on the island at that time, the working-hours being from five o'clock in the morning to twelve noon, and from one P. M. to seven o'clock in the evening.

Very soon after reaching Mackinac and making their returns, the traders commenced to select their crews and prepare their outfits for their return to winter-quarters in the Indian country. Mr. Hubbard was assigned to the Fond-du-Lac brigade; but, learning that his father and brother had gone to St. Louis, he applied for and obtained a change of detail to the Illinois brigade. This arrangement, he says, caused an entire change in his destiny. Instead of being located in the cold regions of the north, where the clerk with whom he exchanged places froze to death that winter, his lot was cast in the beautiful State of Illinois.

In the month of September, the Illinois brigade started in twelve boats in command of Antoine Deschamps, an old and experienced Indian-trader, who had for many years traded with the Indians on the Ohio and Illinois rivers, and had been in the employ of the American Fur Company from the date of its organization.

The boats progressed at the rate of about fifty miles a day, under oars; when the wind was fair, square sails were hoisted, and by their aid they were enabled to make seventy to seventy-five miles per day. If the wind proved too heavy, or blew too strongly ahead, an entrance into some river or creek was sought, or, if caught by a storm before a shelter could be reached, the boats were run ashore, unloaded, and hauled upon the beach, out of reach of the surf. The journey around Lake Michigan occupied about twenty days.

Mr. Hubbard says that nothing of interest occurred until they reached the Marquette River, where Father Marquette had died about one hundred and forty years before. Here they saw the remains of a red cedar cross, erected at the time of his death, to mark his burial-place. The cross was about three feet above the ground, and in a falling position. They reset it, leaving it only about two feet above the ground. As it was covered by the drifting sands of the following winter, doubtless no white man ever saw it afterward. Though Marquette's remains had been removed to the mission at Point St. Ignace, the place was considered sacred by the voyagers, who in passing paid reverence to it, by kneeling and making the sign of the cross.

On the evening of September 30, the brigade reached the mouth of the Calumet River, then known as the Little Calumet, and crossing to the west side of it, camp was made for the night. On the following morning, the last twelve miles of the lake journey was completed.

> Mr. Hubbard thus graphically describes his first sight of Chicago: "Arriving at Douglas Grove, where the prairie could be seen through the oak woods, I landed, and climbing a tree gazed in admiration on the first prairie I had ever seen. The waving grass, intermingling with a rich profusion of wild flowers, was the most beautiful sight I had ever gazed upon. In the distance, the grove of Blue Island loomed up, beyond it, the timber on the Des Plaines River; while to give animation to the scene, a herd of wild deer appeared and a pair of red foxes emerged from the grass within gunshot of me.
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> "Looking north, I saw the whitewashed buildings of Fort Dearborn, sparkling in the sunshine, our boats, with flags flying and oars keeping time to the cheering boat-song. I was spell-bound and amazed at the beautiful scene before me.
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> "I took the trail leading to the Fort, and on my arrival found our party camped on the north side of the river, near what is now State Street. A soldier ferried me across the river in a canoe, and thus I made my first entry into Chicago, October 1, 1818."

John Kinzie resided on the north bank of the river, east of Rush Street, and to him Mr. Hubbard presented a letter of introduction from

his son, John H. Kinzie, and was warmly welcomed and invited to visit the family and make their house his home, while he remained in Chicago.

The Kinzie family then residing in Chicago, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie, their eldest daughter, Mrs. Helm, their youngest daughter, Maria, afterward the wife of Major-General David Hunter of the United States Army, and their son, Robert A., afterward a paymaster in the United States Army. Mr. Kinzie's house was a log cabin, with a rude piazza and fronted the river, directly opposite Fort Dearborn.

> Mr. Hubbard says, " I was invited to breakfast with them the next morning and gladly accepted. As I sat down to the neat and well-ordered table for the first time since I left my father's house, memories of home and those dear to me, forced themselves upon me and I could not suppress my tears. But for the kindness of Mrs. Kinzie, I should have beaten a retreat. She saw my predicament and said, ' I know just how you feel, and know more about you than you think; I am going to be a mother to you, if you will let me. Just come with me a moment.' She led me into an adjoining room and left me to bathe my eyes in cold water. When I returned to the table, I noticed that they had suspended eating, awaiting me. I said to Mrs. Kinzie, ' You remind me so much of my mother, I could not help crying; my last meal with her was when I left Montreal, and since that time, I have never sat at a table with ladies, and this seems like home to me.' "

In addition to the Fort and Government buildings connected therewith, a house of hewn logs stood, twelve hundred or more feet from the road, and back of it, flowed the Chicago River, that as late as 1827, emptied into Lake Michigan at a point known as The Pines, a clump of stunted pine trees, on the sand hills about a mile south of the Fort. On the bank of the river, directly east of this house, and distant about four hundred feet, stood a store-house of round logs, owned by the American Fur Company and occupied by its agent, John Crafts, who erected it. These with the addition of a log cabin, near the present mouth of the Drainage Canal, then called Hardscrabble; a cabin on the north side of the river, occupied by Antoine Ouilmette; and the house of Mr. Kinzie, comprised all the buildings within the present limits of Cook

County. What is now known as the North Branch was then called the River Guarie, so named after the first trader who followed LaSalle.

Fort Wayne, Indiana, was the nearest post-office. The mail was carried by soldiers on foot and received once a month.

After passing a few days in Chicago, the brigade proceeded on its way through Mud Lake and the Des Plaines down the Illinois River. Opposite the mouth of Bureau River and about a mile above the present site of the town of Hennepin, the first trading-post was located, and to this post young Hubbard was assigned as a clerk, but was allowed to accompany Mr. Deschamps to St. Louis where he hoped to meet his father and brother.

One of Mr. Hubbard's most distinguished characteristics was his great personal bravery. He once told me that he did not know the sensation of fear, as he had never experienced it. I remember reading to him an account of a robbery in Montana, where a stage-coach, occupied by ten men had been stopped and robbed by two highwaymen. "What!" said he, "ten men robbed by two? I wish I had been there and had Bob Kinzie with me."

It was to this characteristic, coupled with his wonderful nerve, that Hon. Grant Goodrich, in a memorial paper read before this Society, referred, saying: "Though eighty-two years old, without anesthetics of any kind, or anyone to hold his hands, the steady nerve and self-control, that so distinguished him in his earlier years, enabled him simply to lie down and have his eye cut out."

On this trip, his fearlessness led to an altercation with a young brave that might have resulted in the death of all the members of the brigade. As they rounded the point of the lake above Peoria, they discovered that old Fort Clark was on fire and that the Indians to the number of about two hundred were engaged in a war-dance. The boats were stopped and an Indian noticing young Hubbard accused him of being an American and drawing from his belt a number of scalps, flourished them before him, telling him that they were the scalps of Americans, and finally producing the scalp of a woman, he slapped him in the face with it.

This so thoroughly angered young Hubbard that he seized a gun and aiming directly at the Indian, fired. One of the men who had been left in the boat with him knocked the gun aside, and thus saved the Indian's life. This incident was, afterward, the cause of a visit from two

chiefs, Waba and Shau-be-nee, who came, they said, to see the brave young American. Waba had shortly before that lost a son of about the same age and so in accordance with the Indian custom, he adopted young Hubbard, giving him the name of Che-mo-co-mon-ess, the Little American.

The name of Shau-be-nee is familiar in the history of Illinois, and Mr. Hubbard thus described his appearance at that time: "Shau-be-nee was then about twenty-five years of age, and was, I thought, the finest looking man I had ever seen. He was fully six feet tall, finely proportioned, and with a countenance expressive of intelligence, firmness, and kindness. He was one of Tecumseh's aids at the battle of the Thames and was at his side when Tecumseh was shot. Afterward, he with Billy Caldwell, the Sauganash, withdrew their support from the British and espoused the cause of the Americans.

"During the Black-Hawk War, he was untiring in his efforts to notify the white settlers in Dupage, Grundy, and LaSalle counties of their danger. He rode night and day, often in great peril, and by his timely warning and counsel saved the lives of many settlers."

Having established trading-posts every sixty miles, with a full stock of goods, and placed them in charge of a trader and clerk, Mr. Deschamps, with one boat started for St. Louis, young Hubbard accompanying him. St. Louis was reached November 6, and there Mr. Hubbard found his father and brother, with whom he was allowed to remain about two weeks, when he started on his return journey up the river, and reached his trading-post about the middle of December.

During this winter, he learned the Indian language and became proficient in hunting and wood-craft. His clothing then and for the subsequent years of his life, as an Indian trader, consisted of a buckskin hunting-shirt, or a blue capote, belted in at the waist, with a sash or buckskin belt, in which was carried a knife and sheath, a tomahawk and a tobacco-pouch made of the skin of some animal. In the pouch was carried a flint and steel and a piece of punk.

Underneath his outside garments, he wore a calico shirt, breechcloth and buckskin leggins, on his feet neips and moccasins and sometimes in winter, he wore a red knit cap on his head. He allowed his hair to grow long and usually went bareheaded. When traveling in winter, he carried and sometimes wore a blanket.

With the approach of spring, came Mr. Deschamps on his return trip to Mackinac and two days afterward, the brigade started on its long journey. About a week was spent in Chicago repairing the boats and putting them in condition for the more serious journey of coasting Lake Michigan. About April 20, they left Chicago and, on arriving at the mouth of Grand River, they halted to witness the Indian ceremony of the Feast of the Dead that was held annually during the full of the moon, in the month of May.

> Mr. Hubbard says: "The Feast of the Dead had already commenced and for five or six days we were witnesses to the strange and solemn ceremonies. At its close, we were informed that the fall previous, an Indian, in a drunken quarrel, had killed one of the sons of a Manistee chief and would on the following day deliver himself up to suffer punishment, according to the Indian custom. This information proved to be true, and I witnessed the grandest and most thrilling incident of my life.
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> "The murderer was a Canadian Indian who had no relations among the Manistees, but had married a maiden of that tribe, and agreed to become one of them. As was customary, all of his earnings belonged to his father-in-law until after the birth of his first child, when he could retain his earnings for the benefit of his family. At the time he committed the crime, he had several children, and was very poor, possessing nothing but his meagre wearing apparel and a few traps.
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> "Knowing that his life would be taken unless he could ransom it with furs or other articles of value, he determined to depart at night with his family and secretly make his way to the headquarters of the Muskegon River, where he hoped to secure furs, sufficient to satisfy the demands of the chief. According to the Indian custom, if he failed to satisfy the father and family of the murdered man, either by ransom or the sacrifice of his own life, they could demand of his wife's brothers, what he had failed to give. He consulted with one of them, told them of his purpose and designated a particular location on the Muskegon, where he could be found if it became necessary for him to return. Having completed his arrangements, he made his escape and arrived safely at his destination.

"After the burial of his son, the chief consulted with his family as to what course they should pursue to revenge the dead. They knew the murderer was too poor to pay their demands and so determined upon his death. Not being able to find him, they made a demand upon the brothers of his wife, who were also unable to satisfy the claim. The younger brother, however, knowing his whereabouts, sent word to the chief that he would go in search of the murderer, and if he failed to produce him, would give his own life in his stead. This being acceptable, without divulging the secret of his brother-in-law's hiding-place, he started to find him, which he finally did.

"The winter had been one of unusually deep snow, and the spring one of great floods. The bears had kept in their dens, and the other fur-bearing animals had not been found, so that the winter's hunt had proved unsuccessful. When the brother-in-law reached them, he found the family almost perishing from starvation. Together, they descended to the main river where the brother-in-law left them for his return home, the murderer having promised to report, at the mouth of Grand River during the Feast of the Dead, which promise he faithfully kept.

"Soon after sunrise, the news spread through the camp, that he was coming. The chief hastily selected a spot in a valley between the sand hills in which he placed his family in readiness to receive him, while we traders sought the surrounding sand hills, that we might be able to witness all that should occur.

"Presently, we heard the monotonous thump of the Indian drum, and soon thereafter, the mournful voice of the Indian, chanting his own death-song, and then, we beheld him marching with his wife and children, slowly and in single file, to the place selected for his execution. When he reached a spot, near where the chief sat, he placed the drum on the ground, and his wife and children seated themselves on mats, which had been provided for them. He then addressed the chief, saying, 'I, in a drunken moment, stabbed your son, being provoked to it, by his accusing me of being a coward and calling me an old woman. I fled to the marshes of the Muskegon hoping that the Great Spirit would favor me in the hunt, so that I could pay you for

your lost son. I was not successful. Here is the knife with which I killed him; by it, I wish to die. Save my wife and children. I am done.'

"The chief received the knife, and, handing it to his eldest son, said, 'Kill him.' The son advanced, and placing his left hand on the shoulder of his victim, made two or three feints with the knife, then plunged it into his breast, to the handle and immediately withdrew it. Not a murmur was heard from the Indian or his wife and children, not a word was spoken by those assembled to witness. All nature was silent, broken only by the singing of the birds. Every eye was turned upon the victim, who stood motionless with his eyes firmly fixed upon his executioner, and calmly received the blow, without the appearance of the slightest tremor. For a few moments, he stood erect, the blood gushing from the wound at every pulsation; then his knees began to quake; his eyes and face assumed an expression of death; and he sank upon the sand.

"During all this time, the wife and children sat perfectly motionless, gazing upon the husband and father. Not a sigh or murmur, escaping their lips until life was extinct, when they threw themselves upon his dead body, lying in a pool of blood, in grief and lamentations, which brought tears to the eyes of the traders, and caused a murmur of sympathy to run through the multitude of Indians.

"Turning to Mr. Deschamps, down whose cheeks the tears were trickling, I said, 'Why did you not save that noble Indian? A few blankets and shirts and a little cloth, would have done it.' 'Oh! my boy,' he replied, 'we should have done it. It was wrong and thoughtless in us. What a scene we have witnessed.'

"Still, the widowed wife and children were clinging to the dead body in useless grief and tears. The chief and his family sat motionless for ten or fifteen minutes, evidently regretting what had been done. Then he arose, approached the body, and in a trembling voice said: 'Woman, stop your weeping; your husband was a brave man, and like a brave, was not afraid to die as the rules of our nation demanded. We adopt you and your children in place of my son; our lodges are open to you;

live with any of us; we will treat you like our own children; you shall have our love and protection.'

"' Che-qui-ock '—that is right—was heard from the assembled Indians, and the tragedy was ended.

"That scene is indelibly stamped on my mind, never to be forgotten." I may add, that Mr. Hubbard never spoke of it, without exhibiting intense emotion.

They reached Mackinac about the middle of the month, and here Mr. Hubbard heard of the death of his father, and that his mother and family had returned to New England. Feeling that he should be with his mother, he tendered his resignation, which the company refused to accept.

In his second year of service, being then seventeen years of age, he was given the charge of an outfit and assigned to the Muskegon River. Jacques Dufrain, an experienced trader, who was well acquainted with the Michigan Indians accompanied him as assistant and adviser.

They left Mackinac in the company of the Illinois brigade in the latter part of October. With but three men to row the boat, and buffeted by storms and adverse winds, winter found them still coasting the lake. He says, "Thus with a heavily laden canoe and adverse winds, often in great peril, sometimes shipping water and narrowly escaping wreck, suffering from cold, and worn with toil, we entered the Muskegon River about the tenth of December and found the lake frozen. The weather was very cold and the coast Indians had left for their hunting-grounds in the interior."

As it was impossible for them to reach their destination, about sixty miles up the river, it was decided to occupy an old abandoned trading-house, which they found on a point of the lake, and there make themselves as comfortable as possible.

HENRY E. HAMILTON.

CHICAGO, ILL.

(*To be continued.*)

## WAR AND WASHINGTON.

[A song composed at the beginning of the American Revolution, and very popular. The author was Jonathan M. Sewall of the illustrious Massachusetts family of that name. He was born in Salem, 1748, and died in Portsmouth, N. H., 1808. His poetical works include the Prologue to Cato (1778), in which occur the celebrated lines:

"No pent-up *Utica* contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours."]

VAIN Britons, boast no longer with proud indignity
By land your conq'ring legions, your matchless strength at sea,
Since we, your braver sons incens'd, our sword have girded on,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, for WAR and WASHINGTON!

Urg'd on by NORTH and vengeance those valiant champions came,
Loud bellowing *Tea* and Treason, and *George* was all on flame,
Yet sacrilegious as it seems, we rebels still live on,
And laugh at all their empty puffs, huzza for WASHINGTON.

Still deaf to mild entreaties, still blind to England's good,
You have for thirty pieces betray'd your country's blood.
Like Æsop's greedy cur you'll gain a shadow for your bone,
Yet find us fearful shades indeed, inspir'd by WASHINGTON.

Mysterious, unexampled, incomprehensible!
The blund'ring schemes of Britain, their folly, pride and zeal,
Like lions how ye growl and threat!—mere asses have you shown,
And ye shall share an ass's fate, and drudge for WASHINGTON!

Your dark, unfathom'd councils our weakest heads defeat,
Our children rout your armies, our boats destroy your fleet,
And to complete the dire disgrace, coop'd up within a town,*
You live, the scorn of all our hosts, the slaves of WASHINGTON!

Great Heav'n!—is this the nation whose thund'ring arms were hurl'd
Thro' Europe, Afric, India—whose Navy rul'd a world?
The lustre of your former deeds, whole ages of renown
Lost in a moment, or transferr'd to us and WASHINGTON!

*Boston.

Yet think not thirst of Glory unsheaths our vengeful swords
To rend your bands asunder, and cast away your cords.
'Tis heav'n-born FREEDOM fires us all, and strengthens each brave son,
From him who humbly guides the plough, to godlike WASHINGTON!

For this, O could our wishes your antient rage inspire,
Your armies should be doubled, in numbers, force and fire.
Then might the glorious conflict prove which best deserv'd the boon,
America or Albion, a GEORGE or WASHINGTON!

Fir'd with the great idea, our fathers' shades would rise
To view the stern contention, the gods desert their skies.
And WOLFE midst hosts of heroes superior bending down,
Cry out with eager transport, God save great WASHINGTON!

Should GEORGE, too choice of Britons, to foreign realms apply
And madly arm half Europe, yet still we would defy
Turk, Hessian, Jew and Infidel, or all those pow'rs in one,
While ADAMS guides our senate, our camp great WASHINGTON!

Should warlike weapons fail us, disdaining slavish fears,
To swords we'll beat our ploughshares, our pruning-hooks to spears,
And rush, all desp'rate, on our foe, nor breathe till battle won,
Then shout, and shout AMERICA, and conqu'ring WASHINGTON!

Proud France should view with terror, and haughty Spain revere,
While ev'ry warlike nation would court alliance here.
And GEORGE, his minions trembling round, dismounting from his throne,
Pay homage to AMERICA, and glorious WASHINGTON!

1776. JONATHAN M. SEWALL.

# COLONEL JOHN QUINCY

AT the February meeting of the Quincy, Mass., Historical Society, Rev. Daniel M. Wilson made a very full and interesting address on the life of Colonel John Quincy, for whom the town was named. We regret having space for but part of it.

The tablet recently placed in the First Church is inscribed:

In memory of Colonel John Quincy, of Mount Wollaston, born in Boston July 21, 1689; died in Quincy July 13, 1767. A prominent public man of the Provincial Period. Twenty-eight years representing Braintree in the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, and Speaker of its House of Representatives from 1729 to 1741. Colonel of the Suffolk Regiment, and long a member of His Majesty's Council. In his honor the town of Quincy was named. 1792.

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MR. WILSON'S TRIBUTE.

Referring in his introductory to the birthday of Washington and the incorporation of the town of Quincy on Feb. 22, Mr. Wilson said: "What I would especially like to draw out of this auspicious natal coincidence in our civic anniversary is its suggestiveness, the fortunate linking of the birth of a heroic figure with the birth of a New England town. The three prevailing forces in the development of this nation are thus in a way conspicuously united—the fit leader, the self-reliant people, the town government. Each of the three has played an essential part in the advancement of liberty and the gradual development of the principles of our government; and he would be a daring man who tried to divide honors among them. It was the happy union of these forces that made America."

Speaking of the development of distinguished Americans in New England under the town meetings he said: "This, your city of Quincy, from the first settlement till now, has in that respect been signally favored: inasmuch as, from the beginning, not one generation has failed to furnish

some eminent person, man or woman, who did noble deeds, or spoke timely words, measurably effective in shaping the destinies of the American people

The memory of the most distinguished of these (Adams) Quincy has not been forgetful to celebrate; but so numerous are her sons and daughters of more or less renown that enough of them have been forgotten, even here at home, to make famous, if judiciously distributed, several other communities.

Col. John Quincy of Mt. Wollaston is one instance. In his day he was one of the most trusted and influential public characters of the Province; but for a one hundred years or more he has now been buried in oblivion. The present generation in Quincy hardly knows that such a man ever existed, yet he was second to none in the Province of Massachusetts Bay in his generation. He is none the less the civic father of your town. To use a learned word, he is your *Eponym,*—your name ancestor.

It is a fair inference from the proceeding which marked the naming of the town that a generation after his death, John Quincy, in the esteem of his townsmen, rivalled John Hancock, son of Braintree though he was, as chief executive of the Commonwealth, at the crowning period of his fame and popularity. When, at last after much contention with the South Precinct, the new town was about at last to be incorporated, Hon. Richard Cranch said—'Call it Quincy, in honor of John Quincy.' The name was adopted, but in the same year a town meeting was called to see if the town would petition the Legislature to change the name to 'Hancock.'

The records show that the discussion which ensued was long and exciting,—at times, as one may guess, electric even. Great must have been the stimulus to town meeting eloquence with two such names to choose between. Speak them, they sound equally well; either would remain suggestive. But at the end the motion to petition the Legislature for an alteration was defeated, and the original appellation was confirmed. Nail them to the masthead, Quincy, town and city, it has since remained.

Nearly four generations of those here born and here dying have since passed on; and, were this community once more now called upon, as in May, 1792, to confirm the name, it may confidently be asserted its action would be unanimous. The name itself is distinctive, and pleasant to the ear; and the more the name ancestor is scrutinized, the more he is

exalted. Quincy seems the one name congenial to the spirit and history of this locality. Deep-rooted in chivalrous Norman life, transplanted here with the first settlers, associated with so much that is fine and high in many who here bore it, and in utterance full and dignified, it tastes of the soil, it seems almost the natural product of environment, and not a title fixed by formal vote. Honored at home, abroad revered, it is a distinction to be called 'of Quincy.' Indeed, some occult, but prophetic, fate seems to have intervened to stamp that name upon the locality, for, in a map published in England in 1775, seventeen years before the town was incorporated, the one word 'Quinzey,' and that word alone, covers the territory included within your municipal bounds.

It is perhaps a trifle disconcerting that John Quincy should not have been a native of the place which is honored by his name. It had long been conceived, and even stated, that he was born in the North Precinct of Braintree, the site of the original grant to his ancestors. But it so chanced that he really was born in Boston; for in the records of that city we read under the date 1689, the following:—'John, of Daniel and Anna Quinsie, born July 21.' This event apparently had followed soon upon the removal of the parents to the principal town of Massachusetts Bay, where the father entered upon the business of gold and silver smith, the nearest approach to a banker known in those days. We may, however, rest assured that the Boston-born John Quincy belonged indubitably to the stock identified from the beginning of our community. His father, Daniel Quincy, first drew breath in the old Quincy homestead still standing. He died when John was hardly more than a year old.

John Quincy in 1709, when his grandmother Shepard died, inherited Mount Wollaston. As early as his 26th year he was called colonel.

In 1716 he was elected Moderator and in 1717 as Representative to the General Court. 'Again elected in 1719,' says Mr. Wilson, 'his fellow-citizens having now had an opportunity to judge of his quality, he was launched on his unparalleled career both as permanent Representative and as Moderator. For 21 successive years, that is from 1719 to 1740, he was returned to the House of Representatives with unfailing regularity; and during even a longer period he was chosen Moderator of town meetings with almost equal regularity. Still higher honors were accorded to him. His personality, his character and judgment, and his sturdy provincial patriotism so impressed his fellow representatives that they elected him Speaker of the House from 1727 to 1741, a period of

14 years. A tribute from town and Province that stamps him as no common man.

From the very year that John Quincy entered upon his duties as Speaker, the conflict between the crown and the colonies deepened. The King and his council then began the ominous work of strengthening their colonial policy, and on the other hand, as Hutchinson observes, the House discovered a disposition to amplify their jurisdiction. Governors appointed for their supposed strength of will met wills no less inflexible than their own. Such was the effective energy of John Quincy that it not only compassed the admirable performance of the Speaker's duties, but sufficed for the arduous works of most of the important committees created in his day."

Mr. Wilson told of Col. Quincy's appointment as guardian of the Ponkapoag Indians at their request, which continued over a score of years. His model reports will be found in the Massachusetts State Archives.

Considerable time was devoted by Mr. Wilson to the Land Bank and Manufactory Company, a wild cat banking scheme, which for a while was popular about this time. It was not favored by Col. Quincy, and resulted in his defeat for the Legislature. The Governor was also opposed to it, and when there came mutterings of armed resistance, he turned to Col. Quincy, and requested him to suppress them, which mission he seems to have carried out successfully.

His affiliation with a Royal Governor, as eager to oppose the self-governing instincts of the people as he was ready to crush a fiat-money craze, was a mere unavoidable incident. From this welter of confusion Col. Quincy emerged, inviting confidence by his sane and sagacious judgment.

Col. Quincy was chosen Moderator forty-two times at least. To enumerate the committees on which he served would be tedious. An examination of the church records reveals the fact that he was as deeply interested in spiritual as in secular affairs.

A brief sketch of his life printed in the columns of the Massachusetts *Gazette* of July 23, 1767, closes with these words: 'In private life he was exemplary; he adorned the Christian profession by a holy life, a strict observance of the Lord's Dav, and a constant attendance upon the

public ordinances of religion,—in a word, he was a gentleman true to his trust, diligent and active in public business, punctual in promises and appointments, just towards all men, and devout toward God.'

Dying on the 13th of July, in the 76th year of his age, John Quincy left four children: his only son, Norton, who passed his days in the home of his father; Elizabeth, who married the Rev. William Smith of Weymouth; Anna, who married John Thaxter of Hingham; and Lucy, who married Cotton Tufts of Braintree. To Elizabeth and her husband, the minister of Weymouth, was born Abigail, who married John Adams. This is the bond of kinship which unites the Adamses and the Quincys, honored by the transmission of a name; for, as old John Quincy lay dying at Mount Wollaston, this granddaughter of his gave birth to a son; and when, the next day, as was then the practice, the child was baptized, its grandmother, who was present at its birth, requested that it might be called after her father. Long afterwards the child thus named wrote of this incident:—'It was filial tenderness that gave the name. It was the name of one passing from earth to immortality. These have been among the strongest links of my attachment to the name of Quincy, and have been to me through life a perpetual admonition to do nothing unworthy of it.'

However the links were forged we all feel that attachment to the name of Quincy. May it grow till it shall be to each of us a perpetual admonition to do nothing unworthy of Quincy. May the lives of all who have lived within its limits, and the labors of all who have devoted themselves to its peace and prosperity, inspire us with kindred virtues. And may he whose name it bears marshal us also the way to victories of freedom, friendship, faith. It was, it is said, a custom of the Locrian Greeks to leave a vacant place in their charging ranks for the spirit of Ajax, their elect hero. As the people of this community move onward in generations through the years to come, may they invoke as the genius of the vanward line no less worthy a presence than that of John Quincy."

## CHAPTER XLIII

### CATALINA RETURNS HOME

CATALINA embarked in one of those Albany packets which then constituted the only vehicles of transportation on the noble Hudson, under the protection of the wife of an officer occupying a high station on the frontier. The scene and the season were scarcely more different from those which presented themselves on her journey down the river, than were her feelings and anticipations at the two periods. But the changes, though great, bore no resemblance to each other. They formed a perfect contrast. Then the hopes of Catalina were blossoming in full luxuriance, while the beauties and the flowers of nature were faded into the gay yet melancholy hues of the departing year. Now the young and fresh products of the genial spring, the air, the woods, the birds, the insects, the voice and the face of nature, all breathed, and moved, and whispered and sung of renovated joy and animated nature. Not so with Catalina. She represented not the smiling, blushing, full luxuriance of spring's rosy-lipped goddess, but the faded and still fading charms of autumn's melancholy, musing, silent representative.

The vessel proceeded prosperously before the sweet south winds, but, sad to say, was four days on her passage. What a loss of time! for people that have nothing to do especially. Had our heroine been fortunately born in this age of development—even in this behindhand hemisphere—she might have been home in twelve hours! But if she had been still more distinguished by Providence, and been born, not only in this happy age, but in such a happy country as old England, she might peradventure have travelled to Albany on a railroad at the rate of sixty miles an hour! What a prodigious saving of time! and if the business of young ladies consisted in saving time, what a prodigious advantage in this rapid travelling!—I beg pardon, the march of improvement has

ordained I should say locomotion—she might have arrived at home in less than three hours!

"Well sir, and what if she had?"

Why, sir, she would have saved such a prodigious deal of time! she would have got home three days sooner to her friends.

"And missed the anticipation of seeing them all that time?"

Pooh! what is anticipation to the reality?

"Ask any old lady or gentleman you meet, and they will tell you."

My dear sir, then the short and the long of the matter is, you don't think fast travelling an improvement?

"Faith not I. I believe if the happiness, or the interests, or the superiority of man had in any way depended on fast travelling, Providence would have made a race-horse of him, or furnished his honour with a pair of eagle's wings."

My good sir, you are a century behind the spirit of the age.

"Never mind; one of these days I shall get into a locomotive engine and overtake it."

So Catalina, poor girl, was upwards of four days in getting to Albany. Does not the fair reader, who peradventure at the moment of reading this, sits at a window with our book in her hand, looking at the whiskered beaux as they pass up and down Broadway—does she not shudder at this dead loss of time—this blank in the existence of poor Catalina? Perhaps she is anticipating a visit to the Springs, to Long Branch or Nahant, and grows pale at the very anticipation of a four days' passage, involving four days of absence from these happy retreats of people whose time is so precious. Let us see what privations this delay involves. The loss of at least forty-eight tumblers of Congress water—of four execrable dinners—of four restless, uncomfortable nights—a subscription ball—three dozen changes of dress—and three hundred and seventy-five desperate yawns, at the Springs—of four or five bathings on the beach, followed by four of five shiverings when the sea-breeze comes in—of the pleasure of seeing the ladies make their transits to and fro from the waves, looking not like the fabled goddess rising from

the ocean, but, with reverence be it spoken, like old-clothes women when they go in and drowned rats when they come out—of spending day after day in a delightful variety of eating, drinking and sleeping—sleeping, eating and drinking—and drinking, eating and sleeping—of being obliged to devour your dinners quicker than they do in a manufactory or a steamboat, and discuss crabs and tough mutton against time—to sleep before dinner, and after dinner, and between dinner and tea; finally, to endure the exemplary tyranny of Mrs. Sears, and suffer under the worst of all despotisms, that of a petticoat government, at Long Branch—or to pass all day watching for the sea-serpent—to magnify every porpoise into his likeness—to see the ripplings of the waves assume the likeness of his joints, and to exercise the last degree of human credulity in believing in the existence of that fabled monster under the penalty of being frowned on by the young ladies and denounced by their honoured fathers as freemasons, Jackson men and unbelievers, at Nahant. To think that a young lady or gentleman of enlightened views and cultivated intellect should lose four days of all or any of these delights for lack of a steamboat or locomotive is enough to discompose the machinery of a hundred-and-twenty-horse-power-engine. Yet to all this was Catalina subjected, without being a whit the wiser or more miserable on that account. Where "ignorance is bliss," etc.—every body knows the rest, at least every body that reads poetry and novels—that is to say, every body that can read.

Catalina, however, in spite of the backwardness of the age, got home at last. *Festina lente* said Augustus Cæsar and so say I. Nobody ever did any thing well in a hurry, except running away. She was received by her honoured parents with tender welcome, and she received that welcome with tears flowing from a hundred recollections of the past. The first caresses being over, they had leisure to observe her altered appearance, which they did with a silent interchange of anxious looks. They however said nothing; they suspected its cause, and this was not the time or the occasion to allude to the subject. But honest Ariel, who was on the high ropes with joy at her return, and never wandered out of the little circle of the present moment, being suddenly struck with her paleness as suddenly exclaimed,

"Why, Catalina—why, d—n it, what's the matter? you look like a ghost!"

"Nothing, uncle," answered she, and burst into tears.

"Why, d—n it now, why, don't cry; I didn't mean to—to—" and honest Ariel, whose heart melted like a dish of butter in the sun, fairly wept to keep her company.

"She is fatigued with her voyage," said the considerate mother, "and had better lie down a little while before dinner. Come, my dear," and Catalina followed her mother to her chamber.

"I'll be shot if I know what to make of all this," exclaimed Ariel, wiping his eyes.

"Nor I," thought the colonel, "but we shall know in good time. Her mother will get it all out of her before to-morrow."

And so she did. The fact is, she knew it all before from her friend, Mrs. Aubineau. But she had no objection to hear it again; for, thought she, a good story never loses by telling.

"Ah! Catalina," exclaimed she, shaking her head, "you'll never live to be a titled lady, I'm afraid."

"I shall never live to be any thing, I believe," replied Catalina, and her tears flowed apace.

"The *honourable* Colonel Gilfillan," said madam, "is, I believe, on the frontier."

"I wish," thought Catalina, "he were anywhere, so I might never see his face again."

"And Sybrandt Westbrook is there, too."

Catalina did not wish *he* was where she might never see him again, though the old lady, I believe, did.

"He is a jealous-pated fool," said madam.

"Who, dear mother?"

"Sybrandt."

"Indeed, mother, you are mistaken," said she, firmly.

"Then you gave him cause," said madam, in a tone rather of exultation.

"Indeed, I did not—that is, if he had known my real feelings he would have been satisfied."

"Ah!" thought the mother, "it's an old story for girls to behave like little d——ls to their lovers, and then blame them because they cannot see into their hearts. They might as well try to see into the inside of——" she could not find a comparison to suit her exactly, but I believe a pumpkin came into her head.

Madam told the old gentleman all about it, and immediately after went to Albany for a purpose that nobody about her could fathom, though I have a shrewd guess. But I will not betray the secrets of the old lady, though, rest her soul, she is dead long ago, and I am not afraid of ghosts. All I can disclose is, that some days after this mysterious journey, the affair of Catalina was talked of at several tea-parties, though nobody could ever discover how it leaked out.

"I shall write to Sybrandt, and set matters right," quoth the straightforward old gentleman, Colonel Vancour.

"What!" screamed madam and Catalina, both together—"what, and tell I am *dying* for him! O, father, I'd rather be dead!"

"I'd rather see her—married to the honourable Colonel Gilfillan," thought the old lady.

"It can be no impeachment to the delicacy of a young lady to relieve her lover from any erroneous impressions of her conduct. You know he loved you, and that is sufficient."

"But, father, he may have fallen in love with somebody else since."

"O, certainly," exclaimed the colonel, smiling, "with some beautiful squaw—er."

"Alas! men have no sensibility," thought Catalina, with a sigh, "when my father makes a jest of the soul-subduing passion!"

People grow wiser as they grow older, my dear little heroine, or at any rate they grow more selfish, and that is often mistaken for wisdom. For my part *tempora mutantur,* etc.; times change and men change with them; but this does not prove that either change for the better.

Catalina opposed writing to Sybrandt, and so did her mother, although she could not help feeling anxious about the depressed health and spirits of her daughter. "Nobody ever died of love though," thought she, and she thought right. It is not a disease in itself, but it often produces diseases that sap the sources of life, and bring on a premature decay. The process is slow but sure. Be this as it may, the colonel had two to one against him, and they were women. The colonel was but a man—so he grumbled and submitted. What could man do more?

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(*To be continued.*)

# BOOK REVIEWS

A HISTORY OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH in Narragansett, Rhode Island: Including a History of Other Episcopal Churches in the State. By Wilkins Updike. With a Transcript of the Narragansett Parish Register, from 1718 to 1774; an Appendix containing a Reprint of a Work entitled America Dissected by the Rev^d. James MacSparran, D. D., and Copies of Other Old Papers; together with Notes containing Genealogical and Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Men, Families, &c. Second Edition, newly edited, enlarged, and corrected by the Reverend Daniel Goodwin, Ph. D., D. D. In three volumes. Illus. 8vo. XLV+622 pp.; VIII+605 pp.; IV+319 pp. Boston: Printed and Published by D. B. Updike. The Merrymount Press. 1907. Price $15.00 a set, net.

"When the original edition of the *History of the Episcopal Church* in *Narragansett*, by Wilkins Updike, appeared in 1847, it was greeted in all quarters, as not only a most important and delightful contribution to the ecclesiastical chronicles of Rhode Island, but also as an aid, in no small degree, to the formation of an adequate picture of its social and family life in the eighteenth century. Everybody who was competent to appreciate the quality of the book recognized it as a wonderful volume, in its way, embodying the fruits of the enthusiastic researches of a lifetime."

"The work was, also, not without a distinct influence, subsequently, in enlarging and intensifying the sensibilities of the community as to the histories of families and the records of the Church; and when, in 1869, but a little more than a score of years after its publication, the monument to the memory of Dr. MacSparran and Mr. Fayerweather was dedicated on the original site of St. Paul's Church, the first edition of the *History of the Narragansett Church*, to which the enterprise was itself largely due, had naturally become entirely exhausted and the book was already known as a bibliographical rarity. But so lively an interest in all matters connected with the history of the parish did the event awaken that there arose an eager inquiry for the work, and copies were repeatedly sold for from four to ten times their original cost."

These volumes of the second edition approach the highest type in the art of bookmaking that the twentieth century has reached. The editor's task will be understood by a critical study of the 540 pages of Notes published at the end of the first and second volumes. These Notes contain the ripest results of the antiquarian researches on the persons referred to in the first edition and consist of both biographical and genealogical data of no mean importance. In the first edition the index occupied less than six pages; in this edition the index fills over two hundred. It is an attempt to identify every individual referred to in the text.

Not the least among the useful parts appears a complete transcript of the Parish Register of St. Paul's Church for the Colonial period, occupying 147 pages of the second volume. This is the backbone of genealogy. Over fifty full-page illustrations reproduced in photogravure, from the old paintings of Copley, Smibert, Feke, Stuart, St. Memin and others richly embellish this superb edition.

To the book-lover, the historian, the antiquary and the churchman these volumes will long possess a peculiar fascination rarely met with elsewhere.

VOL. VII No. 6

# THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

## NOTES AND QUERIES

*Americanus sum: Americans nihil a me alienum puto*

JUNE, 1908

WILLIAM ABBATT
141 EAST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK

Published Monthly $5.00 a Year 50 Cents a Number

# EXTRA NUMBERS

The next two issues of the "Extra Numbers" of the MAGAZINE will comprise several very interesting and scarce Rebellion items, viz.:

AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE *Kearsarge* AND THE *Alabama*, by F. M. EDGE.

Published in 1864, within three months after the battle, it is now scarce (I paid $2.50 for my copy), and is especially interesting as the only narrative by an English Union sympathizer, who visited Cherbourg immediately after the battle. The preface is by Captain WINSLOW, of the *Kearsarge*. I hope to illustrate it by a rare photograph of which I am now in search. Another pamphlet on the *Alabama* from a Confederate sympathizer in England (also very scarce) will be added if it can be found, as also

ABOARD A SEMMES PRIZE,

from a newspaper of 1896.

The third "Extra Number" will be devoted to the very interesting subject of Blockade-Running during the Rebellion. The scarcest book on this subject is "Never Caught," by Captain A. Roberts. It was published in London, 1867. The name of "Roberts" is fictitious, the author being no less a person than Augustus Charles Hobart-Hampden (1822-1886), third son of the sixth Earl of Buckinghamshire, one of the English Rebellion sympathizers, and noted later as Hobart Pasha, Admiral in the Turkish Navy. His biographer describes him as "a bold buccaneer of the Elizabethan period, who by some strange perverseness of fate was born into the Victorian."

His book is most interesting, and not entirely devoted to blockade-running, as he visited Charleston while the "Swamp Angel" was throwing shells into the city, and also Richmond, where he met Jeff. Davis and other Confederates, and from which he made his way northward through the lines to Washington.

The price of the "Extra Numbers" will hereafter be *One Dollar* each, unless otherwise stated. I regret that the subscriptions for No. 1 were so few that I shall find myself a loser on the venture unless the remaining copies shall be taken. This I urge on all my subscribers, as the contents cannot be duplicated elsewhere for less than $5.00, and it is not unreasonable to expect that a publication of this sort will not be suffered to result in a loss to its promoter.

Several other valuable items are preparing for the future numbers, due notice of which will be given.

141 East 25th St., New York WILLIAM ABBATT

**PLEASE SEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THESE TWO AT ONCE**

# THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VII JUNE, 1908 No. 6


## CONTENTS




Entered as Second-class matter, March 1, 1905, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. Act of Congress March 3, 1875.

# THE DILEMMA

While there is happily no possibility of the present restlessness in India resulting in a repetition of the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, the native discontent with British rule makes timely any reference to that eventful epoch, and the recent "golden jubilee" of the event, in London, attended by seven hundred British survivors, and at which was read Kipling's new poem, one verse of which reads:

"To-day across our father's graves
Th' astonished years reveal
The remnant of that desperate host
Which cleaned our East with steel,"

has reawakened English memories of it.

One novel—and only one, so far as I know—has been written of this great struggle. This is THE DILEMMA, by the late General Sir George Chesney of the British Army. Himself a participant in the conflict, and gifted with a facility for description and narrative seldom joined to the profession of arms, he doubtless embodied some of his own experiences in the book—of which the *Literary World* (then of Boston) said:

"Neither the great romance nor the great poem of the Great Mutiny in India has yet been written. For poetry indeed it hardly furnishes a fitting subject, but the most dramatic and tragic of romances it might inspire, and its history would easily vie with the most thrilling chapters that have yet been written. In saying this, we do not forget the wonderful picture of the Mutiny, in the story called *The Dilemma*, which found its way to American readers many years ago, but has long since been out of print, and any copy of which diligent inquiry fails to discover.

Of this story of the Mutiny one Colonel Chesney we think was the author, and we remember it as a work of extraordinary power and literary skill. NOTHING THAT WE HAVE EVER SEEN UPON THE INDIAN MUTINY ANYWHERE APPROACHES IT IN VIVID DELINEATION. We should think it were well worth republication even now.

*This book I propose to reprint, if sufficient interest is manifested by subscriptions. It will be 12mo, of about 400 pages, well printed and bound. The price will be $1.50 postpaid.*

I shall hope for a prompt reply from you, and a subscription for several copies. (It will not be in the trade at all, therefore please send orders to me direct.)

Very truly,

WILLIAM ABBATT.

141 East 25th St., New York.